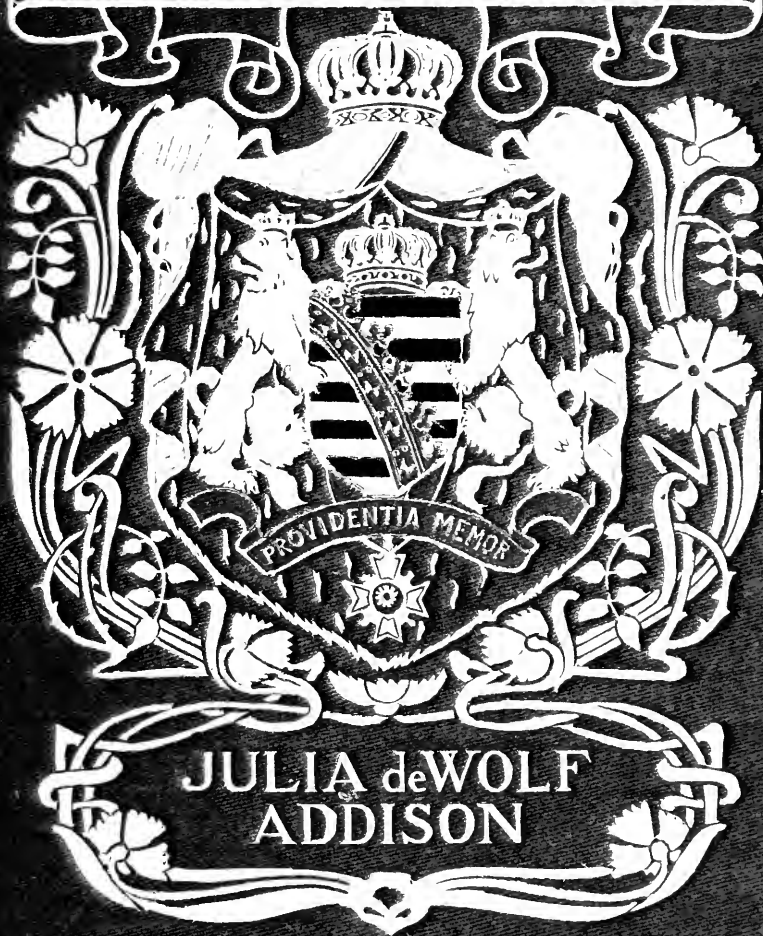


THE ART OF THE DRESDEN GALLERY



JULIA deWOLF
ADDISON

Man

The Art of the Dresden Gallery



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Publishers, Boston, Mass.



RAPHAEL. MADONNA DI SAN SISTO

(See page 18)

he Art of the Dresden Gallery

Notes and Observations upon the Old and
Modern Masters and Paintings in the Royal
Collection

By
Julia de Wolf Addison

Author of "The Art of the Pitti Palace," "The Art of the
National Gallery," "Classic Myths in Art," etc.

Illustrated



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MDCCCVII

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Preface

IN looking through such parts of this study as I prepared last summer in Dresden, I came upon this note: In spite of the numerous copies and school pieces in this gallery, the masterpieces are sufficiently important to render it one of the most interesting collections in the world. This is indeed true, when we remember that Dresden enshrines the greatest picture of Raphael, a gem of Van Eyck, a celebrated Holbein, many examples of Rubens and Rembrandt, Van Dyck's Man in Armour, splendid specimens of the Venetians, with Titian's Tribute Money, the finest row of Correggios in Europe, and innumerable treasures of Flemish, Dutch, and German art. Among the Spanish pictures, too, is one of the finest Murillos outside of Spain.

And even the pictures which must be classified as "studio works," are in many cases most interesting selections. On the whole, I think one receives as much pleasure from a tour of this gallery

as from any other. One cannot claim that there is no "padding;" of course there is the usual proportion of indifferent work. But even such pictures seem to have their place, if we agree with Philip III. of Spain. One of the Dukes in his suite suggested to his Majesty that it would be well to prohibit poor painters from launching their daubs upon the world. "Bear with them," replied the king, "for the sake of their laudable love for art, and also because a bad picture pleases some people as well as a good one." This is a little broader stand than we should wish to recommend, but it calls attention to the important fact that the spirit of the time determines the standard of art, and it is unfair to judge the best work of some men too harshly, because the sentiment of their day, by which they were guided, is different from the spirit by which we determine the art standard of to-day. To enjoy pictures it is necessary to develop enough imagination to enable us to enter into the atmosphere of the centuries in which they were produced.

Dresden has been called the Florence of Germany. With its art-loving princes, its coterie of scholars and artists, its famed crafts and its noble Academy and Art Gallery, it deserves the title as well as any other Northern capital.

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The Art of the Dresden Gallery

CHAPTER I.

EARLY ITALIANS; RAPHAEL AND CORREGGIO

THE origins of the German galleries are interesting to note. The Munich Gallery grew up from a part of the old Bavarian Collection, absorbing the Dusseldorf Gallery, which was added about a century ago. Flemish and Dutch pictures were then purchased to complete the collection. The Berlin Gallery was only brought into existence in the nineteenth century, through the influence of the reigning Prussian Princes. Being founded at a time when historic continuity was beginning to be appreciated, it was planned with a feeling for consecutive order, and is famous for its systematic arrangement.

But when the Dresden Gallery was founded, by Elector Augustus (who was succeeded by August the Strong, followed by Augustus, III.), the idea of

an actual evolution in art had not been emphasized, and the standard was, simply, to display the art treasures without reference one to another. The collection was started in 1560, by the Elector Augustus, when he set up an art gallery above his own apartments in the Palace in Dresden. In 1694, August the Strong intentionally founded the gallery. It was an unfortunate period in art and architecture, taste being rococo, and historic continuity of no account. The collection of early sixteenth-century paintings, inherited by August the Strong, was the nucleus of the Dresden Gallery. There was no attempt made to secure earlier pictures at this time. This prince bought pictures which appealed to the taste of the eighteenth century, joyously acquiring numerous examples of the art then chiefly in vogue, Flemish and Dutch. Examples were obtained of Rubens, Jordaens, and Teniers, Dou, Metsu, Ter Borch, and Wouwermans, while Italian pictures by Giorgione, Albani, and Cima had been acquired.

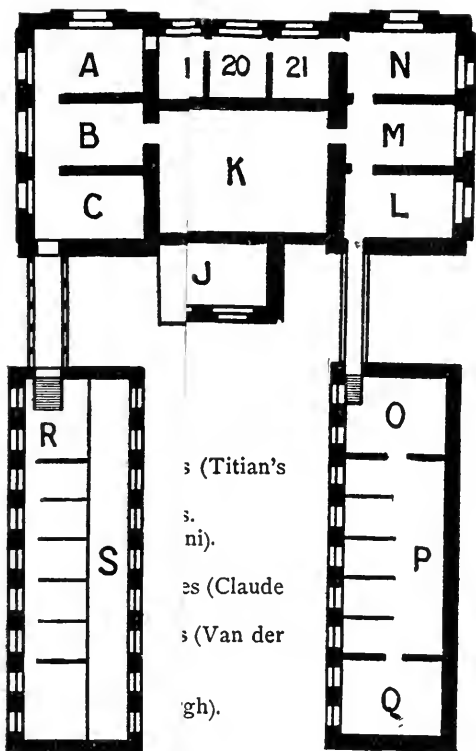
More important was the progress of the Gallery under Augustus III., who governed from 1733 to 1763. This king's minister, Graf von Brühl, directed the purchases, and the collection grew so that it was necessary to move into larger quarters. During the reign of August the Strong, two hundred pictures had been purchased; Augustus III., though

not important for his deeds of statesmanship, was full of artistic tastes, and the court was one of extravagant gorgeousness. The chief masterpieces of the Golden Era of art which are in Dresden were secured during this recklessly lavish period. Especially devoted to the riper Italians, Augustus III. added numerous examples of the florid post-Raphaelite period. Also he was the purchaser of the world-famed collection of Francisco III., Duke of Modena. Never before had so superb a collection been seen north of the Alps. Titian's Tribute Money, the four great Correggios, the enormous paintings by Veronese, and celebrated pictures by Andrea del Sarto, Carracci, Guido Reni, Dosso Dossi, and Garofalo, as well as a Velasquez, a Holbein, and Rubens's St. Jerome, were among them. This was rather the period for purchasers than for producers; art critics were despatched to all the leading centres, and collecting became a royal craze. Between 1741 and 1742 the Dresden Gallery added seven hundred and fifteen pictures to its numbers. Even painters found that there was more profit in turning agent than in painting pictures themselves. It was through one of these, the artist Carlo Giovannini of Bologna, that negotiations were made to purchase the Sistine Madonna of Raphael from the monks at Piacenza. The Au-

gustan age in Saxony came to an end with the death of Augustus III.

During the nineteenth century very judicious management proved of great service to the Gallery, for pictures were bought with a higher motive than to please the taste of a single prince with exotic ideals. Intelligent directors, Johann Anton Riedel, C. F. Damiani, J. F. Matthai, and then the painters Julius Schnorr and Julius Hübner, guided the expenditures and practical matters, by means of their tact and culture, at the same time educating the taste of the public, while ever since 1848, modern pictures have been purchased from time to time, as well as examples of the Old Masters. During the past ten years the gallery has kept specially abreast of the times, under the directorship of the celebrated Dr. Karl Woermann.

Pictures in Dresden are hung more with a view to their size and breadth, or to their minuteness and delicacy, than with an eye to consecutive progression. Each picture is placed in such a position and light as shall most enhance its peculiar worth. The larger pictures, which may easily be seen at a distance, are hung in the central halls, and effectively lighted from above; the smaller pictures are placed in little rooms or cabinets, leading out of the larger salons, and lighted from the side. This is the most satisfactory system of hanging for the



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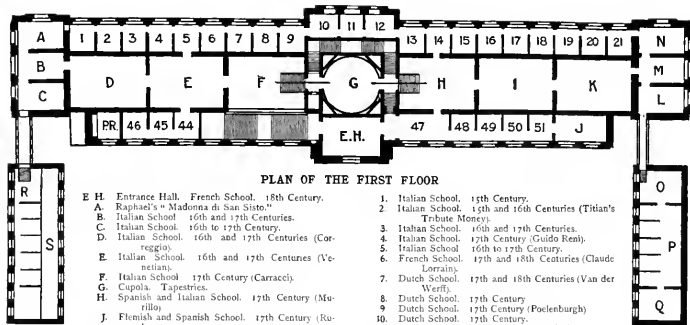
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PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR

- E H. Entrance Hall. French School. 18th Century.
 A. Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto."
 B. Italian School. 16th and 17th Centuries.
 C. Italian School. 16th to 17th Century.
 D. Italian School. 16th and 17th Centuries (Correggio).
 E. Italian School. 16th and 17th Centuries (Veronese).
 F. Italian School. 17th Century (Carracci).
 G. Cupola. Tapestries.
 H. Spanish and Italian School. 17th Century (Murrillo).
 J. Flemish and Spanish School. 17th Century (Rubens).
 K. Dutch and Flemish School. 17th Century (Rembrandt).
 L. Dutch and Flemish School. 17th Century.
 M. Dutch and Flemish School. 17th Century.
 N. German and Dutch School. 15th and 16th Centuries (Holbein).
 O. Old German School. 16th Century (Cranach).
 P. Dutch and German School. 16th to 18th Century.
 Q. Dutch and German School. 17th and 18th Centuries.
 R. S. Reserve rooms, chiefly weak Italian (closed).
 P. R. Inspector's room (private).
 1. Italian School. 15th Century.
 2. Italian School. 15th and 16th Centuries (Titian's Tribute Money).
 3. Italian School. 16th and 17th Centuries.
 4. Italian School. 17th Century (Guido Reni).
 5. Italian School. 16th to 17th Century.
 6. French School. 17th and 18th Centuries (Claude Lorrain).
 7. Dutch School. 17th and 18th Centuries (Van der Werff).
 8. Dutch School. 17th Century.
 9. Dutch School. 17th Century (Poelenburgh).
 10. Dutch School. 17th Century.
 11. Dutch School. 17th Century (Ruysdael).
 12. Dutch School. 17th Century.
 13. Dutch School. 17th Century (Potter).
 14. Dutch School. 17th Century (Rembrandt).
 15. Dutch School. 17th Century (Drou).
 16. Dutch School. 17th Century (Ostade).
 17. Dutch School. 17th Century.
 18-20. Flemish School. 17th Century.
 21. Old German and old Flemish Schools. 16th and 17th Centuries.
 44-46. Italian and French Schools. 17th Century.
 47-51. Various Schools.

casual spectator; for the student of art, of course, it involves some travelling about, in order that one may examine paintings in their proper sequence. In preparing these observations I have thought it best, so far as practicable, to consider all the works of an artist together, and, as a rule, the cabinets so supplement the halls, that it is possible to do this without going far out of one's way. I have retained the system of lettering and numbering for the halls and cabinets as used in the Official Catalogue; this unity of plan makes it easier to use both books without confusion.

In order to examine the pictures in appropriate order, it is well to begin in the series of cabinets at the extreme right, 1, 2, 3, and 4, afterwards studying Hall D, proceeding thence by the precious little room in the corner, A on the plan, — where hangs but one picture, but that the greatest in the gallery, — the Sistine Madonna of Raphael.

One of the surest ways of determining the attribution of a picture is a close observation of the treatment of the hands and of the ears. The old masters gave little thought to these details; it was not until later that men realized that there was character in hands, and even in ears. Therefore, from giving these features little heed, they almost invariably fell into some special way of painting them, — all the hands painted by Botticelli, for

instance, conform to one type, and the same may be said of the ears. Now, a critic who is on the lookout for such things, can say, almost confidently, "Such and such a picture cannot be by Botticelli, for the hands are those painted by Filippino Lippi, or the ear is such an ear as only Mantegna painted," and by comparing hundreds of instances, and finding, as they do, that a given man will always paint a given feature in a certain way, they are able to determine more accurately than ever before the origin of various works.

Morelli considers that the picture which is usually supposed to have been by Fra Angelico, is a feeble example of Benozzo Gozzoli. It is the nearest we come to either of these early artists in the Dresden Gallery, and should not be regarded as representative of the Florentines of that period. It is the Annunciation, and it hangs in the first cabinet, among the primitive painters.

There is a very decorative painting in this cabinet, No. 8, a Virgin and Child, probably a studio-piece from the school of Botticelli. The rich blues and green are very effective. The picture, if not an original, is at any rate a characteristic bit of work to have come from his studio, and is full of the naïve sweetness of his studies. The tender details of the veil and robe-border are like the works of an illuminator, and the book-cover, lying on the

table by the Virgin and Child, is finished as if by a jeweller. The affectionate action of the child in turning to his mother is human, and the two faces are unusually beautiful, although St. John has an underfed look, and is evidently the work of an inferior painter. Near by hangs a set of pictures ascribed to Botticelli, representing scenes from the life of St. Zenobius. The colouring is hard and reddish, and the pictures very curious. In the first, a boy is being run over in the street; the second panel exhibits the mother of the boy taking him to the Saint, that a miracle may be performed upon him; and in the third, St. Zenobius is restoring the healed child to his mother. In the fourth panel the death of the Saint is depicted. In the school piece, No. 10, the face of the Virgin recalls the Madonna in a tondo by Botticelli in the National Gallery of London.

There is a picture here ascribed to Lorenzo di Credi, which, twenty years ago, was believed to be by Leonardo da Vinci. Morelli considers it a Flemish copy of a picture by Verrocchio. The treatment is certainly Northern, and the hard, uncompromising surface of the flesh is not characteristic of Credi, although the general appearance, at a first glance, might lead one to suppose it an original. The child is hideously flabby, with fat lying in folds and rings, not at all like the flesh of a chubby child;

in addition to which he is nearly cross-eyed. When this picture was ascribed to Leonardo, a baleful contagion seemed to spread among the European galleries. Berlin instantly produced a forgotten picture, and heralded it as a Leonardo, and Munich, unwilling to be outdone, immediately discovered an example of his work lurking unsuspected in its collection. Turn from this picture to another example of Lorenzo di Credi, No. 15, and contrast it with the clear, delicate work, like that of an illuminated missal. The Virgin and Child in this picture are flanked by St. John the Evangelist and St. Sebastian. The composition is formal and decorative, — the two saints with their characteristic gestures, so full of mannered grace, are beautiful figures as supporters for the Virgin and Child. The infant is allowed the human interest of trying to reach forward to one of the saints.

The Virgin of the school of Filippino Lippi, with her sweet, long eyes, is very attractive.

A lovely, puce-pink tone pervades the portrait of a boy by Pinturicchio, which may be seen on the same wall with the Botticelli, in the first cabinet. The face is full of that young immaturity which might be seen in any boy of the streets to-day; put this charming little person into a newsboy's shabby coat, cut his hair, and put a slouched round cap on his head, and lo! the Bowery! or Whitechapel!



FRANCESCO COSSA. — ANNUNCIATION

There is an Annunciation here by the most important Ferrarese master, next to Cosimo Tura; this is Francesco Cossa, who lived in the latter half of the fifteenth century. In a decorated hall of florid Renaissance style, Mary and the Angel are seen; very ornate — very much out of keeping with the simple story. The details of the picture are quite suggestive of Crivelli's conceits, but the colour and texture are harder and colder. A snail crawling on the ground may be symbolic of domestic peace, but is more probably a miniature freak of decorative zeal. Morelli scorns the idea that Cossa was influenced by van der Weyden; and yet, in the work of this artist, and also in that of Cosimo Tura, there are certain hard, German qualities in the expression of the faces, which give some excuse for this theory, which has been expressed. Cossa suffered a keen disappointment when, after he had, as he supposed, risen to the rank of a great master, his name appeared in the records of the artists decorating the Schifanoia Palace as only one of the workmen, on the same level as the others.

There is here a sweet little Virgin and Child by Giacomo Francia, a son and pupil of Francesco. The Child holds a little bird in his hand, and the young Baptist leans over the shoulder of the mother in an effort to see it.

A dashing, rich picture, called "A Loving Couple," by some unknown Venetian painter, has a surface of enamel finish, and is enough like some of Giorgione's work to have been given to him for awhile, but is no longer attributed with confidence to any special artist.

The Presentation of the Virgin, by Cima da Conegliano, is a naïve and interesting composition, prefiguring, as it does, the great Titian's Presentation in Venice. A literal transcript of the passage in Josephus is here made, "Between the wall which separated the men from the women and the great porch of the Temple, were fifteen steps." Here we have the fifteen steps, with the High Priest standing at the top, and the wall is seen as described. The great porch—a sort of open Renaissance loggia, with the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio at one corner—occupies the left side of the picture. The Virgin, a tiny child, in contadina costume, carrying a lighted candle, ascends the steps with reverence. As a concession to the Eastern setting, the bystanders are represented in turbans, and there are some curious interpretations of palmetto-trees, splaying forth into stiff, umbrella tops. It is particularly interesting to note that the old woman sitting on the lower step, with a basket of eggs, is almost exactly the figure as painted by Titian, with the same profile and head-dress. A

boy with a cage of birds to sell sits with his arms akimbo, watching the little maiden's progress, with some amusement.

There is a pleasant, bright picture by Ludovico Mazzolini, of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple. The church dignitaries liked Mazzolini's work, as it was brilliantly coloured, and had a popular appeal, so that he was often employed to paint religious scenes.

Ercole Roberti, who lived in the time of Tura and Cossa, is well represented by two interesting pictures, very decorative in colour and skilful in grouping. Christ on the way to Golgotha is the subject of one, while the other shows the Betrayal and the arrest of Jesus. This pair of panels hang on the same wall in the first cabinet. There is also a copy near them of Roberti's picture in the National Gallery, the Gathering of Manna in the Wilderness. These paintings were acquired in 1750.

Here, too, is a charming Holy Family, by Mantegna, the handling of which has almost the force of a modern work. It has a glorious low tone, and a mellow quality, partly owing to the fact that it is painted in extremely transparent medium on a very rough, twilled canvas. — the paint is very thin, and the texture, therefore, of the whole is unusual in works of its period. Regarding its composition,

too, it is graceful and unaffected. The picture was bought from Sir Charles Eastlake.

As we proceed into the next cabinet, we find a picture by Polidoro Veneziano (or Lanzani), who is better represented here than in any other gallery. A Venetian nobleman is seen in the act of presenting his daughter to St. Joseph, that she may be dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It might have been painted by Veronese himself. There is an effective portrait of a lady in mourning, which was ascribed to Pordenone, but later criticism has denied its authenticity.

The clear, pure tones of Cima da Conegliano show up with that brilliant translucency which some people admire so extravagantly in the full-length figure of the Saviour in the act of blessing. The fact that two men in the background are holding the bridle of an ass, suggests that it may have been the author's intention to portray the Lord as he was about to start on the Entry into Jerusalem.

In Cabinet 3, Franciabigio, the companion of Andrea del Sarto, is seen in an important picture; Uriah is taking the fatal letter, while David gloatingly gazes down from the house-tops at Bathsheba, who is bathing recklessly in the foreground. She is surrounded by her maidens, one of whom carries a ewer, with the initials of the artist inscribed

upon it. The bath itself is decorated with the arms of the Medici.

The familiar picture, known as Correggio's Magdalen, hangs here. In the first place she is too virginally fresh and youthful-looking. This repentant Magdalen may be a copy of some lost original by Correggio. The blue colour is much more like that used by van der Werff, and it may well have been executed by a Flemish artist of that school. It was brought from Modena in 1746. This picture has been inexplicably popular; there is scarcely a child who has not seen some engraving or photograph of it. When Velasquez saw it, on one of his Italian journeys, it was owned by the Princes d'Este, and was carried with them on all their travels, and kept under lock and key, in a frame of silver set with precious stones.

Morelli records an amusing conversation, too long to quote in full, which he had with a German lady and her father, while standing before this Magdalen, which was then still attributed to Correggio. They talked for a time upon the subject of art critics and their iconoclastic tendencies, and then the lady asked Morelli if he did not consider the Magdalen the most beautiful and valuable picture in Dresden. Morelli had already told them that he was an art student, and they had no idea of his importance in the field of art. When he

stated deliberately that he did not believe the picture to be a Correggio at all, but a seventeenth-century Flemish work, they drew back in horror. The lady remarked, "Really this is too bad! But perhaps you are only joking?" Morelli assured her that he was quite in earnest, and pointed out the various defects of the picture: the crude ultramarine blue, which was very like that used by van der Werff; the affected long fingers; the laboured, oversmooth treatment of the foreground, and the coquettish lack of naïveté in the general design; he asked her to compare the trees with those in van der Werff's pictures, Nos. 1817 and 1818, in the same gallery. She turned from him in self-sufficient scorn, "You will never convince me," she declared. "You have evidently never read the writings of Raphael Mengs; he was a great art critic, and he studied Correggio profoundly, and entered thoroughly into his mode of thought and feeling. In his eyes this picture was the finest of all the master's works, and, moreover, our great poet, Schlegel, wrote one of his most charming sonnets in praise of this Magdalen." At this juncture the lady's father had the tact to suggest that she should recite this sonnet. She spared Morelli the doubtful joy of listening to her rendering of it, saying, "To preach to deaf ears is useless." Then she proceeded, tartly, "Criticism is like fire, destroying all it comes

in contact with. A short time ago the critics attacked our beautiful Madonna by Holbein, and now they have the audacity to disparage Correggio's world-renowned Magdalen. Such proceedings may be tolerated in Russia, where Nihilism is rampant, but in Germany, fortunately, we have so many admirable connoisseurs and students of art that such pernicious and revolutionary attempts will soon be stamped out. Let us go." And they swept out of the gallery.

Mr. Frank Preston Stearns disputes earnestly Morelli's dictum upon Correggio's Magdalen. To him the picture is absolutely convincing and characteristic, as it certainly would seem to many who have not applied to it the most severe tests of scientific criticism. He, with Raphael Mengs, still believes it to be the finest of Correggio's works.

Mr. G. B. Rose expresses well the attitude of the artistic world toward the Magdalen of Correggio. "It is a lovely little jewel taken from Correggio's crown," he says; "A jewel that never belonged there, but which he had worn so long that we regret to see it go."

The subject of the panel, No. 80, by Ubertini, is rather an interesting one. Four sons of a king, so runs the story in the *Gesta Romanorum*, fell to quarrelling for the crown of their father, at his death. At length they agreed to abide by the de-

cision of an arbitrator, who decreed that they should take the dead body of the king, and suspend it from a tree, and then shoot arrows at it; and he who shot it through the heart should inherit the kingdom. The first arrow wounded the hand; the second pierced the cheek, and the third entered the heart of the corpse. Therefore the third son considered it certain that he should succeed to the kingdom. But the youngest wept and refused to aim an arrow at his father's body; whereupon every one agreed that he was the only one fit to rule, and the others were banished.

Girolamo da Carpi is believed to have painted the picture, 144, hitherto ascribed to Dossi. It is a Judith holding the head of Holofernes. The influence of Parmeggianino may be traced in the work.

Ippolito Scarsella, who formed his style partly on Veronese, is the author of the interesting Holy Family in the Carpenter's Shop, where St. Joseph is working with a saw exactly like the one now in use in modern Germany.

Bartolommeo Veneto's half-length composition, the Daughter of Herodias with the head of John the Baptist on a charger, is full of rich red and green of a deep hue. This picture had long been ascribed to Leonardo. The jewels which the woman wears are attractive; a ruby is bound upon her

Early Italians; Raphael and Correggio 17

brow, while the neck of her dress is bordered by precious stones. She has the same strange crinkled-wiry hair which frequently occurs in the paintings of Veneto. There is a portrait in Frankfort which is a good example of this peculiarity.

There is a superb portrait here which must strike all who see it as extremely vital. It is by Morando, or Cavazzola, of Verona. He was a pupil of Domenico Morone, and was surely quite the equal of his master on this occasion. The portrait is of a man attired in velvet and fur, with scintillating cuffs of yellow and black metallic material of most lustrous effect. The subject is said to have been a member of a patrician family of Verona in the days when Morando was working. The artist lived from 1486 to 1522. The face is that of a beardless elderly man; he wears a dark slouch cap.

In order to see the earliest examples of Sienese art which Dresden possesses (and they are hardly worth the trip), one must go down-stairs and quite along to the end of the corridor on the right as one descends; there, in the forty-third cabinet, may be seen the few unworthy examples of this great school. There are some other interesting early Italians, however.

A lovely bit, having the soft, moth-wing qualities of a fresco, is the decorative Virgin in a Garden, adoring her child, by Ambrogio Bevilacqua.

This artist is the only distinctly Milanese painter in the gallery; he worked at the end of the fifteenth century. The curious, delicately finished row of trees should be noticed, and also the mediæval scrolls held by angels.

No. 21, a Madonna, by a follower of Rafaello de Capponi, has certain glowing, transparent greens in it which are worth noticing.

Of course, the Mecca of all visitors to the Dresden gallery is the small room in the farther corner where Raphael's Sistine Madonna is enshrined alone. To many travellers this picture is a synonym for the gallery, and they hardly notice the numerous excellent masterpieces which intervene. It is our purpose to examine these other works, and try to do away with the popular impression that one visits the Dresden collection almost entirely to see this one great painting. I remember, I was standing in one of the smaller cabinets, one day, lost in admiration of a delicate Vermeer of Delft, when I heard a party of Americans approaching. Two learned-looking young ladies with eye-glasses were calling the wayward attention of their mother to the excellences of the Dutch school. But, although the good woman had evidently provided that her children should benefit by the higher culture, she had little use for it herself. "Ain't we 'most got to that Sistine Madonna?" she almost

wailed. As the tired figure passed by, and as the trio moved out of sight, I registered an earnest hope that the poor weary soul would find refreshment in gazing into the wonderful eyes of the child in Mary's arms. And perhaps the most important element in the greatness of that picture is its absolutely universal appeal. Be a man a critic or an ignoramus; be he professor or untutored peasant, there is a message for him. The Infinite has been brought as nearly into human presentment in those two faces as is possible in the realm of graphic art.

The general plan of the picture is in no way remarkable. The green curtains, which are probably introduced to suggest a sudden breaking of the heavenly vision upon the veiled eyes of earth, are stagey and unnecessary. It is claimed that the two little cherubs were an afterthought, and that the lines of the clouds over which they were painted can be traced through their surface.

The Sistine Madonna is the apotheosis of motherhood. The white effulgence which surrounds the figures is suitable to this altar of wondering divine innocence. The charm does not lie in the colour, but in the expression. The deepest and truest spiritual insight is here exhibited, and Raphael has made the nearest approach to painting the soul that has ever been achieved.

When one considers his age, it seems almost incredible that a young man should have had sufficient knowledge of both worlds to paint such a flawless epitome of the Christian religion as the faces of this mother and her child. But, though Raphael's life did not measure itself by scores of years, there is a truer scale of measurement — the gauging of life by emotion, by study, and by natural intellect. By this standard, Raphael's life was as long as eternal things. What had been the mental history of the youth? Had he been taken up with watching money come and go, or had he spent his time in social frivolities? No; work — the truest of all experiences — had been his portion; not drudgery of work, tiring body and soul with its monotony, but buoyant, interesting, vital work, which filled his longings, and satisfied his ambitions, and made him independent of companionship or environment; work in which his mind and his technical skill were daily engaged, and in which he rejoiced with the strength and enthusiasm of an unspoiled vigour. The characters which he had constant need to study during these early years were the sacred men of Scripture; the family of Our Lord; the subjects which he had been obliged to consider, and to consider deeply and seriously, before he could have painted them, were such as the Crucifixion, the Resurrection of Christ,

the Virgin as a loving mother, as a sorrowing mourner, and as a saint transfigured. He had to conceive the spiritual forms of the hierarchies of heaven, to render visible to an unlettered people the forms of angels and archangels, and to portray all manifestations of human and divine love. In his early days he painted that exquisite little Vision of a Young Knight, in London, with the two paths of life typified by the two women of opposite types; an allegory which showed that he was consciously turning to the right, and conscientiously trying to follow the uplifting vision of a virtuous progress. St. George, the warrior against evil — St. Michael destroying the demon of sloth, greed, and lust: these were the personages to whom his attention was necessarily turned, and his unconscious mental development was quickened by the thoughts with which it was fed.

Imagine the excitement of the youth, when, hardly twenty years old, he went to Florence, — the Mecca of æsthetic dreams in his day, — armed with a letter from the sister of the Duke of Urbino, to the Gonfalonier, Pietro Soderini! “He who presents this letter to you,” wrote Johanna, “is Raphael, a painter of Urbino, endowed with great talent in art. He has decided to pass some time at Florence, in order to improve himself. . . . As his father, who was dear to me, was full of good qual-

ities, so the son is a modest young man of distinguished manners, and thus I bear him affection on every account, and wish that he should attain perfection. This is why I recommend him as earnestly as possible to your Highness, with an entreaty that it may please you, for the love of me, to show him help and protection on every opportunity. . . . From her who commends herself to you, and is willing to render any good offices in return, Johanna Feltra de Rovere."

Then came the great days in Rome, when another mightier than he was by, to give him encouragement and new ambitions, — Michelangelo. In those days he planned and carried out deep studies on great, burning questions. He must have had definite theories about the ancient philosophies before he could have designed and executed the School of Athens; he must have heard and weighed the bigoted strivings and self-righteous bickerings of ecclesiastics before he could have painted the Dispute of the Sacrament; he must have steeped his mind in the fascinating Greek classics and entered into the idyllic atmosphere of Myth before he could have created the loveliest conception of Parnassus which has ever been evolved.

Of course, it was not possible that all this should be the exclusive mental food of a virile young man with such universal perceptions. He must have had

many recreations and relaxations from this intellectual discipline, as many of his lighter classical subjects would denote, and the list of his Madonnas is here and there interrupted with portraits of his mistress ; but the main tendency, the life that counts for something when the physical life comes to an end, was upright, far-seeing, deeply spiritual, and comprehending. To such a man it was possible, even at an early age, as years are counted, to give to the world the most perfect exposition of the soul that has ever breathed from a canvas.

Raphael knew the hardships of the life of the worker — not only the bright, glad enthusiasm was for him ; as he says himself in writing to Francia, “ entreating his indulgent excuse ” for having so long delayed in sending him a picture which he had promised : “ Excuse me, therefore, you who know from frequent experience what it is to live deprived of one’s liberty, and at the command of patrons, who, when they need you not, lay you aside.”

There are thoughtful art historians who consider that Raphael died at the right moment, — that so full a flowering at so early a period was leading surely toward a premature dissolution of his powers, which would have been a greater æsthetic calamity than his early death.

The Sistine Madonna was painted in 1515, at the order of the Benedictine monks of San Sisto,

at Piacenza. It has been thought strange that these poor monks were able to secure this masterpiece originally. It is quite probable that the Cardinal of San Sisto, who was in Bologna in 1514, may have arranged with the friars for this painting, for Piacenza is not far from Bologna, and it is conjecturable that some of the monks may have gone to solicit this favour from the cardinal. The Elector of Saxony bought the Sistine Madonna for eleven thousand sequins, in 1753, the monks not realizing the absolute pricelessness of their treasure. He brought it to his palace in Dresden. When they tried to place it on the palace wall to best advantage, they discovered that the only part of the room where the light was favourable, was in the spot where the throne stood. The Elector immediately ordered the displacement of the throne, that the place of honour might be secured for the picture.

The faces in the Madonna di San Sisto must have been painted quickly and with great spontaneity; they suggest the vital inspiration of passing thought and emotion. There is something of the eternal about the picture. It seems as if those wonderful eyes must have always looked into the souls of men, — that they existed always, and that they will never cease to exist. There is classic vigour in the child in Mary's arms. He is not sim-

ply a pretty infant, appealing to our sympathies, and calling to strength to minister to his weakness; he is already a ruler of men, and a masterful power making for righteousness. Mr. F. P. Stearns says: "I have gazed at the Sistine Madonna day after day, until I discovered that her eyes were painted in such a manner that in cloudy weather they are scarcely visible." This is one way of accounting for the marvellous evanescence and transitoriness of the expression. While the figures of St. Sixtus and St. Barbara do not enhance the value of the composition in this case, one must admit the exquisite beauty of the upturned face of the old man, and the technical success of the draperies and accessories.

In Room B we find Antonello da Messina's St. Sebastian. It is rather hard in finish, but it has an adorable background of blue-green, which makes up for many deficiencies. The figure of the saint is so large, and the figures of other personages in the picture so unduly small, considering the slight amount of distance which is indicated, that I could quite understand the little child whom I saw looking at it, when she remarked, "There's Gulliver!" The figure of a sleeping guard is comically foreshortened. The little background figures are spirited and the details excellent. It was painted between 1480 and 1490. Antonello is inadequate

to express deep emotion. The setting is more attractive than the main figure. St. Sebastian's face is not very expressive. The mouth is open, yet without the effect either of speaking or of lamenting.

Cosimo Tura's St. Sebastian was attributed originally to Cossa, and afterward to Costa; but it is now recognized as being a fine example of Tura's work. Like all this artist's figures, the Saint is painfully mannered in his attitude.

A very richly coloured example of Garofalo may be seen here: it portrays a Bacchic procession, Silenus riding on a lion, while Ariadne sits by Bacchus in his triumphal car, drawn by leopards, and elephants follow in stately progress. It is a large and important picture, but is not entirely original with Garofalo. Vasari tells us that it was painted when Garofalo was old, and was taken from one of Raphael's drawings.

The long-favoured people of Parmegianino appear here in the *Madonna della Rosa*, so called because the Virgin is receiving a rose from the Divine Infant. This picture has an interesting history. It was probably painted by order of Pietro Aretino, one of the greatest libertines of his time, and intended for a Venus and Cupid; later, when Parmegianino decided to give it to Pope Clement VII., he altered it, according to his biographer Affò, into

a Madonna and Child! There is also an attractive copy here of the Cupid by Parmegianino, in Vienna, in which he is seen whittling out a bow from a branch of wood. This picture has hardly any colour, except the soft greenish wings, and is very lovely.

Calvaert has made an excellent study of ecstasy as he comprehends it, in his picture of St. Francis and St. Dominic standing in highly dramatic trances upon beholding the Virgin and Child in the clouds. St. Dominic is provided with his book and lily, which he never seems too busy to omit.

In Room C there are various copies from Raphael by fairly good artists; while such pictures do not add much to the value of the collection, it is well to have reproductions of famous works which would not otherwise be seen. It is not our purpose, however, to devote time to copyists' productions in this volume. There are no original works of Michelangelo in Dresden; there is a copy of his brutal Leda, painted pretty well by Rubens, and also a few inconsiderable copies here and there among the cabinets. Sebastiano del Piombo's Christ bearing the Cross hangs in Madrid; there is a copy of it here by a Flemish artist. It was acquired through an English dealer, in 1874, at a period when pedigrees were not so carefully examined as they are now.

Mythology and martyrology are the chief sources from which painters of the Renaissance derived their subjects. We turn to Pan teaching Olympus to play the Flute, by Giulio Romano. The contrasting flesh-tints make the young Olympus look quite ill.

In Giulio Romano's selection of subject — the bath of the infant Saviour — the artist probably intended to suggest a foregleam of the idea of Christ's baptism. There is a certain intimate charm in the human way in which the family has gathered to watch this little daily process.

Among the early Florentines, Piero di Cosimo, that tender but eccentric painter, is represented by an interesting picture formerly ascribed to Luca Signorelli — it hangs in the large hall, D, and is numbered 20. On a strange central rock two angels are seated, singing out of a book; below, the Holy Family is seen, the Infant in a pose which is not very childlike, and rather theatrical. The face of the mother is pretty, and there are two delicious little glimpses of flat landscape in the background on either side of the rock, which add a charm to the whole. There is a good deal of conventional grace about the lines, and the finish is clear and glossy, — in fact it is hard, like enamel. The picture is composed in a circle.

A very glowing painting is that by Francia, of

the Baptism of Christ. The tones are like those in some of Perugino's tenderest studies. The figures, although, of course, posed deliberately, as are all figures of this school and period, are of exceptional grace. A curious fact is noticeable, — it may have been intentional; the feet of Christ are absolutely on the surface of the water, as if he were standing on glass. The artist may have had some principle in mind, — he may have intended to convey the idea that the sacred person of Our Lord should be independent of such earthly forces as the power of gravitation, otherwise it would seem that Francia would have indicated the natural play of the water about the ankles of Christ.

The pictures by Andrea del Sarto in this collection are disappointing. The most interesting is the Abraham about to offer up Isaac, a large picture of excellent composition, in which the colouring is soft and good, with the exception of a hard scarlet in the scarf. The figure of the boy is graceful, and Abraham rather grandiloquent. Isaac's face has the characteristic square-mouthed, snarling expression, so usual in del Sarto's work. Andrea's monogram on the stone in the foreground is hardly needed when this face is examined. It is equal to a signature in itself.

The Betrothal of St. Catherine, by Andrea del Sarto, is painfully strong in colour, almost raw.

The effect and finish of this picture is woolly, and the legs of the children are positively elephantine. It is a genuine work, however, but not at all pleasing. Restorers may be responsible for the unfavourable impression which it makes.

Dosso Dossi and Garofalo are especially well represented in Dresden. Girolamo da Carpi is also to be seen to advantage. Dosso's four small pictures were all probably originally in one room at the Palace of Ferrara. Probably there is no gallery out of Italy where he can be studied to so much advantage. Although the four large canvases in the salon D, on the plan, are partly to be attributed to the work of his pupils, the design and the colour scheme are undoubtedly Dossi's, and they are wonderfully rich and decorative as a set of pictures. The St. George is almost copied from Raphael's in St. Petersburg, but it is altered in parts, and is larger than the original. This picture and the one near by, the Archangel Michael warring against Satan, were originally attributed to Penni, but have now been assigned to Dosso Dossi. The colouring in Justice with the Scales, and in Peace with the Torch and Horn of Plenty, is especially warm. There is also a picture of the Four Fathers of the Church with St. Bernardine of Siena, the Coronation of the Virgin appearing in the clouds above. That is, it is called often the Coronation, but it is

more likely that it is a representation of the Predestination of Mary, a legend which assumed that the Virgin was predestined before her birth to be the mother of Christ. If the design is examined with this in view, it will be noticed that the Father, with a triangular halo, holds a wand over the head of the Virgin, who is about to descend to earth. There is no crown, in spite of the name usually assigned to the picture. The Church Fathers appear greatly at variance concerning this revelation — they certainly are excusable. Each is meditating in a characteristic way, upon the mystery. St. Gregory sits thinking, with pen and tablet ready; Ambrose and Augustine are also waiting for inspiration. To St. Jerome only is vouchsafed the vision: he looks up in rapture and awe, at the appearance of God and the Virgin, in the clouds. This picture should be compared with No. 155, which hangs in the third cabinet. At first one would say that there was no occasion for such a comparison, for one is a large religious composition and the other is a portrait of an elderly gentleman; but look at the hands. They are identical in both pictures, and have led the critics to believe that this portrait, which has long been called the Physician of Correggio, is really the work of Dosso Dossi.

In the figure of St. Michael, Dosso Dossi recalls both the pictures by Raphael and Guido Reni of

this subject; the figure of his archangel is superb, and the grim form at his feet is a sort of bat-winged Neptune, with his trident raised in self-defence. The foreshortening of St. Michael is rather sudden, but the glow of rich colour covers a multitude of minor sins, if they exist.

There is a Diana bending above the Sleeping Endymion, hanging near the large picture, which used to be considered a Dossi, but is now believed to be the work of Garofalo, though the genuineness is uncertain.

Of the school of Dossi also is the picture of nearly the same size, called *One of the Hours with the Four Steeds of Apollo*. It has some characteristics of Garofalo — it may easily have been executed by the same hand as the *Endymion*, for it has many points in common.

In the forty-second cabinet is a school piece of Dossi, No. 131, a young woman taking a siesta, surrounded by fantastic dream sprites. This picture is not interesting except for its marvellous blue and green draperies.

Garofalo's *Minerva and Neptune*, dated 1512, is an example of a good period of this master. It hangs on the same wall with the chief Dosso Dossis. Among the works attributed to Garofalo is a good example of his decline, in No. 134, in which St. Peter, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, and St.

George are seen with the Virgin in the sky above. The picture was transferred from panel to canvas in 1838. It was painted for the Carthusians of Ferrara, in 1530, and therefore some are inclined to consider the saint in the foreground to be St. Bruno, the patron of the order, rather than St. Bernard. In another good Garofalo, Venus is seen visiting Mars, begging for his chariot, she having been wounded in the battle of Troy. Mars is a well-appointed sixteenth-century knight in armour, who would cause "Homeric laughter!"

A pretty composition is the Virgin giving the infant Saviour to St. Cecilia, who kneels at the side, with various musical instruments scattered on the ground. It may be a school work, but came from Modena in 1746, among the valuable paintings which had belonged to Prince Ignatio Cesare. St. Bernardine of Siena and St. Anthony of Padua are seen behind St. Cecilia, while a magnificent figure of St. Geminianus is seated, at the other side, in cope and mitre. St. Geminianus was the patron of Modena, and was regarded as having saved the Cathedral from being destroyed by a flood, after his death. His attribute in art is a model of a church.

Mythological subjects by Garofalo are not very common; one, the Neptune and Minerva, just al-

luded to, shows traces of the influence of Costa, and is dated 1512.

In No. 142, *Opportunity*, the object was to portray the rapid flight of Opportunity, and the fact that when it passes, Repentance is found to be coming after. It is painted by Girolamo da Carpi, who was a pupil of Garofalo.

As we stand and look upon that significant line of Correggio's pictures hanging in this hall, it seems as if we had a mental history of Correggio before us. The first — the lovely Madonna of St. Francis — was painted when Correggio was only twenty, and it has the restraint and timidity of the spring, — the beginning, — yet with all its promise, too. Some pious souls have objected to the Madonna as having too much coquetry in her expression, and perhaps if one were looking for trouble, one might admit that her benediction and smile must be extremely gratifying to the remarkably handsome young monk, — if his ecstasy and fresh beauty were removed, and the figure of an old, thin, weather-beaten saint substituted, I have no doubt that the critics would never have noticed that Mary's regard was too tender.

The Madonna of St. Francis was painted in 1514, for the Franciscans of the town of Correggio. When the Duke of Modena took it away in 1638, the citizens arose in revolt, and a genuine riot en-



CORREGGIO. — MADONNA OF ST. FRANCIS

sued. All the early influences — of Costa, Mantegna, and Leonardo — may be traced in it; suggestions of Francia and of Perugino may also be found. The soaring cherubs in this picture look as if they might have hooks in their backs, and be swung on threads, and they give the sensation of going round and round after each other. This was long supposed to be the master's earliest painting, but nearly a dozen early works were really executed before it. Youth and enthusiasm, pagan love for pure beauty for its own sake, — these qualities pervade the lovely picture of the Madonna of St. Francis. It is more formal in its arrangement than the riper picture, the Madonna of St. Roch, which shows more of the spirit of noon, — of summer, — of maturity.

There is less piquancy in the face of the Virgin in the Madonna with St. Roch and St. Sebastian. There is less of that arch quality which reminds us of Leonardo. The Madonna is more placid, and more maternal. Every one else in the composition seems to be working hard. It lacks repose. It has lost the youthful timidity and reserve, and is full of action, — not as restful as the earlier painting. St. Sebastian is writing in mixed ecstasies of pain and joy; St. Roch is sleeping heavily in an uncomfortable pose, suggestive of nightmare, and St. Geminianus, who has presented his architectural

model to the heavenly group, is turning round to the spectator, pointing upward with one hand and downward with the other, as if he were making a speech, and calling the attention of the onlooker to the Celestial Vision. Angels balance themselves in most precarious attitudes, and one tiny cherub is riding astride on a small cloud with all the zest of a little boy "playing horse." The colour, too, is rampant and active; the central light is red, grading into a yellow sky above and a yellow robe below, making the tones in the other earlier picture look very cool by contrast.

In the Nativity, or Holy Night, we have the evening glow, — still, dark, and brooding; Correggio was an old man when he painted this. The lines are clearer than in the other pictures. It has the restraint of age instead of the timidity of youth. The light streaming outward, from the sweet, human little baby lying on the straw, is diffused in a balmy effulgence on the salient points of the composition, leaving the rest in mystery and shadow. Woltmann and Woermann say of the Holy Night: "The types, with the exception of the Virgin, are commonplace; the composition lacks grace and charm; marvellous effect is produced solely by the treatment of the light, which proceeds from the person of the sacred Infant, and illumines the bystanders, while the distant landscape is lighted by

dawn." The picture was executed in 1530, for the Chapel of St. Prospero in Reggio. The Madonna is a young mother tending her baby; the shepherds and Joseph are simple country people; there is nothing hierarchic even about the angels. Nothing of the formalism of the early piety of art remains. Vasari particularly admires the angels, and observes that they hardly seem to have been painted, but rather "showered down from heaven." The expression on the face of the maid who looks up at the shepherd has been objected to, on the ground of portraying a "feeble rapture;" and the angels in the sky above have been accused of appearing to suffer from aërial cramp. The real study of the picture is in its lighting. The effulgence is not intended to be exactly like any known light. It merges into the distant dawn, and the line of demarkation is skilfully handled. There is a bit of the handwriting of Correggio relating to the picture of the Nativity. While at work upon it, he received his payment in instalments. One of these partial payments amounted to "forty pounds of ancient currency," and on the receipt for this sum, signed in 1522, these words are written: "I, Antonio Lieto of Correggio, declare that I received the sum mentioned on the day and in the year aforesaid, in token of which I have written this with my own hand."

It is almost a pity that such a harmonious sequence of dawn, noon, and evening, as are typified by these three pictures, the Madonna of St. Francis, the Madonna of St. Sebastian, and the Holy Night, should be intruded upon by the florid and extravagant Madonna of St. George, which is the last altar-piece by the master, and is overblown and mannered. Here we have a decided decadence; St. George, as a Roman soldier, strident and confident, places his hand on his hip, and looks over his shoulder to see — what? To inquire if people are noticing the Madonna and Child, or to see who is looking at him? The attitude can be interpreted either way. The sense of reverence is quite subordinate. St. John the Baptist is a fat and well-liking young faun, who must have found great plenty of locusts and wild honey in his desert. The colour is soft and glowing, and the technique admirable. But the Greek pagan predominates over the Christian at every point. Of the Cupid-like cherubs who occupy the foreground, — certainly among the most vital and charming of Correggio's creations, — Guido Reni inquired, some years after seeing them, if they were still there? "For," he added, "they were so lifelike that it seems as if they must have grown up by this time!"

Correggio was not a simple, self-made boy of humble origin, as has been thought by some; there

is evidence that he was a protégé of the wife of the Lord of Correggio, the cultivated Veronica Gamba. In this way the boy had the best artistic training possible to one of his ingenuous temperament, surrounded by the refined delights of a small court, in one of the most select little coteries of the Renaissance.

Correggio's life was uneventful, and he lived in a town instead of a city. He was not in the midst of turmoil and quarrels, he did not live where jealous artists were constantly making life hard for him, and where the unrestrained passions of the day were wreaked all about him; his buoyant nature could expand with a pleasant optimism, and he had little to disturb the refined pastoral tendencies of his nature.

There are many apocryphal stories about Correggio and his witty sayings: they are not to be regarded as gospel truth, but it is amusing to hear that when the Church dignitaries at Parma, where he did much of his most remarkable work, objected to the amount charged for his incomparable frescoes, Correggio replied, proudly, "Turn your cupola upside down, and fill it with gold, and even then it will not contain the true value of the pictures!" Correggio spent many years in Parma.

"Putti" — those amalgamations of cherub-child-and-Cupid — are especially in Correggio's

line; he may be considered responsible for the predominance of this form in the Renaissance. Putti are almost a trade-mark of the period. No artist could resist introducing them.

Correggio never painted a portrait, even of himself. His creations were mental, and had only the life of his brimming imagination. He was a real and natural pagan. There was no conscious effort at classic Renaissance about him; he was born with the free Greek spirit, and his life, passed largely in small towns where he was brought little in touch with the pedantic dilettantism of his times, fostered this light-hearted tendency. His works are lyrical, not epic, nor vast, nor dramatic, nor terrible in any way. He was nearer to Sappho than to Homer.

Correggio was unique in his power to hypnotize us with a smile or a sentimental, languishing pose. In his followers these qualities become mere weak, intentional simpering, and in Carlo Dolci, Sassoferrato, and others, we recognize the difference between the true myth and the planned fairy-tale. In literature there are few figures who stand in the same relation to their art that he did to painting. Shelley and Keats are among these, and they were equally unfortunate in their followers.

It is interesting to compare Correggio's St. Francis with the Baptism of Christ by Francia. It is

evident that some of the same spirit is in both. It has been pointed out by Berenson that the eyes are strikingly alike in both pictures, and the colour scheme is similar.

It is believed that Correggio's first teacher was Bianchi, whom he left in 1508, going to Bologna, where he stayed and may have studied with Francia and Costa. It is likely, too, that he went to Mantua with Costa in the following year, where he could have had ample opportunity for the study of Mantegna and Dossi. His occasional similarity to Lotto may be accounted for by a visit to Venice. There is also a strange likeness to Raphael in Correggio's St. Catherine; she is much like the same saint with her wheel in the National Gallery in London. The St. John, too, is a good deal like the St. John in the Madonna da Foligno in Rome. Both of these pictures by Raphael were somewhat influenced by his teacher, Timoteo Viti, and Correggio may easily have come under the same spell through other followers of Viti, although he could not have learnt of Raphael. Morelli believes him to have been influenced by Lotto; this Berenson denies.

Correggio was but forty when he died, in 1535. A remarkable testimony to the fact that he was not fully appreciated during his lifetime, is the circumstance that he was buried under a simple wooden slab, inscribed, "Antonius de Allegris, Pictor;" not

for a century after his death was this replaced by a stone.

The world in which Correggio moved and had what might be called almost an astral existence, was the world of imagination. Dominated by a soft, voluptuous love for light and delicate forms, it was his ability to paint realistic pictures of these unreal phantoms which made him a unique magician. His art, as Symonds has said, excels in "artless grace and melodious tenderness." It is exotic; it should not be judged by those standards by which other productions are tested.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT VENETIANS

WITH the Renaissance there developed a realization of the importance of details in pictures. Artists began to see that if their paintings were to have verisimilitude, the usual accessories of a scene must appear in the picture. Not that these details were to be conspicuous, but it was found that if they were omitted their absence was felt. Nature had not been painted as it really was: during the early centuries it was formally arranged into rural scenic effects; but the study of nature in the modern sense, where a landscape is practically a portrait of a place, had not developed. When I say portrait, I mean to use the word with the same distinction that we make between a photograph and a portrait of a person. I mean a scene treated with an apprehension of its characteristics, and a demonstration of the atmosphere and sentiment of the scene — not simply a transcript of the number of trees to be seen, or the height of certain hills. It takes just as much interpretation and comprehension to paint a

true portrait of a place as it does to paint a true likeness of a person.

Until Titian's day landscape art had been very slight; during the Middle Ages it was positively unsafe for citizens to wander outside of town walls, and therefore the artists and their patrons knew little of the actual communion with nature which made the country estates and gardens of the Renaissance so attractive. Landscape had been employed as background where subjects demanded it, but had not flourished as an art.

The works of Jacopo de' Barbari are to be seen in the second cabinet, in the half-figures of two saints, Catherine and Barbara; also in the first cabinet, the Saviour in the act of blessing, No. 57, has now been assigned to the same artist, as well as No. 59 A, which hangs in the farthest cabinet on the ground floor, and which represents Galatea riding on a dolphin. The reasons for deciding upon the authorship of these pictures are various; critics see certain unmistakable signs of the style of Jacopo in all of them. Among other individual marks may be noted the extreme roundness of the heads, the bluntness of the thumbs, the prominence of the upper eyelids, and the fact that the lips are apart.

An intensely blue spot demands attention in the second cabinet; it is a tenderly finished Adoration of the Infant Christ by Girolamo da Santa Croce,

a painter who lived in Venice between 1519 and 1549.

Titian's *Madonna and Saints* hangs in Hall D, although most of the other works of Titian are in the next apartment. Both the *Madonna and Child* are most lovely, and the painting of the whites in the draperies of the *Virgin and the Magdalen*, who stands in an attitude of classic grace opposite her, is thoroughly characteristic of Titian's finest early work. The dark shadowy head of *St. Paul*, outlined sharply against the lucid sky, is to be noted as a superb foil for the stately beauty of the *Magdalen*. The *Baptist* is a rugged figure at the left, with magnificent biceps and forearm, and his heavy brown hand clasping the delicate arm of the infant Saviour is another instance of clever juxtaposition of opposed types. It was painted early, in the same period as the *Assumption of the Virgin* in Venice, between 1514 and 1520. The picture was executed rapidly, painted in a thin medium over a ground of white gesso. It has been thought that the types of *St. John* and *St. Paul* are more like *Sebastian del Piombo* than Titian. It was originally in the *Casa Grimani* in Venice.

Titian's religion was not a practical personal aspiration; he had no idea of suggesting the intimate communings of a soul with its creator; his conception of religion was a magnificent pageant

and ritual, and as such he has treated it. Paolo Veronese has done this even more; he has carried it to a more spectacular extreme, and his pictures are simply scenes of Venetian gorgeousness.

The most precious Titian here is the *Tribute Money*, one of the master's noblest works, painted in the manner derived from early Flemish study. It hangs in the second cabinet. The signature, "Ticianus F.," is to be seen on the open collar of the Pharisee who is trying to entrap Jesus by asking him if it be lawful to pay tribute unto Cæsar. Our Lord is portrayed at the moment when, pointing to the coin, he asks, "Whose image and superscription hath it?" The wonderfully maintained contrast between the two men, — Christ, noble, serene, yet powerful and masculine, and the wrinkled, sly face opposed to his, — the dark clutching hand of the Pharisee and the slender hand full of nerve and action, which is near it, — the fine red robe touching the coarse shirt of the vulgarian, — all these denote a keen apprehension of the actual scene, and yet there is no lack of devotional feeling. The picture hung for many years in the palace of the Duke of Ferrara, but there is no actual record that it was ordered originally by him. It is a curious coincidence, however, that on the coins of this Duke were inscribed the words, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God



TITIAN. — TRIBUTE MONEY

the things that are God's." The hands in this picture have so much expressive action that they almost supply the place of words.

In 1655 Scanelli wrote a gossipy set of memoirs called "Microcosmo." He there tells of certain Germans who visited Titian's studio in Venice, and went away wagging their heads, maintaining that there was but one real artist, who knew how to finish a picture: Albrecht Dürer. Titian was rather annoyed at their bigotry bred of ignorance, exclaiming that, had he thought that extreme finish were the end and aim of art, he could have pursued it equally well in that direction. Partly to prove that he could do this, and that, in spite of the fact that he preferred a broader style, he was able to demonstrate that "the subtlest detail might be compassed without sacrifice of breadth," he painted this picture of Christ and the Tribute Money. He had the satisfaction, too, of hearing the ambassador of Charles V., at the court of Ferrara, wonder that any one should be able to rival Dürer thus on his own ground!

Titian was highly prized in Spain. Once, when there was a fire raging in the Pardo, Philip III. cried, "Is the Antiope of Titian saved?" And, upon being reassured, observed, that other pictures could be replaced by others equally good, but that a Titian was priceless.

Venice was the first Italian city to realize the value which portraits would have for future generations, and the Venetians made it a point to have their great men — rulers, statesmen, and benefactors — painted by the best artists. Portraits of the Doges were all ranged about the Great Hall of Council in the Ducal Palace. Then it began to be fashionable to paint heroes and beauties as saints, and to introduce likenesses of prominent citizens into altar-pieces. The first Italian idea of portraiture was sculptural; busts were made as likenesses, but the colour was lacking, and they were not really satisfactory. Then Donatello thought of tinting these portrait busts according to nature, but the effect was uncanny, and by degrees the painters realized that portraiture was in their line rather than in that of the sculptors, and the great institution of modern art — the painted portrait — came and remained.

No more enchanting series of portraits hangs in any gallery than those of Titian in this hall, E, at Dresden. The progress of colouring, from one to the other, is beautiful and satisfying. Lavinia as a bride, in soft and glowing white, Lavinia as a matron, in deep rich green: with the portrait of a lady in a strange strawberry pink gown coming between them, and at one side, the portrait of a young girl with a vase, all in peachy gray, — it

would be impossible to plan a more delicious colour scheme than this part of the wall.

The girl with the fan is entirely the work of the master himself. Flag-fans were only carried by brides, so we know that this represents Lavinia just after her marriage, the portrait having been painted upon Titian's return from Rome. The little pearls twisted in the hair are charmingly contrived, and the soft texture of the pearl necklace contrasts exquisitely with Lavinia's fair skin. The opposing textures of damask and gauze, too, are painted with great realism. The portrait came among the heirlooms of the d'Estes, from Modena. Here the pretty Lavinia is quite suggestive of her later portrait in Berlin, where she appears bearing aloft a dish of fruit in her sturdy arms. The same stalwart short-waisted appearance is in both the likenesses, also. In the more mature portrait, the lines of the figure are similar — the outlines are farther apart, but the curves are on the same plan!

No. 171 portrays the same daughter of Titian as a matron. In this case she carries a feather fan, signifying a noble lady of Venice. Charles V. having created Titian a count, she would have been entitled to carry such a fan.

Near by hangs a Holy Family, of which the authenticity is questioned, but which has charm. Morelli pronounces it genuine, one of Titian's more

mature works, but restored. Where the luminous green shines so lustrously the effect is that of the colour being laid upon gold. The family of the Donor, a man, woman, and boy, appear in this picture, which rather lacks aërial perspective, especially in the cloudy sky in the background, which obtrudes itself unduly, and might be intended for snow-clad mountains. The painting is rather flat, and there is no blending of the edges such as Titian's work usually shows. It is possible that it is by another hand, but the facial types of the Holy Family are like those of Titian. The others, being portraits, have fewer distinguishing marks.

There is a very good copy of *Venus and the Lute Player* from Madrid. It has been supposed a portrait of the Princess of Eboli, and the lute-player to represent Philip II., but it is more likely that it is a Venetian noble and his mistress. The rest of the copies, which are numerous, are unimportant, though doubtless interesting to those who can never see the originals.

Titian had no idea of exploiting human anatomy. He liked a just and sufficient veil of flesh, and superimposed it over the bony structure of his personages with lavish intention. Neither did he care to vie with Michelangelo in contorting the muscles as far and as curiously as was consistent with life; he understood the value of repose, and generally

preferred to portray more tranquil positions of the human frame.

Titian's Man with a Palm is an interesting portrait; one wonders whom it represents. It was originally inscribed as a portrait of Pietro Aretino, but the inscription was discovered to be a forgery, and it was already evident from the lack of likeness that it certainly was not intended for Aretino. Painted out, but traceable, in the background, there is the faint line of a nimbus about the head. What a curious adjunct to a portrait! One feels inclined to suggest that it may have been Titian's attempt at a saint, with the palm of martyrdom, especially as there are some small knives on the window-sill, which might be considered as attributes! This is idle conjecture, however. This picture is now signed, as was discovered when the false signature was removed, "*MDLXI. . . . Titianus Pictor et Æques Cæsaris.*" It was painted when Titian was eighty-four years of age.

If one wishes to learn what kind of a life Titian lived, it is only necessary to look through some contemporary documents and one finds a letter written by Priscianese, who in 1540 was visiting Venice, to a friend in Rome. He relates how he was invited to a garden-party at Titian's home, and the description is so charming that it would be a pity not to quote it: "Before the tables were set out," he

writes, "we spent the time in looking at the lively figures in the excellent pictures of which the house was full, and in discussing the real beauty and charm of the garden, with singular pleasure and admiration expressed by all of us. It is situated in the extreme part of Venice, upon the sea, and from it one sees the pretty little island of Murano and other beautiful places. This part of the sea, as soon as the sun went down, swarmed with gondolas adorned with beautiful women, and resounded with the varied harmony and music of voices and instruments which till midnight accompanied our delightful supper. . . . Besides the most delicate viands and precious wines, there were all those pleasures and amusements that are suited to the season, the guests, and the feast."

When Titian was ninety-nine years old and near his death, he visited the monks of the Frari, and spoke to them in words such as these: "The mountains of Cadore are dear to me: the rushing waters of the Pieve are dear to me: and the murmur of the wind in the pine-trees in my far-away home. But bury me not there. Promise to bury me here, in the city where I have done my life's work, bury me in this church, where first I was successful, and I will live on that promise long enough to paint you yet another Christ — the Christ of pity! It shall be nearer to the real Christ than any I have yet

painted, for I am the nearer to him myself!" Titian did not live to finish his picture, but the monks remembered their promise, and when he died, of the plague, he was buried as he had requested, in the Frari.

One of the most famous and beautiful Giorgiones in the world may be seen in Dresden; the *Venus Sleeping*, in a Rich Landscape. It was originally supposed to be a Titian, and seems to be from the same model as his *Bella*. This lovely being is very mortal — she is not a goddess. Dresden was once supposed to be rich in Giorgiones. Jacob saluting Rachel, by Palma Vecchio (No. 192 in the large room D), used to be ascribed to him, and No. 210, the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, by Bonifazio Veronese, was also given to him. This is in the second cabinet. The picture of a man embracing a girl, No. 221, in the first cabinet, is now brought in question, and is not given definitely to any painter, but there is some reason to think that it may be Domenico Mancini. It is somewhat reminiscent of his work. This picture was formerly regarded as a Giorgione, as was also the portrait of Pietro Aretino, of uncertain authorship, which hangs in the second cabinet. No. 186, in the forty-first cabinet, used to be catalogued as a Giorgione, but it is more likely a copy or school piece. The only absolutely attested Giorgione in Dresden, then,

is the beautiful Sleeping Venus, which occupies an important place in the large salon E.

This picture, it is true, was probably finished by Titian, but it is the same painting referred to by Ridolfi, hanging in his day in the Casa Marcella in Rome, and Morelli has established its authenticity by various tests, so that it is now accepted by all the leading critics, although it was bought for a Titian. Ridolfi alludes to it thus: "An exquisite nude figure of Venus sleeping is in the Casa Marcella, and at her feet is Cupid holding a little bird, which (Cupid) was finished by Titian." At first sight one might suppose this could not be the picture in question, as there is no Cupid! But it was stated by Doctor Hübner that when this picture came to Dresden, the little Cupid at the feet of Venus was so much damaged that it was painted out. In the course of time the canvas was even ascribed to Sassoferrato, on what ground it would be difficult to imagine. Titian's Venus in the Uffizi is almost exactly the same figure, but as I have attempted to show in my volume on "Classic Myths in Art," the head of Eleanora Gonzaga was probably substituted in the case of the Titian, which may have been in other respects a copy of the picture in Dresden.

In 1746 the beautiful large canvas by Catena was brought from Modena. It was erroneously given to Andrea del Sarto, and represents the Virgin sit-



GIORGIONE. SLEEPING VENUS.

ting on the knee of St. Anne, holding in her turn the infant Saviour. Joseph is seen working by them, and domestic animals are introduced. This denotes a great departure from earlier ideals, when it was not considered fitting to show the earthly mother of Mary, the divine element alone being recognized in those days. The painting is beautifully clear, but is rather hard. In a letter from Marcantonio Michel, written in Rome in 1520, he sounds a warning note: "On Good Friday, at three at night, the most delightful and excellent painter Raphael of Urbino passed away, to the great sorrow of us all. . . . It is said that Michelangelo is ill at Florence. Therefore bid our Catena beware, for the turn to die of the excellent painters has come." Such a passage in a contemporary letter proves that Catena was held in high esteem by the people of his own time.

Palma Vecchio did not escape the fate of most of the painters of his time, in having his various "manners" classified. Of his "first" manner there are no examples to be seen in this collection, but in his "second" and "third" — (known as his "blonde" manner), there are specimens. The Reclining Venus and the Virgin and Child, No. 191, are both in the blonde period, which was his latest. The Venus Reposing is probably a portrait of a contemporary Venetian beauty, and a beauty she

certainly was. The picture is exquisite, but the head strictly that of a fashionable woman of the period.

Palma's Three Sisters, a rather provokingly smug array of lazy-looking women, are chiefly charming for their colouring, warm russets being a delightful offset for the soft greens and blues. The "Anonimo" alludes to this painting: "The picture of three women to the waist, painted from life, was the work of Palma." It is badly restored; the features of the sister on the right are so painted over as to have quite changed their original expression.

Palma Vecchio's Virgin and Child with Saints — the Baptist and St. Catherine — is a study in half-lengths, very Venetian in character. The picture might be intended as a study in childhood, young womanhood, young manhood, and maternal love.

The central interest of Palma's picture of Jacob Saluting Rachel, is the fact of the lover's kiss. Although there is a good deal of rural accessory in the way of herdsmen, inquiring dogs, and pugnacious rams butting each other in the background, one's eyes are held captive by the spectacle of the delight of the fond young people, who meet and embrace. The picture was once considered a Giorgione, and has some of his qualities.

Lotto was probably born in 1480, and lived to be

seventy-six, dying in 1556. He was born in Venice, and died in Loreto, although his life was passed in various other places. He is believed to have been a pupil of Alvise Vivarini. When he was feeling the weight of ill health (he completely lost his voice in 1550), he went to Loreto and gave himself into the keeping of the canons of the Holy House there, making a deed of transfer of all his property to this institution, "being tired of wandering, and wishing to end his days in that holy place." During his life he arranged that he was to have rooms, clothing, and a servant, and the liberal sum of a florin a month, "to do what he pleased with," while he was to benefit by the prayers of the brothers, who were thus to regard him as a benefactor. So, in the peaceful seclusion of this quiet retreat, he continued painting, and passed a comfortable and protected period of two years, after he had finished battling with the world: quite a contribution to the history of Annuities! A very sensible way to close one's career after there have been inroads upon the vitality which render daily responsibilities of undue magnitude.

That Lorenzo Lotto was high in favour among the artists of his day is proved by a letter from that arch rogue, Pietro Aretino. Pietro, of whom I have given an account in the "Art of the Pitti Palace," approaches the subject in his soft suave way, — "Oh, Lotto, as goodness good, and as tal-

ent talented, Titian . . . greets and embraces you by the token of the letter which I received from him, two days ago. He says that it would double the pleasure that he takes in the emperor's satisfaction with the pictures he is now painting, if he had your eye and your judgment to approve him. And indeed, the painter is not mistaken, for your judgment has been formed by age, by nature, and by art . . . envy is not in your breast."

The rendering of Lotto — the actual handling of the paint, is quite prophetic of the modern men. Berenson finds something in common between his methods and those of Manet.

Lotto's *Madonna and Child with the Baptist* hangs in the first cabinet. The Madonna is clad in blue and lilac, and through the open window in the background is seen a delicate landscape, such as the artists of this period loved. The infant is leaning over to kiss his little cousin, and the action is thoroughly human and tender. No sentiment of mediæval formalism or ritual is seen here. The embrace between the children does not occur in art before 1518. The picture is quite reminiscent of *Alvise*.

When Lotto painted a picture, he charged so much for each figure introduced, showing that he understood the importance of each bit of human characterization, rather than the ability to cover so many feet of canvas. No. 194b is a picture catalogued

as "in the style of Lotto's later period," and is probably not by the master at all. It represents the martyrdom of St. Sebastian and is almost like a tinted drawing.

Paris Bordone is represented in various parts of the gallery. In both the large halls D and E may be seen some of his works. In one hangs a picture of Apollo listening with much disgust to Marsyas, playing on his flute, and in the other a delightfully decorative Diana, who holds her dogs in leash, while a nymph presents to the virgin goddess the head of a stag just slain. There are rich blues in the sky, and in the skirt of Diana. The painting is rendered with a strong dark outline. In all may be detected the curious treatment of the hair — in little tight ringlets — it is quite eccentric. The textile qualities are good. Paris Bordone worked with Titian, and, indeed, is regarded as the most celebrated of his pupils. In many tones and touches he recalls the master.

Bonifazio the Elder and Bonifazio the Younger are both to be seen in the same room, Cabinet 2, so that one may easily compare their methods. The pictures have been variously attributed at different times to Giorgione, and to Palma, and the general effect would often account for this error; but comparison of certain details will prove that the later critics are right. For instance, the hand as painted

by the older and younger Bonifazio is not like that rendered by their master, Palma; both of them draw a fleshier hand than Palma, who usually depicts a thin angular hand.

In Bonifazio Veronese's *Virgin and Child with St. Catherine, St. Peter, and St. Anthony*, there is delicious tone. Other works by Bonifazio have been noted in a previous chapter.

Polidoro Lanzani's picture of a nobleman bringing his child to the Virgin might easily be taken for a painting by Paolo Veronese; Polidoro was a pupil of Titian.

There are several examples, but rather unimportant ones, of the work of Jacopo da Ponte, called Bassano, at Dresden; also many school pieces from his studio. They are to be seen here and there in different parts of the gallery, and deal chiefly with Old Testament subjects. The more important Leandro Bassano, known as Da Ponte, is represented by two portraits of the Doge Pasquale Cicogna and his wife Laura Morosini.

Not especially striking is Andrea Schiavone's *Dead Christ supported by two men and an angel*.

Jacopo Robusti, the marvellous Tintoretto, has several pictures to testify to his genius in this collection. The hall E has the earliest example — *Six Women with Musical Instruments*. This is a genuine Tintoretto, but his early style is much harder



J. M. W. TURNER. SIX WOMEN WITH MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

than it became later. The colouring is golden, and the picture attractive. The long, slender, graceful figures are in charming contrast to most of the nudes of the period. One nymph is playing upon a little organ, which is operated by a companion who sits on the other side, and pulls two cords with both hands. This is an unfamiliar form of bellows work, but would undoubtedly produce the same result as pedals. Strictly speaking, these lovely women are not playing upon their instruments, but are tuning them preparatory to performing in unison. They are comparing their musical notes, and apparently waiting for "cues" to begin.

With the exception of those in Vienna, the finest Tintoretto's north of the Alps are in Dresden. A portrait of a lady in mourning hangs here, which used to be considered a Titian. A very lovely opalescent example hangs in this hall, — it represents the allegory of the persecution of the Woman by the Dragon, "A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of stars," according to the description in Revelation xii. The woman is seen at the upper part of the composition, on the left; "and there appeared another wonder in heaven, and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads, and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads." This monster is seen wallowing in the lower depths, — on the right

side is the illustration of another verse: "and there was war in heaven, Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels. And prevailed not: neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out." Tintoretto presents the "angels of Satan" in the same spirit as his famous "tempter" in the Scuolo di san Rocco in Venice, with a wild, voluptuous beauty, really offering a temptation to mortals instead of being the repulsive reptile forms which were portrayed by the northern nations, and which we shall have opportunity to consider when we deal with those schools in art. This picture is a strong example of Tintoretto, and characteristic in every way.

Tintoretto's Parnassus is a restless, uncomfortable, vague place — just the proper environment for a certain school of poets whose uncertainty of ideal makes them waver and sway in their diction, much like these floating Muses, who hover at all sorts of indeterminate angles, and suggest a form of poetry that should have no special coherence but should express through "lilt" and euphony alone a sort of hypnotic rhythm. The Parnassus is probably not entirely by Tintoretto's own hand, — the finish is closer than usual with him, and the faces of the women conform too strictly to one type, which does not happen to be Tintoretto's



TINTORETTO. — THE RESCUE

type. In this picture one sees evidence of the kind of study in perspective which delighted Tintoretto: he used to make little clay models, and then suspend them from beams in the ceiling, so that he might see them from below as if they were flying through the air.

Near by hangs a charming painting, genuine also, showing a knight in armour rescuing two ladies from a tower. He stands below, in a boat, which is ridiculously inadequate to its load, not to mention the addition of two fair nude ladies. This boat looks as if a man in armour alone would be sufficient to swamp it. It has a sort of gondola prow at either end. A boy sits at the stern, and neither he nor the knight seem to regard it as at all peculiar that the ladies are descending from their captivity without any clothes. They are all unembarrassed and graceful, and the composition charming. The tones are cool.

The double portrait of an old and young man by Tintoretto, No. 270, is interesting. Tintoretto's Holy Family, with the Patron worshipping, is a very rich canvas. The Madonna is severely clad, not as Tintoretto and the Venetians of his day usually painted her; but St. Catherine, who stands by, is crowned and jewelled and is a fine foil to the almost Byzantine simplicity of the Virgin. Another Tintoretto, now considered only a studio piece, is

the Woman taken in Adultery standing before Christ.

Tintoretto's charm as a man is summed up by Ridolfi perhaps better than he realized when he wrote the description: "he was of a kind and amiable disposition, for painting does not cause men to become peculiar, as some people think, but it rather makes them accomplished and quick-witted. He was accustomed to converse with his friends in a most obliging manner, and many bright sayings and kind deeds are recorded of him; and he could say witty things in an amiable manner, without the least appearance of jesting."

There is a splendid Domenico Tintoretto here, — the work of the talented son of the great Venetian. He employs a dark outline, and emphasizes it intentionally. Four saints look up from the earth to the vision of the Virgin and Child which occurs in the heavens above. The canvas is an enormous one, and the whole, a creditable work of the pupil of his father.

With regard to the work of Paolo Veronese, Dresden is in advance of either Venice or Paris; the four best examples in the world to be seen together are in this hall. The Madonna of the Cuccina Family stands out as the finest of these, as we look at them. After this, the Adoration of the Kings and the Marriage at Cana appeal to us as splendid

in colour and rich in decorative design. There never was a painter of stuffs so satisfactory as Paolo; the mere upholstery, — the “millinery” as some people irreverently term it, is a joy to the eye, and at first the subject is a secondary consideration.

The Cuccina Family was one of the wealthiest in Venice in the sixteenth century, coming originally from Bergamo. Francis I., Duke of Modena, bought this and the other two large pictures, the Adoration and the Marriage at Cana, from the Cuccina family, who owned all three of them, in 1645. This picture is a good instance of Veronese's ability to plan a system of balance in his compositions, arranging his values in radiating points of interest, which all shall eventually lead toward the central object. In this instance, the lights, starting from the figure clad in white in the midst, make a curved line, carried out by means of the faces which occur at different heights, down through the little boy leaning against the column, from his hand on to the clear bit of sky, which connects the line with the arm and shoulder of the Baptist, and thence leads up to the Virgin and Child. On the other side a similar line may be detected, having the same species of festooned grace, but it is a shorter series of lights, and the sweep of all the interest makes toward the holy child at the end, while the family, with the stately matron in the centre, is still the real subject

of the composition. The attractive little Cuccinas in their striped suits, which to modern eyes are so suggestive of little convicts, are engaged in natural occupations of childhood. One is climbing against the porphyry column, and the other is playing with a dog. They are quite indifferent to the fact that Faith, Hope, and Charity are leading them to the great throne of God: to them, as simple little human beings, this allegory only means that their home is happy: they do not yet realize why this is so.

Veronese is more than a decorator — he is a great composer of pageants and splendid glowing scenes. While all critics cannot go to the extent of claiming that Veronese is a religious painter, Mr. Kenyon Cox does consider him capable of rendering scenes of religious import. Veronese is often considered trivial; his dogs and cats, monkeys and parrots, are sometimes felt to be intrusions in an important scene; but perhaps after all he is only in advance of his times: in our age of realistic art and literature, we ought not to complain of this comprehensiveness. In his own day, however, this tendency got him into trouble. The Inquisition summoned him, on July 8, 1573, and accused him of introducing profane figures, dogs, etc., into certain religious pictures. The examiners ordered Paolo to remove a dog at once, and to substitute the Magdalen. The Inquisitors had not much sense of humour: Paolo must



PAOLO VERONESE. — CUCCINA FAMILY (DETAIL)

have been amused at this suggestion! However it was settled, the dog was never painted out, nor was the Magdalen added.

The interest of the Marriage at Cana centres in the graceful standing figure of a man who holds his wine-glass up to the light, — a fine specimen of Venetian glass it is too! — evidently exclaiming, “Thou hast kept the good wine until now!” The face of Christ, watching this man intently, is full of strength, but it lacks beauty. The two old men at the end of the table watch the pouring out of the wine, and are more non-committal. A young man standing behind one of them is drinking eagerly; he is neither suspicious nor astonished, but enjoys the novel addition to the feast without question as to its origin. As if in defiance of the Inquisition and their violent attack, Veronese here introduces a girl caressing a dog in one corner, and a boy playing with a cat almost in the centre of the canvas! George Eliot did not at all admire the heads in the Marriage at Cana, considering them unattractive though well executed. We all agree in this, I am sure, regarding the stout guest who is turning to look around at the men who are testing the wine; in fact there is a sexless ugliness about this whole figure which has led some writers to regard it as a man and others as a woman; the head of Christ, however, is fine, with its earnest expression, watch-

ing eagerly to see the effect of the miracle on the bystanders.

Veronese knew well how to obtain the necessary effect of a shallow plane in large wall pictures, by using light in a generous way, letting it flood the whole, much as footlights do on the stage, and keeping the foregrounds of his compositions well-filled, so that little depth of background is necessary to enhance the scene.

The draperies which Paolo Veronese paints are not rampant; they are not portrayed as if they were in a swirling wind, as is so often the case with the textiles of the other great Venetians, and also of Rubens. He keeps to a steady value of colour, not allowing his shadows to be heavy, with striking points of light, like Rembrandt.

Veronese's treatment of textiles is about the best in the world. Rubens is too exuberant in these details, as in most things; the draperies of Veronese are so exquisite, so restrained, and yet withal so sufficient, that one does not realize his supreme cleverness in handling them unless one knows by experience the difficulties of such painting.

In most of the other works attributed to Veronese in this gallery the hand of a pupil may be traced here and there. But they are all very beautiful pictures, and well worth studying. The figures in the Christ Bearing the Cross are nobly planned, in

their relation to the whole composition; a very difficult proposition, with the uncompromising lines of the great wooden cross in the middle of the picture. One must go back to Hall D, in order to examine the charming finding of Moses, in which the most seductively graceful court ladies are seen masquerading as Egyptians. There is absolutely nothing to suggest the Nile in any detail of the composition. Even the little negro slaves who are caring for the pets in the left corner are more like imported pages in a European court. The figure of the woman at the left, who is bending her enchanting head toward Pharaoh's daughter, is one of the most exquisite in Venetian art. The model who posed for this may have been the same who occurs as Leda in Hall C, an alert, fascinating type of woman, — not simply languishing, but with ideas of her own; a fit mate for Jupiter. The background of Veronese's Finding of Moses, is one of his most beautiful studies of landscape, suggestive of his early home on the Adige. Nearly all Italian artists loved to paint the picturesque country of their childhood's recollection. In this picture, as in the Marriage at Cana (and, of course, in the Cuccina family), the likenesses of several celebrated Venetians occur.

The Supper at Emmaus is very likely only a studio work, but is soft and mellow. The clear green looks as if the paint were glazed over gold or

yellow-white. Veronese has again introduced the little girl playing with a dog on the floor, and in this case she is thoroughly out of place, — a little smirking courtier stuck as an impertinence among a lot of dignified sturdy peasants.

Susannah bathing by a tiny spigot in the fountain wall, which sends out a jet of water toward her foot, is rather an original rendering of the appearance of the scene. A little modern soap-dish, with a cake of soap on end in it, stands near by. The Elders must have had keen imaginations to pierce with their eyes the thick mantle which falls over Susannah on the side where they stand. Given the outdoor conditions, a less ostentatious bath it would be difficult to take. The lady has on a chemise and a cloak, held by a girdle. The old gentlemen must have been singularly prurient, or unused to ladies in décolleté.

Among the works of the school of Veronese is to be seen in the third cabinet a delightfully infantile and attractive little child with a rattle. The treatment is hard, but the subject very appealing.

Italian art, before it died, had time, through the Spanish invasion of Venice, to influence that great Spanish school which, through Velasquez, and Goya, has done so much to form modern ideals. The succession may be traced through Venice to Spain, through Velasquez to genuine realism, — not neces-

sarily the selecting of repulsive objects to paint, but plain truth of colour and form.

Theotocopuli, that very cosmopolitan artist who is sometimes recognized as a Greek and sometimes a Spaniard, is a little of each of these, but as his work is classed with the Italians in the Dresden catalogue, we must assume that his Greek parentage, which gave him his pseudonym *El Greco*, and his long residence in Spain, where he was recognized as a Spaniard, are to be discounted, and that the emphasis must be laid upon the fact that he was a pupil of Titian. The picture which we have here by *El Greco* represents *Christ Healing the Blind Man*. The composition is full of action, and although the figure of Our Lord is not in the centre, but quite at the left, the eye naturally sees the group of interest at once, as the balancing group of disciples on the right is on a different plane, being farther back. Theotocopuli painted sometimes well and sometimes badly; he greatly baffled the categorical tendencies of critics, who like to apportion a painter's career into his "first, second, and third manners." In this sense, *El Greco* had "no manners." He would paint a fine picture and an execrable one in the same year, probably governed by moods, which rendered him incapable of portraying uncongenial scenes with success, or subjects to which he felt no personal impulse. Theophile Gautier, after analyzing the

style of El Greco, sums it up by the trenchant phrase, "In all this there appears a depraved energy, a misappropriated power, which betrays both the great painter and the folly of genius." Theotocopuli died at Toledo, in 1625; his friend, Luis de Gongora, wrote a fantastic sonnet in his memory, lines of which may be translated as follows:

"Stranger! beneath this polished porphyry stone,
 Locked from the world, the sweetest pencil lies
 That e'er could witch thee with resplendent dyes
 O'er breathing wood or living canvas thrown.

.
 Here lies The Greek; to nature all his art
 Leaving, to all, his lore; to Iris hues;
 To Phœbus lights; to Morpheus shadows deep;
 Let his great urn thy tear-drops, as they start,
 Despite its hardness, drink. . . ."

CHAPTER III.

LATER ITALIAN SCHOOLS

THE Dresden Gallery is especially rich in the Italian schools of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The collection having been made largely by wealthy princes of Saxony, it was easy for the founders of the gallery to buy good examples of the work of the Italians of their times. Indeed, in most cases, the masterpieces of the leading artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may be seen in Dresden. Often one has been prejudiced against certain artists because one has had to judge of them by inferior works; but in Dresden one sees the best productions of these painters. It is only fair to such artists, especially those of the seventeenth century, to reserve judgment until the Dresden gallery has been examined.

In the Hall F, and in its surrounding cabinets, we deal chiefly with the Eclectics; those painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in Italy who quarried from all the perfections of the earlier schools, and flattered themselves that they repro-

duced them in their works; whereas really, because they were going to art for their inspiration instead of to nature, they rapidly declined, and became of little importance in the world of constructive genius.

It has often been remarked that genius begins where rules end; but it is a poor plan to cut loose from rules until we are convinced that we have the requisite genius to continue creative work.

Fuseli called Academic mediocrity "the cipher of art," and this it was that the Eclectics attained. As one glances casually about in this salon, one is conscious of great uniformity of excellence, but little overpowering originality. The Eclectics were copyists, and therefore were not expressing their own individuality. "Line upon line, here a little and there a little," they had consciously adopted features from all the existing schools, and lacked vitality of personal effort and discovery. They were compilers, and as such, can hardly be recognized as a school. Jean François Millet said: "Decadence set in when people began to believe that art was the supreme end; when such and such a painter was taken as model and aim, without remembering that he had fixed his eyes upon infinity."

We may here observe numerous examples of the works of the Carracci. Ludovico, the veritable founder of the Eclectic school, was a pupil of Pros-

pero Fontana (one of the Decadents, and the author of the Holy Family with St. Cecilia, in the forty-second cabinet, No. 115). A picture of the Repose on the Flight into Egypt is here attributed to Ludovico on rather questionable grounds. The picture came, in 1742, from the Carignan collection in Paris. A curious conceit is introduced; one of the angels who minister to the Virgin presents her with a basket of needlework. Occasionally, in paintings of the Virgin, a basket of sewing materials is introduced, as a symbol of industry and domesticity; sometimes also a pitcher of water and a dish of fruit signify temperance.

Ludovico Carracci had two nephews, Annibale and Agostino, and he instructed them in his own ideas; they finally formed an academy in which they propagated their doctrines, exhorting their followers to adopt the good features of all the schools. They were admonished to draw as nearly as possible like Michelangelo; to study grace from Correggio, colour from Titian and the other Venetians; in short, to compile the characteristics of all the leading artists, and try to turn out better! Nature, the one thing needful, they overlooked.

In his *Genius of Fame*, No. 306, Annibale certainly did not confine himself to the Venetian sentiment for colour; it is a pink and blue confection, — a kind of colossal Valentine. The colours are

cold and chalky. Although the clouds are intended to be fleecy, they are deliberately shaded with black paint, and the effect is anything but light.

Among others of Annibale Carracci's paintings is a large Madonna Enthroned with Saints, which is hard and mannered. It lacks celestial glow. St. Francis is seen kissing the foot of the Virgin; the Baptist stands by, and St. Matthew is writing in a book. This is one of the few instances in art in which St. Matthew appears as a balancing figure to that of St. John. He is not a patron Saint of any special place or subject. The picture has a landscape background. No. 305, the large St. Roch distributing alms, is a fine composition and an interesting picture.

But the gem of Carracci's work in Dresden is the delightful Lute Player, in the fourth cabinet. It is rich and dark, and beautifully handled. This proves that Annibale was a consummate portrait painter. His superb portraits are nearly always surprises to people who have only thought of him in connection with religious art, when he was merely copying other artists. When he turned his attention to portraying a human face, which must perforce be studied from the original, and not from some admired type made popular by another painter, he is at his best, and shows himself really great.

There is a head of Christ, hanging also in the

fourth cabinet, by Annibale Carracci, which has an unusually soft glow. Some of the school pieces are good, but most of them are hardly worth special attention.

Agostino Carracci defined the principles of his school in a sonnet, of which the following is a free translation :

“ Let him who wishes to be a good painter,” advises Agostino, “ acquire the design of Rome, Venetian action, and Venetian management of shade, the dignified colour of Lombardy (meaning da Vinci), the terrible manner of Michelangelo, Titian’s truth and nature; the sovereign purity of Correggio’s style, and the just symmetry of Raphael, the decorum and well-grounded study of a Tibaldi, the invention of the learned Primaticcio, a little of Parmegianino’s grace; but without so much study and weary labour, let him apply himself to imitate the works which our Niccolo dell’ Abate left us here.”

Thus it will be seen that while the Eclectics aimed only at borrowing from others, their aims were not even always high, and their models quite unworthy of imitation. No wonder it was a short-lived school!

Among the best of the Eclectics was Domenichino, but he can only be seen in one example here, — Charity, or Love, as a mother, reclining,

surrounded by three children. Domenichino was a kindly and entertaining companion, full of quaint humour. His biographer, Passeri, recounts charming anecdotes about him, as he saw him while he was himself engaged in fresco work at the chapel of Frascati, for Cardinal Aldobrandini, with whom Domenichino was then staying. "He would draw caricatures of us all," says Passeri, "and the inhabitants of the villa; and when he succeeded to his perfect satisfaction, he was wont to indulge in immoderate fits of laughter. We who were in the adjoining room, would run in to know his reason, and then he showed us his spirited sketches. He drew a caricature of me with a guitar; and one of the Guarda Roba, — who was lame of the gout, — and one of the Sub-Guarda Roba, — a most ridiculous figure. To prevent our being offended, he caricatured himself."

Guercino may be well studied in Dresden from numerous examples. All the large pictures, however, are rather sharp. His *Semiramis Informed by a Messenger of the Insurrection of Babylon* is hard and yellow in tone, and has certainly not much verisimilitude; all the personages are quite Italian in type and costume. *Semiramis* is supposed to be sitting at her toilette when she receives this bit of news, but it would seem a little incoherent to put on her crown before doing up her hair!

So, however, Guercino has chosen to represent the fair Assyrian queen.

An early St. Francis with an angel, who is comforting him with the strains of a violin, is ecstatic and dramatic.

Diana with a greyhound, a pretty half-length picture of a good-looking Jewess, also lacks classic feeling. The draperies are very graceful, however, and as a study of a breezy young huntress it is attractive.

The Birth of Adonis from the Myrrh-tree is here to be seen, also by Guercino. The startled infant emerges from the trunk, and is tenderly taken in hand by the nymphs. The composition is pretty, and the large canvas well-filled with graceful lines of draperies.

A curious picture, called *Painting and Drawing*, represents a young woman occupied in painting a sleeping Cupid, pausing to glance over her shoulder at a gray-bearded man who is holding a sketch.

Guercino seems to gloat over scenes of carnage and weeping in this hall! Here we see Silvio, the hero of the Faithful Shepherd (*Il Pastor Fido*, by Guarini), deploring the wound which he has unwittingly inflicted upon his beloved Dorinda. The scene is treated gingerly; Dorinda is supported by a faithful herdsman, who raises a corner of her garment, exposing a small wound which looks like

a skilful operation for appendicitis. Silvio, in a strictly "stage attitude," falls on one knee, and, with his bow and arrow in one hand, while the other holds his hunting-shirt open in a restrained and operative manner, begs her forgiveness.

If one turns, one sees another picture nearly opposite this one, also by Guercino; a bolder and much more bloody rendering is this, of Venus bending over the body of Adonis, both her hands uplifted and all ten fingers spread out incontinently. Adonis is a good deal gashed and spattered; his wound looks like another and unsuccessful operation, only it is on the wrong side for the appendix! Cupid is seen leading away the offending boar by the ear!

Here again is Cephalus despairing over the body of his too faithful Procris. Lamentations seem to be in order, and it is a relief to turn to the enamel-like, peaceful mediocrity of the Lot and his Daughters, No. 368. The three survivors are partaking of light refreshments, their backs discreetly turned upon the landscape, in the midst of which Lot's wife is seen in her new saline form.

Guercino can only be seen to advantage in his four studies for the Evangelists. We must step into the fifth cabinet, and there we are repaid by these powerful heads. St. Matthew, with his angel holding the book in which he is writing, is a venerable apostle. The white hair and beard are

painted in the most beautiful way, and the head is extremely noble.

St. Mark is busy sharpening his pen; the tentativeness of his attitude being emphasized by his turning so that only his profile is seen. The face is of Jewish cast and is decidedly handsome. His attribute, the lion, appears in the form of a little statuette standing on a shelf. The hands of St. Mark are extremely well painted. Few artists have improved upon the eclectics in their ability to draw and paint, technically speaking.

St. Luke is sitting before a picture, the corner of the stretcher, with the tacked edge of the canvas, showing at the left, in a state of exultation, with his palette on his thumb, evidently lost in rapture over the portrait of the Virgin which he has painted. His head and face are very beautiful, and the lights are managed in a particularly artistic way. One wishes that the artist had omitted the little heraldic plaque hanging on the wall, containing a bas-relief of a resting bull. It is symbolism carried to a *reductio ad absurdum*.

There are two pictures in this gallery representing Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The subject has been treated often, but in most cases the lady has been designed on a rather magnificent scale, and our sympathies go out to the youth only because he is struggling in the toils of such an amazon.

But the interesting item about both of these pictures is that Potiphar's wife is shown as a sweet-looking young woman, and our sympathy for Joseph takes on an entirely new form. One of these pictures is by Simone Cantarini, and is well painted. The action is restrained and dignified. There is a tender pleading in the girl's face, which causes us to respect Joseph for the consistent stand which he is taking. The figures are in fine relief, too, and the colours rich, laid in firm, large masses: green, blue, and yellow, fearlessly and successfully applied, as few would have dared to attempt.

The other view of the same subject is more emotional; it is to be seen in the fourth cabinet, and is octagonal in form. It displays Joseph, subjected to a great strain, certainly; its painter, Carlo Cignani, has drawn him with both hands upraised in protest, while the mischievous siren has him firmly round the waist, with both arms, heartlessly laughing at his conscientious efforts to free himself. She is exceedingly pretty, and we are really quite glad that we know how the story ends, so to speak, or our suspense would be positively painful.

Albani's *Galatea* is exquisite in colour, but in no other quality is it remarkable; while scintillating with a delicious golden glow, it betrays as little intellectual power as could well be employed in the construction of a picture.

Albani is represented here by several other confessions, quite characteristically lacking in thought, in the fourth cabinet. In the wreath of dancing cherubs around a statuary group of Cupids, he has drawn a pretty set of playful children. Why he should have felt obliged to drag in the scene of the Abduction of Proserpine in the background, with Ceres hanging on to the back of the car, and being very literally "dragged in," it is impossible to explain. Two cloud medallions on the painfully blue sky, display, on one side, Venus and Cupid, and on the other, an amoretto orchestra in full blast. The picture is delicately painted on copper; the little dancing loves carry with them the emblems of Pluto, which they are supposed to have acquired while his attention was otherwise engaged.

The Woman taken in Adultery, painted by Bartolommeo Biscaino, is mellow in tone, and there is fine handling in the head of the old man at the left. The Penitent Magdalen, by Franceschini, is a weak affair, suggestive of a repentance based on physical collapse and formal discipline. There is a certain dash about Domenico Feti's David with the head of Goliath, inclining to the style of the Naturalists.

There are two canvases of Bernardo Strozzi which are very good; Rebecca with Abraham's servant at the Well is rich and effective. Rebecca looks as if she were a charming operatic heroine of

the seventeenth century, and the servant is dressed according to the styles of the same period, while the stoutish gentleman in the background, with the well-waxed moustache, might be the leading tenor waiting for his cue; but if one overlooks these little eccentricities of local colour, and the anachronisms in setting, the picture is very charming. David with Goliath's head is also good. David is an "old friend," surely, but with a "new face," inasmuch as he sports a moustache. In B, there is a well-coloured picture, also by Strozzi, of a lady playing upon a bass viol. The face is extremely beautiful.

In Procaccini's Holy Family with Angels Bringing Fruit, the pigments have been so conscientiously chosen that there is not a crack or a discolouration, which is rather unusual among these later men. Procaccini died in 1626.

Varotari, who formed his style on principles of Titian, did better work in his Judith with the Head of Holofernes than was accomplished by most artists who copied painters instead of nature. There is a rich use of deep pink in the striped garment which she wears. Varotari may be seen to advantage, also, in the Study of a Female Head, No. 526, in the fifth cabinet. It is a face of great beauty, full of expression, and the treatment is most effective.

There is a lovely *Venus Bathing*, by Antonio Trivia, a pupil of Guercino, who died in 1699 in Munich. A satyr and Cupid are in attendance. It is almost as soft as a Correggio.

Lavinia Fontana was one of the decadent painters, — one of the few women of that time who practised the arts. She lived from 1552 and 1602. She was daughter and pupil of Prospero Fontana, who founded a school in the late sixteenth century. The father is here seen in No. 115, a *Holy Family* with St. Cecilia; while Lavinia's *Holy Family* with Elizabeth and John is very original in composition.

In the sixty-fourth cabinet is a striking series of pictures representing the Seven Sacraments. They are painted by Giuseppe Maria Crespi, and are very bold and effective. The handling is extremely clever, and broad, crisp, and modern in feeling. The paint is heavy, and the lights loaded thickly. The fluttering robes of the priests contrast charmingly with the brown habits of the friars. These pictures should be examined attentively.

Among the decorative spots in this hall, E, is the *Judgment of Paris*, by Pietro Liberi, — fluffy, soft, and pink, — a dainty canvas for its size! Liberi was a follower of Varotari. This shows how art "bred in" in the seventeenth century!

There are few collections in which Guido Reni is as well represented as in Dresden. There are

hardly any of his usual mawkish traits to be seen in his pictures here, and almost all of the works are his best productions. In the large hall, first, is his Reclining Venus, with Cupid. This picture is familiar to all lovers of this artist, but can never fail to be positively enchanting to look at, whether for the first time or not. There is a certain airy delicacy throughout that is almost like the substance of a dream. The sweet, slender girl and the polite, smiling Cupid are among the loveliest of fantasies. The atmosphere is unusually soft, and the tones so golden and peachy, leading into tender greens and a strange, dull puce-colour, that one feels that any criticism is unfair except such as shall recognize it either as a jewel or as a vision.

A gentleman of Bologna once asked Guido Reni where he got his lovely models, whom he assuredly kept to himself, for no other artist knew who they might be! Guido replied, in a mysterious tone, "Do you come to my studio, signor, and I will show you my beautiful model." So the nobleman tiptoed up to the studio in a high flutter of expectation. Imagine his chagrin when Guido called his colour-grinder, "a great greasy fellow, with a brutal look like the devil," and posed him, seated, looking up through the skylight. Guido then took a pencil and rapidly sketched a beautiful Magdalen in the same position. "Dear Count," he said, gravely,



GUIDO RENI. — VENUS AND CUPID

turning to his visitor, "say to your 'other artists' that a beautiful idea must be in the imagination, and in that case any model will serve."

Guido Reni's half-length figure of St. Jerome is splendid, — much freer than his work generally is in handling.

In the precious cabinet, No. 4, are no less than three studies of the head of Christ crowned with thorns. The best is the smaller oval, of the upturned head only, No. 323. Next in excellence is No. 329, No. 330 being less satisfactory than the others. The expression of human suffering dominated by uplifting zeal and faith is most beautifully portrayed in the first of these heads.

Less pleasing, but exquisitely modelled, is the Little Bacchus Drinking, also by Guido, with its "pure, bright, decided manipulation," to which attention has been called. In Guido's Apparition of Christ to His Mother, an angel bears the standard of victory, and Adam and Eve are seen behind the Saviour.

Here also is a Magdalen, — one of the many repentant cave-dwellers in this gallery, — by Francesco Gessi, a pupil of Guido Reni. It is a trivial affair.

The Mater Dolorosa of Solimena is rather better work than some of this school. There is a replica of it in America, in the possession of the writer.

The excellent and spirited Satyr and Girl with a Basket of Fruit, which is now pronounced to be by Rubens, is largely the work of the master's own hand; it was formerly catalogued as a Jordaens. It is almost the same as one in Vienna, and is arbitrarily hung in this place.

In the fifth cabinet, Carlo Dolci's St. Cecilia really deserves her popularity. The picture is lovely, if it does seem a little insipid to lovers of another school of art. The Daughter of Herodias, too, is a good example of Dolci's "far niente!" The lady is somewhat encumbered with Italian superfluity of dressy clothes for anything very active in the way of a dance, besides which she is heavy and sad looking—but one must not expect thought on such trifling matters from Carlo Dolci!

Carlo Dolci's Saviour Blessing the Bread and Wine may have a religious appeal for some natures; if so, I would not wish to interfere with any good that it may accomplish. As a work of art, it has high finish, like a varnished tempera, and is richly coloured. The table-cloth obtrudes itself too strongly into the composition.

Carlo Dolci made a solemn vow never to paint any but religious subjects: as it were, dedicating his pencil to the Virgin. His Madonnas, however, were frequently portraits of Madelina Balducci. He was of a melancholy turn and seems to have

had a strangely active conscience. While the guests were assembled, on the day of his own wedding, it is said that the bridegroom was missing; and, upon his being sought, he was discovered prostrate before a crucifix in the Church of the Annunziata.

The Eclectics were opposed by another school, originating in the Neapolitan district; these painters were known as the Naturalists, and were headed by the dashing Michelangelo Amerighi, or Caravaggio, who, born in 1569, was a successful artist of the wild and tempestuous school which saw only the stern side of "nature," and depicted her chiefly in storm and stress. Human nature was seen by him in the same way. We have here two of Caravaggio's best pictures; the first is the Christ and St. Sebastian, which is a splendid study in light and shade.

The Cheat, which is to be seen in replica in the Sciarra Palace in Rome, and elsewhere, is one of the most popular works of the whole Naturalist school. The human nature here depicted is depressing. Two youths, so far sunk in vileness as to combine to ruin an innocent boy, are playing cards with him: or rather, one handles the cards, while the older fellow, standing behind the unsuspecting victim, is holding up fingers by way of a signal to his confederate. The types are well chosen for their purpose, and are finely studied. The poor little dupe,

a youth with a sweet expression, and ignorant of the ways of villainy, is poring over his cards, while the boy opposite, who, by the way, has one card retained in his other hand, lifts his mean-spirited, sordid eyes to observe the signal given by the man in the shadow, whose sinister eyes are all that show above his cloak, as he raises two fingers in mystic information. It is well for the victim that he does not turn and discover the treachery, — it is better for him to lose his money than his life, as would probably follow, if he were to become a menace to their secrecy. The man in the background has a dagger ready for any such emergency. The tones of the picture are deep and rich, in accordance with the gruesome subject.

The Venus bending over the body of Adonis, by Alessandro Turchi, known as l'Orbetto, is a much more natural goddess than that of Guercino, and better painted. Another picture by l'Orbetto, David with the head of Goliath, is a fine, spirited work, and has been restored to the master, after doubt having been thrown on its authenticity. The face of the youth is very beautiful. The attitude, too, is original and full of vigour. When one is in the forty-third cabinet, the Stoning of Stephen should be noted, also by Alessandro Turchi. It is extremely interesting.

Carlo Maratti's Virgin bending over the Infant



CARAVAGGIO. — THE CHARIOT

in a Manger, is in Room B. It is a painting which, though it lacks strength, is so charming an arrangement of *chiaroscuro*, and so exquisite a study of infancy, that it deserves special notice. The faces of the Virgin, Child, and cherubs, are all foreshortened at extreme angles, and there can be no doubt about the effect being very skilfully managed.

Francesco Furini could paint exquisite heads, and had a natural comprehension of grace, which, though sometimes overdone, is always present in his works. There is a sweet, cool-toned little St. Cecilia here, with a gash in her neck. Furini died in 1649. He was a follower of Matteo Roselli.

In the forty-fifth cabinet a quaint pair of pictures may be seen, by Castiglione, a Genoese of the seventeenth century. They display, respectively, the Animals going into Noah's Ark, and the Return of Jacob. Their technique is most curious. They are painted in strange little long dabs, almost like stitches in thick wool. The animals selected to accompany Noah, on this occasion, are goats, rabbits, cats, guinea-pigs, and other domestic creatures. The barn-yard fowls are introduced, but Castiglione is discreet in not attempting to portray the fiercer beasts, with whom he had no personal acquaintance. There is no elephant, no phoenix, and no rhinoceros. It is really only a plain farm-

yard scene, to which a more important name has been tacked, to make it seem a more significant work.

The amusing portrait supposed to be Salvator Rosa, by himself, appears to me to be genuine, although the authenticity is questioned. Salvator is generally classed among the Naturalists of Naples, but a review of his early career will prove that he is actually the product of no school, though his affiliations were with these painters in later life. He was original, and almost self-taught. This portrait represents him with an ape on his shoulder. When Salvator Rosa was born, the one thing upon which his parents were decided, was, that he should *not* be a painter. Both his father and mother were members of a family of indigent artists, and they decided that he should be brought up in the Church. They named him Salvator, because, as an Italian divine says, "Never has it been known that God permitted the devil to torture in hell a man who bore his name." It is to be hoped that Salvator did not break this interesting record.

His whole childhood was one of protest against the calling that had been chosen for him; his one aim, that of freedom. From the time when, as a baby in swaddling bands, he was hung up behind the door to be out of the way (as is still the fate of some ambitious Italian babies when their



SALVATOR ROSA. PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

mothers are busy), he asserted himself, and longed to stalk abroad; this he did just as soon as it was possible for him to venture forth upon his own legs, and then he was known as the imp of the neighbourhood.

When he was old enough to be taught, he was subjected to the discipline of a monastic training, — he was punished for making charcoal sketches on the sacred spandrels in the cloisters. He was obliged to abandon the jaunty Italian costume of the period for the hampering cowl; but all was under protest, and his behaviour was so obstreperous that the pious brothers, quite unable to manage him, sent him forth in disgrace, in their own self-defence. Thus, instead of bringing peace and blessing upon his injudicious parents, who had persistently pushed him in the wrong direction, he returned home under the ban of a prodigal son, and, this situation proving highly distasteful to his restless spirit, he allied himself with the profession which was the special abhorrence of his father and mother, and turned to Nature for his guidance in art. He became a painter by profession, and wandered off into the picturesque country which was so near him, in search of inspiration and subjects for pictures.

As might have been foreseen, the headstrong youth, travelling about unprotected, fell a prey to

brigands. Whether these terrible men held him because his artistic ability proved to be a source of income to them, or whether he himself found their society congenial, at any rate, Salvator Rosa took up a residence with the banditti of the Abruzzi for some time. These bandits were not highway robbers in the usual sense, but rather a band of outlaws who held a considerable position in the mountains. His life among these wild votaries of Nature helped him to form his style, and to store his memory and imagination for life with the terrible and magnificent ideals for which he afterward stood. As in our own day, a follower of any of the arts is honoured less for perfection than for originality, so the fame of Salvator rested on his pictures, full of the august elemental passions, and the weird desolation of the forces of Nature, causing an entirely new sensation among the connoisseurs who had been buying Carracci's saints and Guido's Magdalens.

To cause a new sensation is the key-note to success in any art. Salvator Rosa did not base his manner on any that had gone before; it was the ebullition of a free spirit expressing its own personal interpretation of nature both animate and inanimate. The melancholy of the wilderness; the dominance of the hurricane; the dark mystery of forests; these were the subjects which he chose

to portray, and he was the first man at that time to begin his artistic career with that aim.

But, although fortune finally smiled upon this original painter, there were many years when his labours were unpaid, and he hardly knew where to turn for support. He made the journey to Rome chiefly on foot; the expenses of a life in that city were so much more exacting than those of the life to which he had been accustomed, that it proved almost impossible for him to live there at first. He has left us an interesting manuscript: it is a burlesque cantata, setting forth his condition, from which it will be amusing to make a few extracts.

“ Yet from my first-drawn sigh, through life,
I’ve waged with Fate eternal strife;
Have toiled without reward or gain,
And wooed the arts — but wooed in vain.
For while to Hope I fondly trust,
I scarce can earn my daily crust.

.

While as I saunter through the court
I grow the jesting page’s sport,
For threadbare coats meet no respect,
And challenge only cold neglect.

.

In Summer when the dog-star glows,
I’m dressed as though the Tiber froze:
For this you’ll guess the ready reason —
I’ve but one suit for every season!

.

Yet when my frozen spirits play,
 And Fancy lends a genial ray,
 My pencil in its wanton sport,
 Brings the well-freighted bark to port!
 Bestows fair sites on whom I please,
 Raises rich leafy woods with ease :
 But, of such varied wealth the maker,
 I work, and starve, without an acre !

.

For, take it on Salvator's word,
 Of the rich, noble, vulgar herd,
 Few estimate, and few require
 The painter's zeal, the poet's fire.
 The surest road to recompense
 Is to conceal superior sense."

Later in life prosperity awaited him, and his works became fashionable, and he was able to drive with his wife and child in his own carriage; all of which things connote success. But if Salvator painted his own portrait, of which there is some doubt, in this amusing study in Dresden, he evidently retained his cynical ideas.

When Salvator Rosa was aging, and could not exercise, he would express his cravings for free open-air life and solitude, exclaiming, "How I hate the sight of every spot that is inhabited!" His illness was an especially trying one to his temperament. It was accompanied by great suffering from cold. He wrote to a friend at that time: "I have suffered two months of agony even with the ab-

stemious regimen of chicken broth! My feet are two lumps of ice, in spite of the woollen hose which I have imported from Venice. There is not a fissure in my house that I am not daily employed in diligently stopping up: and yet with all this I cannot get warm." To our ears, his trials explain themselves! A man trying to live on an exclusive diet of chicken broth, in a house with such cracks that they had to be stuffed every day, elicits our sympathy! No wonder the poor fellow could not get warm!

Luca Giordano, who was named *Fa Presto*, on account of his rapid execution, may be seen in all sorts of rampant and theatrical display in Dresden. A few of his works are interesting: in an early picture, a study of St. Jerome, No. 481 in H, the lights are very striking; and the *Virgin and Child*, No. 489, is really extremely clever. The technical treatment is original. The canvas, which is extremely rough, is first coated with a kind of shellac or varnish, and the paint then applied, very thin, so that it lies only on the salient points. The touch is broad, and the whole most effective. The colour is in this way diluted with a soft brownish haze. There are also good brown tones in the portrait of *Fa Presto* himself, No. 494, which may, however, have been rendered by a pupil.

Here is another repentant Magdalen in her cave,

by Cagnacci. A curious incident is treated in a picture by Mattia Preti (446), representing the Incredulity of Thomas; the Lord is himself guiding the hand of Thomas into the wound in his side.

Notice, in Cabinet forty-eight, what good lights there are on the face of a portrait by Fra Vittore Ghislandi, No. 547; but the picture is a copy of a portrait of himself by Rembrandt, so the credit is not due to the Italian.

Here is a large canvas dealing with the subject of the Three Kings before Herod. It is painted by Conca. There is much flourish and some scrambling in this crowded scene; it is not especially attractive. The black King stands before Herod, holding out his hand as if he were inviting the King to act as palmist! Conca was famous for certain pictures painted in the Bernardine monastery of Valdeiglesias, and several other series of paintings elsewhere. There is some likelihood that he studied in Florence, for there is a Florentine feeling visible in most of his work. The Christ on the Cross between The Virgin and St. John is attributed to him by some critics, although it is catalogued still as uncertain. It may be seen in the forty-third cabinet.

Down-stairs is a series of smaller rooms, numbered thirty-nine to forty-three, and here may be

seen some more of the late Italians. It seems best, however, to treat of these at the same time with the Pastels and Miniatures, which are also on the ground floor.

CHAPTER IV.

SPANISH MASTERS

THE early Spanish idea of art is clearly indicated in a sentiment expressed by the ecclesiastics of Seville when the Cathedral was rebuilt in 1401. "Let us build a Church," said they, "which shall cause us to be taken for madmen by those who come after us." Such an ambition was destined to express itself, and it soon spread to other cities and in other branches of the arts besides architecture.

Curious stories are told of the miraculous inspiration of artists. When actual visions of celestial beings did not vouchsafe to descend and sit for them, as was frequently understood to happen, other means of revelation were employed. There is an instance of a sculptor, who, desirous of carving an image of the Virgin, fell asleep in discouragement at the inadequacy of his own sketches. He was roused from his slumbers by a voice, saying: "Awake and rise: and out of that log of wood blazing on the hearth, shape the thought within

thee, and thou shalt obtain the desired image." Much elated, the artist extinguished the brand, and out of it he hewed what has been designated "a miracle of art" — a figure of the Virgin which gave great satisfaction to the royal personage who had ordered it. It certainly fulfilled the prophecy regarding a "tree stock" which "shall be for a man to burn . . . and of the residue thereof he maketh himself a god!"

Spanish art is distinguished for its severity and its decency: an intended if misguided religious veneration, and absolute success in technical achievement. Superstitious unquestioning faith in the physical miracle led to the belief in legendary anecdotes of a most fantastic nature. It was told, and firmly believed, that a painter had been struck blind for venturing to attempt to "restore" a sacred picture which had been executed by St. Luke. During the plague at Malaga, in 1649, a figure of Christ at the Column suddenly proved to be miraculous, curing people of their diseases all through the week, and sweating every Friday! This was taken as an omen that the artist who had wrought the image would soon be taken to heaven; and sure enough, the poor stone-mason who had carved it succumbed to the plague in eight days!

Two significant legends show how important it is that an artist, if he intends to portray the devil,

should balance his energies by also painting the Virgin to counteract the baleful influence.

The first of these stories relates to a young friar, well meaning, but easily led. He had often painted the Virgin, and rendered her as a perfect queen of beauty; in fact, his pictures were almost what one might call "flattered" likenesses. At the same time, he was in the habit of making most grotesque and uncomplimentary portraits of the devil, racking his ingenuity to devise new features of hideousness and terror to introduce. The devil, highly displeased at these liberties, decided to catch the unwary friar, and, knowing his special weaknesses, he made himself into the shape of a pretty young woman, and visited the artist, with proposals of ardent devotion. The young friar, rather frail in this line, readily acceded to the persuasions of the fair one, who, however, demanded a very high price for her favours, — no less than the jewelled reliquaries in the convent treasury. The young man, overcome by the charms of his enchantress, was rash enough to give her what she asked for. As they passed through the cloisters carrying the treasures, the mean-spirited devil reassumed his own form, and began calling, "Thieves! Thieves!" This outcry collected a number of the monks about the deluded friar, and there seemed no doubt that he was caught stealing the convent plate! So by

way of arresting him, the brothers tied him to a pillar in the cloister, to await his sentence, and then they retired until morning should dawn. When the poor young friar was left alone, the devil had a most satisfactory revenge upon him, twitting him with his disappointment in love, and pointing out how completely the brethren had him in their power. "You'd best call on one whom you have treated better than you have me, if you want help now!" sneered Satan. This was a happy suggestion. Instantly the monk called upon the Virgin, whom he had so frequently painted with so much admiration and love, to rescue him. With charitable promptitude, the Virgin appeared before him, and, without stopping to analyze whether, after all, he did not deserve just about what he was getting, she loosed his bonds, and helped him to tie the devil up in his place. Then with triumph she conducted him to the treasury, where the stolen reliquaries were restored to their proper positions. In the morning the young friar appeared at Matins as if nothing had happened, and when the monks found the sacred vessels in the treasury again, they believed his account of the interference of a higher power; they did not venture to veto so celestial a favour, and he was allowed to go free.

The second narrative is even more dramatic; it is told by Lope de Vega. The hero of this story

was not a monk, but a secular painter. He loved to depict these two opposing types — the Virgin and the devil — just as the friar had done. In retaliation, the fiend arranged that the painter should fall in love with the wife of a soldier, and elope with her. While this plan was being carried out, and when the guilty pair had progressed as far as the market-place, the evil one started all the bells in the city to ringing, and then, in the guise of a mortal, he “grinned like a dog and ran about the city,” spreading the news. The eloping parties were thrown into prison (in separate dungeons, of course), and the indignant husband visited his faithless wife, and cut off her hair prior to her inevitable execution on the day following. The painter, addressing a petition to Our Lady, met with instant success. In recognition of his life of devotion to her image, she at once freed both of the lovers, and restored them to their respective homes. When the soldier awoke in the morning and saw his wife, with her full complement of hair again growing on her head, he was overcome with amazement. The lady, with ready tact, appeared surprised at his questions, and remarked that the strange things of which he accused her had not really occurred during the night, but must have been a dream. He could not quite believe this: he went out and asked his friends, who all testified to having witnessed the

scene. But when they found the painter also comfortably installed in his home, quietly painting a likeness of his deliverer, he also upheld the statement of the clever lady with whom he had so nearly run away. "It was undoubtedly a dream: if more than one had dreamed it, that was a coincidence, surely, but strange things often happened!" So the ancient story ends: "Thus was the devil once more foiled, and thus the citizens who had been roused by the bells, the pursuers who had captured the truants, the turnkey who had barred the prisoners, the husband who had clipped the tresses, and the gossips who had told the tale were made to believe by the merits of Our Lady that they had dreamed a strange, vivid, and unanimous dream!" The questions of justice and ethics do not enter at all into these annals. Faith did everything, and works were entirely discounted in Spain in those days.

Owing to the strictly devotional character of his subjects, Luis de Morales was called the Divine Morales. His picture of Christ, about to be led away, with a rope around his neck, and his face expressive of suffering, is a characteristic example of this artist's manner. Luis de Morales was born in Badajos early in the sixteenth century; he founded a school, his life being otherwise uneventful. There are not very exact records about him; it

is probable that he studied in Toledo or Valladolid, and certainly worked a great deal in Estramadura. In 1564 he went to Court in order to paint some pictures for the Convent which was founded in connection with the Escorial. In after-life, when he was old and poor, the King, noticing his condition, gave him a purse of money, saying: "For dinner, Morales." Morales, with ready wit, asked, "And for supper, Sire?" by which exercise of alertness he secured a larger amount. The chronicler Palomino commends "the discreet wit of the vassal in profiting by the occasion, and speaking at the right time, which is a great felicity." The town of Badajoz, where he was born and where he died, did honour to his memory so far as it was able, in naming a street after Morales. Morales is considered the earliest artist of the Spanish school who employed the means so common in Italian art of fusing into his pictures poetical and ideal elements, instead of being content with realism and narrative. He painted always on panel, and the picture in Dresden is no exception to the rule, being on wood, and therefore not of large measurements. His finish is delicate, and the example is interesting historically, if it is not a picture calculated to attract or please the eye. Some critics see in his work certain qualities which suggest Correggio.

Pacheco, the prudish Commissioner of the Inqui-

sition (of whom an account is given in my "Art of the National Gallery"), finds fault with Morales that he dared to depart from custom, in depicting the Ecce Homo without a reed in the hand of Christ, and often without the crown of thorns. Any such liberty caused Pacheco genuine discomfort, so entirely was his freedom of thought quelled by the consciousness of the dignity of his position!

Juan de las Roelas was the scion of a noble Spanish house; he may have been the son of the Admiral de las Roelas. Born about 1559, he received a college education in Seville, and was a painter in good standing in 1616, when he was recommended as Court painter to Philip III., being vouched for as "son of an old servant of the crown," and "A virtuous man and a good painter." Although he did not receive this post, the application is testimony to his excellence. He was an ecclesiastic, and lived an uneventful life, chiefly in Madrid and Seville, until his death in 1625. His work was censured by Pacheco, because in one instance he introduced a table with eatables into a picture of the Education of the Virgin, which was a materialistic touch too irreverent for the soaring mind of Pacheco; and again, because in a Nativity, the Infant Saviour was represented with no clothes. Pacheco indignantly calls attention, not without a

show of justice, to the fact that no mother would so imperil the life of a new baby in the depths of Winter! This painter was known colloquially as "El Clerigo Roelas" and also as "El Licenciado." His picture here is an allegorical rendering of the subject of the Immaculate Conception.

Pedro Orrente, born in Murcia in the late sixteenth century, was the author of the picture, Jacob and Rachel at the Well; he was usually recognized as a cattle and sheep painter, and figure studies are not in his most characteristic vein.

The assignment of Spanish pictures of this period is really difficult; only highly cultivated and observing critics dare to pronounce with certainty concerning them. As a partial explanation of this difficulty, I quote from a description of the condition of a Spanish art gallery in 1841, as it was seen by Mme. Hahn-Hahn on a visit to the Seville Museum. "It is wretched," writes this lady, "to see how these invaluable jewels are preserved! Unframed, uncleaned, . . . unprotected . . . they lean against the walls, or stand unprotected in the passages where they are copied. Every dauber may mark his squares upon them, to facilitate his drawing . . . the threads have in certain cases, begun to leave their impression on the picture. . . . Nothing would be easier than to smuggle out . . . small pictures! A painter comes, copies them, does not stand upon

a few dollars more or less, — takes off the originals and leaves copies behind in their places — (they are high up and badly lighted) the pictures are gone for ever! This sort of proceeding is not impossible here . . . it cannot, of course, be done without corruption and connivance on the part of the official guardian: and after all, one has hardly courage to lament it! The pictures are in fact saved; they are protected and duly valued; whilst to me it is completely a matter of indifference whether a custode on account of this sort of sin suffer a little more or a little less in Purgatory!" (It sounds very much as if Mme. Hahn-Hahn had herself secured some treasures in Spain!)

Kugler tells an anecdote of a picture dealer in London who was advertising a painting by Zuccaro. Upon being asked if it were a genuine example, the dealer replied, "Yes, Zuccaro or Velasquez." Upon hearing surprise expressed at this strange alternative, he added, "The fact is, the picture came from Spain, and Zuccaro is not a Spanish master; that is the only reason for calling it a Velasquez."

It was only through war and stress that Spanish art was heralded abroad. During the War of Independence in Spain, many paintings were taken to France; British dealers came and offered money, and acquired many of the rarest treasures in the days of Moore and Wellesley. The French and

English, with cultivated taste and excellent judgment, collected some of the best pictures in Spain.

For the same reason, Spanish paintings were not known in Europe at large; Spagnoletto, who worked at Naples, was almost the only Spaniard who was known out of his own country. This is one thing which renders the school more individual and interesting than most of the other schools, though its origins were later, and it has not the splendid historical succession of Italy.

Spanish art is essentially a native art, developing from ideals of Spain's own painters. There were few travelling artists, either Flemish, Italian, or German, who visited Spain to help to introduce new outside influences. Titian, in the days of Charles V., was one of the few with whose works, outside their own, they were familiar. In Italy, the Flemish artists were constantly coming, and in Germany and Holland, the Italians frequently made visits.

The rage for relics was, of course, ravenous among people who so firmly believed in the miraculous. A lady in waiting of Queen Isabella took a mean advantage of her privilege, when she was allowed to kiss the foot of the body of St. Isadore de Labrador. She deliberately bit off a toe, intending to carry it home to perform private miracles for her; but she was "mysteriously detained" in the church, and unable to move or go home until

she had relinquished her prize! There are those of us who are blasphemous enough to feel that this "miraculous detention" might be accounted for on purely natural and sordid grounds!

The Spaniards were great realists. One painter was commissioned to paint a picture of an eagle which had been caught by the King's fowlers; the painting was so realistic that the original attacked it, and tore it to pieces with beak and talons! The bird was kept in captivity ever after, and a chronicler says he often saw him, alluding to "his grave and composed manner of gazing, which showed no little grandeur and authority." Quite descriptive of the usual manner of eagles in captivity.

It is hardly likely that the figure of St. Matthew, No. 680, is by Francesco Herrera the Elder; the work is mediocre, and is hardly worthy of this interesting painter. Herrera was born in 1576, and was the teacher of Velasquez. He was exceptionally free in his style, making his drawings with charcoal, and working in a broad, bold manner. There is a tradition that when he was without an assistant, he employed the housemaid to lay on the large values of colour, he afterwards shaping and arranging them. This theory would render the authenticity of the present picture more plausible! Herrera was also a worker in bronze. Led astray by the very obvious opportunity which this afforded,

he once became a coiner of false money. He was brought before the King, Philip IV., who pardoned him, saying: "What need of gold and silver has a man with your talents? You are free; but be careful not to get into such a scrape again!" Herrera was such a stern and violent-tempered man that his pupils not infrequently fled from him. Velasquez is said to have been one of these truants; when Herrera went to Madrid in 1650, he found his errant pupil at the height of his glory! Herrera died in Madrid in 1656.

The old Spanish proverb says, "Where there are mares, there will be colts." Ribera and Juan de Ribalta were both "colts" in this sense, — pupils and followers of the older Ribalta, Francisco, who was a leading artist of the school of Valencia. We have none of his work here, but his son Juan is represented, and also Ribera, the noted Spagnoletto.

Juan de Ribalta, to whom the picture, No. 695, the Mass of St. Gregory, is attributed, was the son of Francisco de Ribalta, and was born in Valencia in 1597. He was a most precocious child, painting large important pictures when he was only eighteen, an altar-piece of the Crucifixion, now in the Valencia Museum, testifying to this fact, by the signature, "*Johannes Ribalta pingebat et invenit 18 ætates sue anno 1615.*" He worked with great rapidity, as is often the case with painters whose

fathers have been artists, the early training cultivating great technical facility in many cases. He died very young, only living until 1628. An interesting old picture in Oxford, which was captured on a Spanish sailing-vessel (probably destined for some port where this painting was to have been conveyed by order, being an altar-piece), is now assigned to Ribalta. It passed as a Titian at one time, and has been attributed by critics to other hands at various times.

The very typically Spanish picture of St. Francis and St. Bernard supporting St. Gonzalo is by Vincente Carducho, who, though born in Florence, painted most of his life in Madrid, and was recognized as a master of that school. In a burst of glory above in the heavens the Christ-child is seen, flanked by seraphs and a multitude of heavenly beings. St. Gonzalo stands, his lips parted and a beatific expression of joy on his upturned face, holding in his hands the model of a building. St. Francis and St. Bernard raise their hands in amazement at the vision, and the whole composition is put together very well. Carducho was also a writer on art, — his “*Dialogos de la Pintura*” are most interesting, though rather curious than instructive at the present time. There are eight conversations, supposed to take place between a master and his pupil, “in a retired spot on the banks of the murmuring

Manzanares." Carducho relates many anecdotes of painters, introducing St. Luke as casually as Raphael or Michelangelo! He tells of one picture so affecting in its loveliness that in looking upon it "hearts became eyes, and eyes tears!" Carducho died in 1638. In Lope de Vega's tributary sonnet on the occasion, there are the lines:

" Pens scarce had dared thy glory to proclaim,
No brush achieved to paint thee but thine own."

Lope de Vega seems to have eulogized all the artists of his day in similar terms!

Joseph de Ribera was born in Játiva in 1588. He is usually known as Lo Spagnoletto, and is often recognized as a master of the Neapolitan school, because he lived in Naples and founded a school there; but, as will be seen, he was a Spaniard by birth. Naples has even claimed the distinction of having produced him, but the baptismal register proves that he was born in Játiva on January 12th, and that his parents were Luis Ribera and Margarita Gil. He was educated in Valencia, and became a pupil of Francisco Ribalta. His appearance in Italy is not easily accounted for, but during his youth he was in Rome, and, being seen by a philanthropic Cardinal to be almost destitute, he was taken by the kind cleric and lodged in his palace. Ribera,

however, discovered that luxury was bad for him, — he was less easily inspired to work when surrounded by all these comforts, so he left the Cardinal, and lived simply among some other young struggling artists, among whom he obtained the pseudonym, *Lo Spagnoletto*. Being a brawler by nature, he got into trouble in Rome, and fled to Naples, where, with Caravaggio and others, he formed a nucleus for a school of extravagant realists in art. Ribera was a small man, — hence his diminutive nickname, — but full of force and fire. When he found conversation lag in company, he would throw a verbal bomb in the form of a statement that he had found the Philosopher's stone. This being the great quest of the day, among dilettanti, they would crowd about him, and ask him to show it to them. He would invite them to his studio, with promises of enlightenment. When they arrived, in all excitement, on the following morning, Ribera sent his servant out with a picture; they waited; in a short while the servant returned with a package of gold. "That is the secret of gold making," Ribera would say, "I do it by painting, you by serving his Majesty; attending to business is the secret of the truest alchemy!"

Spagnoletto's style is dashing, and he is often horrible in his choice of subject. The flaying of St. Bartholomew was his first picture, which caused

a great stir on account of its painful realism; other martyrdoms were his delight. Byron has remarked how —

“ . . . Spagnoletto tainted
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted ! ”

One of Ribera's daughters eloped under very disgraceful circumstances. She was a pretty girl, and had often served him as a model. Indeed, the nuns of Sta. Isabel had the head of a Madonna by Ribera painted over after this scandal had taken place, lest in the face of the Virgin any one might trace an unfortunate likeness to the frail Maria Rosa!

The rest of Ribera's works here are all strictly pleasing in subject. A beautiful Diogenes with his lantern (No. 682 in Room J) is supposed to be a portrait of himself. The fact that Diogenes is so passive, while it was Ribera's custom to emphasize any possible action in rendering a subject, confirms the judgment of those who have pronounced this work a portrait. In handling it is magnificent: the shadows are strong and virile. Of course, as a study of the Greek, it is absurd; there is no suggestion of any classic sentiment.

St. Peter delivered from Prison by the Angel is a beautiful study of an old man. The face and hands are splendidly treated, and the whirling angel in the air is flying in a delightfully buoyant manner.

We are fortunately spared Ribera's most savage mood in the Dresden collection. The martyrdom of St. Lawrence, similar to that in the Vatican, is the only hint of horror which confronts us. And St. Lawrence is so exquisite in his graceful ecstasy of abnegation, that there is little heed paid to the roaring fire to which he is being conducted. As a study of flesh and chiaroscuro it is admirable.

St. Francis on his bed of thorns is hardly a comfortable suggestion, but the picture is mild compared to most of his portrayals of human suffering. Both of these pictures are painted in thick impasto, and are strenuous in action and feeling.

But the loveliest Ribera in Dresden is the justly celebrated St. Agnes. As one enters the hall one's eyes are drawn toward the simple and restrained figure, so unaffected in design, so straightforward in its gradations of all tones of white and brown. The saint kneels in a rather awkward attitude, but her expression is very exalted. The angel who is bringing a sheet to cover her is illuminated by the light which emanates from the halo which is breathed about her. The artist has proved in this picture that he could be poetic, delicate, and appreciative of all virginal loveliness and grace. The picture was thought to represent St. Mary of Egypt, and also has been considered as a Magdalen. But it is now recognized as a St. Agnes. The shading

of light and dark whites to gold, and finally into the umber darkness at the left of the figure, could not be more masterly if planned by a modern "problem painter." The composition is quite free from accessories. It is particularly striking in its simplicity and unadorned qualities, so rare in the art of its period. It is one of the few great pictures with only one interest. In many, the eye can pick out various separate bits of equal importance, practically each a picture in itself. Here is remarkable unity and limit of subject. A wonderful expression is concentrated in the eyes. One sees them first and last; the reverent upturned face claims all the attention of the observer. Ribera died in Naples in 1656.

There is but one picture by Francesco Zurbaran in Dresden. He was one of the best artists of the early seventeenth century in Spain. Born in the country, his father had designed him for the plough, but when a marked talent for art asserted itself, he very wisely sent the boy to Seville to study with Juan de Roelas. He painted many monastic subjects, being employed by the Carthusians on several occasions. While for a short time he painted at the Court of Philip IV., the monarch did him the honour to clap him on the back and congratulate him upon being a "painter of kings and a king of painters." Probably this was Philip's little stock



RIBFRA. — ST. AGNES

pleasantry by means of which he usually won the personal affection of artists who appeared at Court. For no matter how sovereign a personage a man may be, — no matter how absolute may be his power over the very lives of his subjects, — he is seldom without that human trait of longing to be loved for himself; which proves how much stronger love is than temporal power, when even Kings will strive for it, and queens will jeopardize crown and state for it!

Zurbaran's picture here is a characteristic one, as to subject, although the finish of it is rather more polished than some of his more striking figures, notably the Praying Monk in London. St. Bonaventura is seen kneeling before the Papal Crown, offering prayers that he may be inspired to assist the Cardinals, as he has been requested by them, in naming the next Pope. The picture was originally believed to represent St. Francis refusing the Papal Tiara, but this latter interpretation has been put upon it by the scholars who are the best judges.

The figure of the Apostle Paul, by Alonso Cano, is good in tone; the robes are of rich reds and greens. Cano was born in Granada in 1601, and painted for the first half of the seventeenth century. He was the last of the Spanish votaries to all three of the arts, practising painting, sculpture, and architecture. His life was eventful, and is worth re-

hearsing briefly. One day he returned to his home to find his wife lying dead on her bed, her body having received fifteen stabs. Her hands were gripped full of human hair. A servant having disappeared from the house on that day, the murder was charged upon him. But later investigations revealed that Cano himself was carrying on an intrigue, which would have made the death of his wife timely and acceptable, and suspicion turned abruptly upon him. Alarmed, he fled to a monastery, and, after spending a due season in painting saints and leading a religious life as it was popularly understood, he returned to his home. Here, however, the law was still vigilant, and he was seized and put to the torture to make him confess. As he did not do so, he was acquitted and released. But his friend Velasquez believed in his guilt, although public opinion was satisfied by the test of the rack and screws. So, without any special opprobrium resting upon him, Alonso Cano resumed work, took priest's orders, and became a Canon in the Cathedral of Granada. Here he employed his talents to the adornment of the sanctuary, and proved himself a valued member of the staff. While he was working on some pictures in Malaga, at one time, a flood descended upon the city, and while the clergy were all collected in the Cathedral praying for the inundation to abate, the waters rose around

them to an alarming extent. The Bishop was so frightened that he sought refuge in the great organ; when Alonso Cano asked him why he did so, he replied, "It is better to be crushed to death in a dignified great machine than to be drowned like a rat!" "Ah, for my part," replied Cano, with a shrug, "if we are to perish like eggs, I think it matters little whether we are poached or boiled!" The flood subsided, however, leaving the Bishop safe in the organ!

Cano seems to have been of a generous disposition, and no one ever appealed to him in vain for alms. If he was beset by a beggar, and his purse chanced to be empty, he would instantly sit down and make a rapid drawing, which, signed by his name, was readily marketable. This he would give to the beggar to sell. But his magnanimity was extended exclusively to the Gentiles! Where a Jew was concerned, he was relentless. If he saw one in the street, he would cross over rather than pass near him. If his clothes brushed against a Jew, he would discard them at once. His servant discovered this weakness, and gained many a good garment by calling his master's attention to the fact that a Jew had rubbed against him, — had he not noticed it? Once, when he found a Jew pedlar in his house, he not only sent the housekeeper away as a quarantine precaution, since she had been talking with

the offender, but he had that part of the floor where the Jew had stood repaved, and he burnt the shoes with which he had himself kicked him out!

When Cano came to die, a crucifix was placed in his hand. He threw it impatiently away, — it was not carved to suit his æsthetic taste, — and he demanded a plain wooden cross, upon which he could imagine such a figure as would be worthy. He then died, according to the chronicle, “in a manner highly exemplary and edifying to those about him.” This was in 1667. He was a strangely inconsistent character — charitable to the point of Quixotism to Christians, hard-hearted and unforgiving to Jews; hot-tempered and quarrelsome with his fellow artists, but friendly and sweet to his pupils; possibly a murderer, yet tender to those in trouble.

Cano was a methodical worker. Blessed with more than one artistic resource, he was able to rest himself from one kind of work, by turning to another, and so, without weariness, employed all his time to advantage. One day, when tired of painting, he turned to his mallet and chisel for relaxation. A friend remarking that this was surely a queer way to rest, Cano replied, “Blockhead! Don’t you see that to create form and relief on a flat surface is a greater labour than to fashion one shape into another?” This may be taken as Cano’s

answer to the perennial question as to whether sculpture or painting were the higher art.

On one occasion an Auditor of the Chancery of Granada ordered a figure of St. Anthony to be carved by Cano. This august personage, when he was told that Cano wished a hundred doubloons for the statue, remarked, "You have worked but twenty-five days; that is at the rate of four doubloons a day." "Pardon me, your lordship," replied Cano, "I have spent fifty years in learning how to execute it in twenty-five days." "That is all very well," replied the Auditor (Palomino tells us that an auditor of Granada was "venerated like a deity upon the earth"), "but I have spent my patrimony and my youth in studying at the University, and in a higher profession, and yet I am only able to make a doubloon a day." "A higher profession!" cried Cano. "The idea of such a comparison! A King can make a Judge out of the dust of the earth, but God alone can make an Alonso Cano!" He dashed the figure to the ground as he spoke, and the Auditor rapidly vanished, and there was never more argument upon that subject.

The bust of a black-haired warrior with a scarf of red is by Pedro de Moya, a Spaniard who lived in the first half of the seventeenth century. He was born in Granada and died there, though his

life was that of a soldier. He managed to combine the two professions of foot-soldier and painter, and made great use of his opportunity for studying art in the Low Countries. When he was not in active service, he was copying pictures in churches. Finally, however, his admiration for Van Dyck became so all-absorbing, that he obtained his discharge from the army, and went to study with Van Dyck in London. De Moya was too late, however, to profit much by his instruction, for Van Dyck died only six months after the Spaniard's arrival in England. Moya then retired to Spain, where his foreign knowledge had some perceptible influence upon Murillo, who was then painting in Seville.

Velasquez and Murillo not only dominated Spain at the end of the seventeenth century, but they also dominated the whole world of art. They were the two supreme masters of their time. Rubens had died in 1640; the Carracci had passed away; Van Dyck lived only until 1641, and Guido Reni died in 1642; Rembrandt was the only painter of first importance alive later than 1650, and he died within twenty years of that time. So the field was vacant with the exception of the "little masters" of Holland and Salvator Rosa in Naples.

Sir David Wilkie, in a comparison between Velasquez and Murillo, remarks that "while Velasquez has displayed the philosophy of art, Murillo has

concealed it." In other words, Velasquez is a great realist, who does not attempt to conceal or to impose; Murillo, on the contrary, delights in depicting the impossible, the fanciful, the spiritual, if you like. Wilkie says he is "without vulgar imitation." He pronounces Velasquez unrivalled "in painting an intelligent portrait," but considers him inferior to Murillo where he attempts simple, natural, or sacred subjects.

In Murillo's work, ardour and impulsiveness predominate over quiet force and power; in Velasquez, strength and reserve are more in evidence than eager enthusiasm. While I do not hold with Lucien Solvay that Murillo's work is so "pleasant" that it "verges on insipidity," it must be admitted that he has not the virility in the *tout ensemble* of his art that is in the pictures of the greater Spaniard.

It is a well-known story how Murillo spent his early days in painting pictures for the great market, the Feria, which was held every Thursday, and is still held, in the long market-place in Seville. It is interesting to imagine the young artist at his stall, advertising his wares like any common huckster; standing among gipsies and muleteers, fish sellers and junk dealers, holding up for sale a St. Christopher, which he can change to order, by a deft stroke of his brush, into a St. Anthony, if preferred;

or a Madonna, which can be converted into a Magdalen or a St. Margaret with a few skilful sweeps!

After some years of foreign travel and study, Murillo returned to Seville, and founded the celebrated Academy there. The rules governing this body in its beginnings are unique and instructive, showing a high state of idealism among the painters of Spain. There were two Presidents, Murillo and Herrera; they had very definite duties to perform, and it was no sinecure to hold this office. They were responsible for maintaining order, for imposing and collecting fines, for settling disputes, and for deciding upon the worthiness of candidates who wished to enter the Academy. A monthly subscription from each of the regular twenty members paid for the models, heating, and candles; students were admitted for very small sums — they were encouraged to come there to study. One of the rules for admission was that the student must prove himself orthodox by a confession of faith: "Praised be the most Holy Sacrament and the pure Conception of Our Lady." Conversation was not allowed unless pertaining to the work in hand. There was a fine for talking upon outside subjects, and upon profanity and vulgarity in manners. This was a naïve and rather refreshing standard for an art school!

Murillo was fortunate in having attracted the

attention and respect of an eccentric but wealthy patron of the arts, — the philanthropist, Mañora. This worthy was a famous character in the Seville of his time; his conversion was of a sudden nature. Not an especially religious man originally, he was highly incensed upon a certain occasion, when some hams which had been sent him were detained outside the gates for duties. He went forth in his wrath, intending to make a great protest and to upset things generally. While on his way to vent his spleen on the officials in charge, the narrative says that “the Lord poured a great light upon his mind.” In other words, he thought better of his intention to make a fuss. By this mysterious revelation, whatever it may have been, the whole course of his life was changed. As he was a moral and temperate man already, it did not involve much outward reform in his life, but he was resolved to devote himself ever after to good works, and to mortify the flesh so far as he could. As his only approach to a vice was a love for chocolate, he immediately renounced that beverage, and never touched it again! (When the good man was buried, an allusion to this laudable abstinence was mentioned on his coffin-lid!) At any rate, his virtues took practical shape, and he gave generously to all charitable institutions, and, among other good works, he employed Murillo to paint eleven pic-

tures for the adornment of a great hospital which he endowed. Some of these works are the master's most famous paintings.

There is a legend that Murillo once painted a Madonna on a linen napkin; the circumstances were as follows. Murillo wished to leave some token of regard with the faculty cook at the Convent where he had resided for some time as lay brother, to whom it is quite conjecturable that the artist might be indebted for slight favours which a cook alone could confer! Having used up all his canvas, he looked about to see what he could employ as a ground. The cook extended a napkin to him, saying, "Here, paint on this!" The picture, known as the Madonna of the Napkin, adorned the altar at the Capuchin church.

Murillo had a high regard for the genius of other artists, being himself free from petty jealousies. Campaña's Descent from the Cross hung in his own parish church. He used to sit and gaze at it by the hour, explaining, "I am waiting until those men have brought the body of Our Blessed Lord down the ladder." By his own request, his body was laid beneath this picture after his death. He died in 1682. He was buried where he had desired, but during the wars, the French destroyed the church, and no stone or mark was left. Some years later, excavations were made in the rubbish,

and a vault with bones in it was discovered, but as there was no means of identifying the remains of Murillo, it was closed again just as it was. His bones are probably among those found at that time.

Murillo had married a wealthy and aristocratic woman, and his home was always a centre of social and artistic gatherings. His lovely daughter was frequently painted as his type of the Virgin Mary. He departed somewhat from the rules laid down by Pacheco regarding the treatment of his favourite subject, which he has painted so often, — the Immaculate Conception. Pacheco was as didactic as the Byzantine Manual, which guided the early mediæval artists of Italy. "In this gracefulest of mysteries," observes Pacheco, "Our Lady is to be painted in the flower of her age, from twelve to thirteen years old, with sweet grave eyes, a nose and mouth of the most perfect form, rosy cheeks, and the finest streaming hair of golden hue; in a word, with all the beauty that a human pencil can express." The "human pencil" in question certainly did justice to the directions of this lawgiver. But he has occasionally omitted the crown of stars for which Pacheco afterwards stipulates, and also another of his recommendations, the downward pointing of the moon under her feet; he has also left out the requisite dragon, but even Pacheco con-

cludes that this may be omitted if desired, since "no man ever painted it with good will!"

Murillo lived in the Jewish quarter of Seville during his later years. Ford alludes to the fact that his "painting-room, nay, his living-room — for he lived to paint — was in the upper floor, and as cheerful as his works."

There is a copy here of a picture by Murillo in Munich of two girls sitting in the street counting money. This is interesting chiefly as showing the other side of this highly spiritual artist, who never painted high life, popularly so called; he either chose the slums or the heavens! Sir David Wilkie pronounced that "for female and infantile beauty he is the Correggio of Spain."

Murillo's *Death of St. Clara* is a delicious painting. The colour is exquisite: beautiful rich whites, a celestial blue, and a delicate red are the predominating tones. It is one of the loveliest Murillos out of Spain. It was only obtained for this gallery in 1894, being purchased from the Earl of Dudley. The composition, although almost in the form of a procession, is not at all stiff. The Saint lies on her pallet at the left, where the background is dark, and the faces of the attendant friars come only into the light in salient points. The Virgin Martyrs, robed in creamy draperies, approach as in a vision, each bearing a palm. Christ leads the crowned



MURILLO. - DEATH OF ST. CLARA (DETAIL)

Madonna in the midst. The figure of the martyr nearest the bed, stooping to adjust the coverlet, is of surpassing grace. The heads and faces are all extremely beautiful. No more satisfactory example of Murillo could be seen than this majestic work. He is at his best, — graceful, yet restrained; unaffected, yet brimming with celestial imaginings. The possession of this treasure makes up for the fact that the Madonna and Child, No. 705, on the adjoining wall, is inferior to most of Murillo's Virgins. It is not so strong nor so characteristic as those in the National Gallery in London.

The picture of St. Rodriguez, to whom an angel is bringing a wreath, is interesting. It is the study of a figure in full ecclesiastical vestments — a delightful example of Church embroideries! He stands firmly and simply, his eyes cast up, while a little Cupid-like cherub descends from the sky. There are no accessories in the picture, except a balustrade by way of background filling.

Of the greatest Spaniard of all we have scant opportunity to judge in Dresden: Diego de Silva Velasquez is only represented by three small portraits of men. One of them, No. 699, a portrait of the Count of Olivares, may be only a studio replica. Such pieces are numerous, — or it may have been an early work of the master, though an

inferior example of his powers. In texture and outline it is not unlike the picture which has caused so much discussion of late, — the recently acquired Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The black of the costume, however, shows more modelling, and the touch is somewhat looser. The portrait of a gentleman with short hair, — evidently an aristocrat, — No. 697, is a good bit of the master's work. The figure is seen below the waist line, and the painting is rich. But the most beautiful is the study of an elderly man, No. 698, in which the later style of Velasquez is displayed. The atmosphere is smoky and tender; the painting of the thinned gray hair is almost evanescent. Like all of Velasquez's men, these three persons live and breathe as few faces on canvas have ever done.

The Duke of Olivares was a minister of Philip IV., but was banished in 1643 for a Quixotic outburst of charity toward a bar-sinister relative who was not considered eligible for Court life. Olivares adopted this young man, and had his portrait painted by Velasquez. Evidently Velasquez was in sympathy with the Duke in the stand which he took, for after his exile, the painter used to visit Olivares in Loeches.

Mr. Richard Ford's tribute to Velasquez as a portrait-painter is apt at this juncture: "His por-



VELASQUEZ. — PORTRAIT OF AN ELDERLY MAN

traits baffle description and praise; they must be seen. He elevated that branch to the dignity of history. He drew the minds of men. His power of painting the circumambient air, his knowledge of lineal and aerial perspective, the gradations of tones in light, shadow, and colour, give an absolute concavity to the flat surface of his canvas. We look into space, into a room, into the reflection of a mirror."

The autocrat Pacheco presented him with his daughter in marriage. "After five years of education and training," he says, "I married him to my daughter, induced by his youth, integrity, and the prospects of his great and natural genius." He more than fulfilled the expectations of his exacting father-in-law. Every one knows to-day that Velasquez is perhaps more generally regarded as a great master than any other painter who has ever lived. It took two centuries to call this to general attention.

Every study of flesh was with him an individual thing. He had no trick for producing certain forms of complexion or certain expressions of eye, — each time he painted a face he created a vital work of art, free from precedent, habit, or established manner. Compare the three faces before us — is there any small recurring detail by which a critic could say that one was rendered by the same hand as the

others? Each has touches necessary to the subject; each stands alone.

Velasquez's whole life was practically determined by a note from Philip IV. to the officer at the head of the department of artistic appointments at his court: "I have informed Diego Velasquez that you receive him into my service, to occupy himself in his profession as I shall hereafter command. . . . Given at Madrid, on the sixth of April, 1623." His first portrait of Philip was an equestrian, and was exhibited in the High Street, a festival being given in its honour. "There," says a chronicler, "in the open air did Velasquez, like the painters of Greece, listen to the praises of a delighted public." His happy and proud father-in-law disported himself on this occasion in flowery verse; if the Inquisition were at all particular concerning the virtue of truthful utterance, they ought to have called Pacheco down for his highly imaginative allusions to the Sovereign! The octave of the sonnet which he wrote runs as follows:

"Speed thee, brave youth, in thy adventurous race
 Right well begun. Yet dawning hope alone
 No guerdon wins. Then up, and make thine own
 Our painting's richest wealth and loftiest place.
 The form august inspire thee, and fair face
 Of our great King, the greatest Earth hath known;
 In whose bright aspect to his people shown
 We fear but change, so perfect is its grace!"

Philip's form was among the least august, and his face among the least fair (except in being pasty pale) in the kingdom; such tribute must have caused a smile before the mirror of Majesty, if Philip had the slightest sense of humour!

Velasquez grew in favour with the king forthwith, and was his friend and companion for many years to come. He made two Italian tours, the second one, in 1648, being of special interest, as he was commissioned to buy pictures for the Spanish court. No wonder that the Madrid gallery is so marvellous, when one remembers that the selections were made by the greatest artist of his day!

When he arrived in Rome he was requested to paint a portrait of Pope Innocent X., which he accordingly did. (This was the Pope whose body was so poorly watched after his death, that, during the night, the rats ate part of his pontifical nose! The narrator of this anecdote says that the poor rats had a curse denounced against them for this offence, with bell, book, and candle, like any public malefactors!)

In 1658 Velasquez was made a Knight of Santiago. The order, after it had been conferred, was brought in question on certain technical grounds, and had to be submitted to the Pope. Philip was much annoyed at the delay, and remarked to the envoy: "Place it on record that the evidence satis-

fies me!" All was settled agreeably, and the painter received his decoration in November of that year.

Velasquez died at the age of sixty-one, in 1660. The body lay in state in the dress of the Knight of Santiago, and the interment was dignified and befitting his rank and importance. He was buried in the church of San Juan. This building was afterward destroyed by the French. A sketch of Velasquez after death, made by Alfaro, is reproduced in Stirling Maxwell's "Annals of the Artists of Spain."

There is a magnificent example here of the work of Juan de Valdes Leal, a painter of the latter half of the seventeenth century. It is a tall figure of St. Basco of Portugal before his monastery; majestic in pose, the figure is painted in low tones, black and white predominating.

Valdes Leal was of an unhappy disposition, jealous and suspicious, and caused himself much unnecessary trouble by insisting upon competing with Murillo, whereas, if he had only had the philosophy to take himself at his true valuation, he might have been very proud of his achievement. His wife was also an artist.

It is matter for regret that there are no examples of the work of Goya or the later Spaniards in Dresden.

Two other Spanish pictures are to be noted in



VALDES LEAL. -- ST. BASCO OF PORTUGAL

other parts of the gallery — one by Periera, and one by some member of the school of Juan de Juanes. They will be mentioned when we treat of that part of the collection where they are hung.

CHAPTER V.

PAINTERS OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS

FRENCH art is not very satisfactorily represented in the Dresden collection. Of the early masters there is scant opportunity of judging; there is only one little portrait of Jeanne de Pisseleu, hanging in the twenty-first cabinet, by some member of the school of François Clouet, the Court Painter in France from 1541 to 1572. This is all we have prior to the seventeenth-century masters, and of them, not very important examples.

As the French pictures are dotted about here and there, it will be well to specify, especially in the case of the earlier ones, where they are to be found. The sixth cabinet contains most of the seventeenth-century works of interest, — here Claude Lorrain may be seen; while across the hall marked E on the plan, the cabinets on the other side also contain some French pictures of this period. In one of these, Cabinet 44, is a pretty, florid picture by Simon Vouet, a painter born in Paris, though a follower of the Eclectics of Italy. Of those here

represented, he comes chronologically next to Clouet, as his dates are from 1590 to 1649. The subject of the picture is the Apotheosis of St. Louis, that delightful Royal saint of France, one of the most picturesque figures in mediæval history, as interpreted by his faithful "Boswell," the Sire de Joinville. Vouet can hardly be called typical of French art-impulses; but French art at that time was something of a continental compilation, and had little actual individual expression.

A contemporary of Vouet was Le Valentin, who painted the very interesting Old Violinist in the fortieth cabinet. This is said to be possibly intended for Homer. At any rate, it is rich and glowing, and the handling is charming. Le Valentin led a Bohemian life, in which he came under the influence of Caravaggio in Italy.

Nicolas Poussin and his adopted pupil-brother-in-law, Gaspar Dughet, are to be seen in the sixth cabinet. Nicolas Poussin was born in 1594, and is among the earliest Frenchmen of note. The story of his life is well known: how he went to Rome, married a girl who nursed him through an illness, and how Poussin afterward adopted her younger brother, who was also an artist. Poussin, Claude Lorrain, and Salvator Rosa lived near each other on the Pincian Hill in Rome — a significant group. Poussin's style was formed chiefly on a study of

the antique; the cold Renaissance of Classic perfections (which ceased to be perfect when they were intentionally introduced into an alien environment) was the chief message which he brought to France. His works at their best are in the National Gallery in London. In Dresden there are only a few really worthy examples. The colour and handling in the *Venus Reposing* are excellent, — “*Repose*” is hardly an adequate term for the abandoned intoxication suggested by the study of the nude. The overturned wine-jar and empty tazza indicate an orgie, and the figure of Venus is that of a person in a drunken lethargy. Yet the figure is beautiful in spite of these Bacchic features. The face is of the aimless stupid type which connotes the satisfied animal nature. The first example of Poussin’s *Adoration of the Magi* is here, — the composition was repeated later in a similar picture in the Louvre. The pale blue robe in this painting is too crude. A very good example of Poussin’s classical achievement is seen in the *Nymph Syrinx pursued by Pan*. The *Narcissus* gazing at his own reflection in the brook is an early picture, if executed by Poussin at all. There is a curious imaginative bit called the *Kingdom of Flora*, in which nymphs are seen changed to flowers, according to one of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*.

There is a striking portrait of Poussin himself,



NICOLAS POUSSIN. --- PAN AND SYRINX

executed by a pupil, and with the inscription "Si Nomen a me quæris N. Poussin 1640, F." There is an old engraving from this picture which bears the signature "V. E. Pinxit." It is rich in tone, and an interesting likeness of this brilliant Frenchman.

There are also four landscapes by Gaspard Dughet, uninteresting and uninspired, as are most of his heavy studies of nature.

The Holy Family, by Charles Le Brun, is good; it is academic, but a pleasing composition. This is almost a replica of a picture of the same subject by the same painter in the Louvre.

Claude Gellée, or Claude Lorrain, was born in Champagne, in the Duchy of Lorraine, in 1600. He had little schooling, and in fact, spelt his own name in various ways, so that when he came to make his will, before his death, he had to specify that the correct spelling of it was Claude Gellée! He was the leading landscape painter of his day. His father, a pastry cook, had complained bitterly while the boy was small, that he could neither teach him to manage an oven nor to make a pie! He was advised to put him in the Church, his brother quoting the old proverb, "If your child is not good for anything else, he will be good for the Church!" But, as Claude could not be taught to read, this was also impossible. He finally obtained a position

as colour-grinder to an artist. When Claude was thirty-six years old, he was still grinding colours; when he was forty-five, he had become the celebrated Claude Lorrain, rising by the sheer power of his own talent out of absolute obscurity into fame and prominence. It was a remarkable development in less than ten years.

While on his travels, there is a tradition that he stayed awhile in a town named Harlaching, near Munich. On the strength of this rumour, King Ludwig I. of Bavaria erected a monument there to his memory.

His art seems to us to-day to be academic; it is conventional; but when he painted, he was among the first to study landscape at all for its own sake. The primitive idea still obtained that a picture must include a great many subjects. The later ideal of taking a part of a scene, and interpreting it according to some special mood, had not then occurred to any one. A landscape must contain nearly every known feature of a romantic country, or it was no picture worthy of the name! Claude studied conscientiously in the open air, trying on his palette to "match tints" with nature, and then taking the canvas home to finish in his studio. Such a proceeding resulted in pictures which to modern eyes seem to lack spontaneity, but one must go back in imagination and realize how little even this had

been done up to his time. Italy had a message to him which even artists who had been brought up in that country had failed to perceive. The Classical element appealed to him, — the country such as Virgil had pictured in his Georgics, and the ruins of the crumbled magnificence of Rome. When any painter looks at a scene, it is necessary for him to decide whether he is going to treat it as a scene with figures, or as a picture of figures with the scene as a background. Claude chose the first method. He had a definite ideal of a picture of nature; it must be a wide distant view; there must be all the component parts of a romantic landscape in each separate study; rocks or something high to meet the frame acceptably on either side, and, in the foreground, some little distorted human beings, to give sense of scale, and to introduce the human element; and such dreadful little people, usually! Had he been content with indicating these figures which he insisted upon using, it would have been better; but no; he must go to the Academy and draw from models, so that he might strive to do something entirely out of his line, in drawing strictly correct human anatomy, clothed in Contadina costume or classic rusticity. He knew his own shortcomings in this department, and used to admit that his landscapes were sold, but that his figures were given gratis!

Claude was something of a hermit. He never visited his friends, nor did he encourage a neighbourly spirit in them. He gave himself entirely to his art, and pegged away with unfailing industry. This constant application, unenlivened by human intercourse, probably accounts for the lack of sympathetic rendering of his fellow creatures, and his artificiality. His very poetic and lovely *Acis and Galatea*, in this collection, is a happy exception to this rule. It was painted at the time of the plague in Rome, when most of the citizens fled, and while Claude and Poussin went serenely on with their business regardless of the storm and stress without. Certainly there is no suggestion of a physical terror in this placid sea, on which the soft glow of the sunlight falls so tranquilly with its high rocky promontory at the right, and the lovers in their little improvised tent in the foreground. A playful little Cupid is amusing himself with a couple of doves. *Acis and Galatea* have taken a mean advantage of poor Polyphemus, the Cyclops lover of the nymph, who sits on the opposite bank, piping contentedly, little suspecting what is going on beyond the little shelter which so discreetly turns its back upon him!

The other Claude, the *Flight into Egypt*, was among the personal effects of the master, and was mentioned in his will, as "painted on the spot by my hand!" This spot certainly was not Egypt! The



CLAUDE LORRAIN, — ACIS AND GALATEA

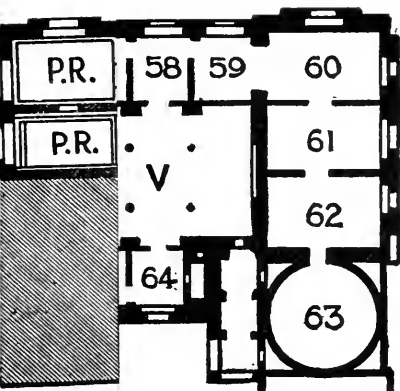
picture might possibly come under the condemnation of Ruskin, who speaks of the "mourning and murky olive-browns and verdigris greens in which Claude, with the industry and intelligence of a Sèvres china painter, drags the laborious bramble leaves over his childish foregrounds!" This is eloquent criticism, and there is some truth in it. This picture used to be catalogued as "A Shepherdess Listening to a Shepherd playing on a Pipe," but it may be observed that in the left background is the episode which has changed the name of the picture: the Flight into Egypt, Joseph leading the ass upon which sits the Virgin holding her child. The more one looks at this picture the more episodes one detects. A goat appears to be committing suicide incontinently at the right, by jumping into a ravine.

Among these pictures hangs one by the Flemish artist, Gérard Lairesse, who was the original of the Classicists. His doctrine of the good and the beautiful is thus summed up in his own words: "What is beautiful? A landscape with upright trees, fair vistas, azure blue skies, ornamental fountains, stately palaces, in a learned architectural style, with well-built men and women, and well-fed cows and sheep. What is ugly? Ill-formed trees with aged, crooked, and cloven stems, uneven and pathless ground, sharp-cut hills and mountains which are

too high, rude or dilapidated buildings, with their ruins lying strewn in piles, a sky with heavy clouds, swampy water, lean cattle in the field, and ungraceful wayfarers." This definition proves that art is after all largely dependent upon fashion. Nowadays it would be almost possible to oppose these definitions exactly to each other; what Lairesse considered indispensable to beauty reads to us like a very conventional catalogue, in fact, almost a burlesque, so nearly have we come to believe that the higher beauty consists largely in most of the elements which he considers ugly!

Lairesse has given us a beautiful cold unimpassioned idyl in his Parnassus. Sweet svelt Muses ringing about in a decorous dance, well-dressed mortals in conventional stage attitudes of embrace, pretty fluffy trees, and a majestic Minerva giving advice to an obstreperous flock of Cupids,—all very charming and piquant, and harmlessly mirthful; that is Lairesse's idea of the Classic mount. Gérard Lairesse was born in Liége, in 1641, but afterward went to Amsterdam, where he died in 1711, after having lost his eyesight at about his fiftieth year.

François Millet, usually called Francisque, was born in Antwerp, in 1642, but painted chiefly in Paris. Among the landscapes in the sixth cabinet is one now given to him, although it used to be

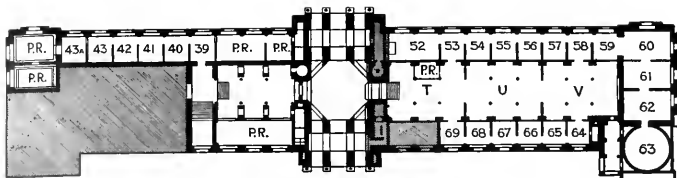


. Kauffmann).

ROOM

- 39. Italian
- 40. Italian
- 41. Italian (oom).
- 42. Italian (oom).
- 43. Italian (oom).
- 43a. Close

- 52. Paste
- 53. Frenc
- 54. Frenc
- 55. Germ
- 56. Germ (VIII. Century.



PLAN OF THE GROUND FLOOR
P. R. Private Rooms of the Administration, etc.

NORTHWEST SIDE

- 39 Italian. XVIII. Century.
40 Italian. XVI. and XVIII. Centuries.
41 Italian. XVI. and XVII. Centuries.
42 Italian. XVI. and XVII. Centuries.
43 Italian. XIV. to XVI. Century.
43a Closed. Anteroom.

SOUTHEAST SIDE

- 52 Pastels and Miniatures.
53 French. XVIII. Century (Rigaud).
54 French. XVIII. Century (Watteau).
55 German. XVIII. Century (Graff).
56 German. XVIII. Century (Graff).

ROOMS

57. German and Italian. XVIII. Century (A. Kauffmann).
58. Italian. XVIII. Century (Baton).
59. Italian. XVIII. Century.
60. Italian. XVIII. Century (1st Canaletto Room).
61. Italian. XVIII. Century (2d Canaletto Room).
62. Italian. XVIII. Century (3d Canaletto Room).
63. Pastel Rotunda.
64. Italian. XVIII. Century (G. M. Crespi).
65. German. XVIII. Century (Dietrich).
66. German. XVIII. Century (Dietrich).
67. German. XVIII. Century (Dietrich).
68. French. XVIII. Century (Pesne).
69. French. XVIII. Century (Silvestre).
T U. V. Half lighted Rooms.

Decorative Italian pictures of the XVIII. Century.

included among the works of Gaspard Dughet. He was a follower of the latter. This is one of his principal works.

In the forty-fifth cabinet there is a battle-piece by Jacques Courtois, generally known as *il Borgognone*, a follower of Salvator Rosa, in Italy, although born in France in 1621. This picture is confused in action, and the colour is uninteresting. Courtois left France when he was only fifteen, so that he hardly comes under the head of French painters.

Most of the other French pictures are to be seen on the ground floor. It will be well to descend at this point, as all the works of art below may be examined at the same time.

In cabinet fifty-three, the full-length portrait of King August III. of Saxony, one of the Royal founders of the Dresden gallery, is to be seen, painted by Hyacinthe Rigaud. The figure is majestic, and yet has a charming breezy quality as well, which prevents it from being formal. The face is young and full, sweet in expression, and not spoiled by the ridiculous hair-dressing of the period. In this picture he appears in his robes as Electoral Prince in Paris. A little negro attendant is behind him, serving as a foil to his fair and kingly comeliness. The glittering armour and rich ermine-lined mantle help to make this a striking royal portrait.

Rigaud was quite a character among the painters of his day. He disliked to portray any but young and good-looking subjects. When elderly princesses applied for their likenesses, he hated to undertake the work. "If I paint them as they are," he would say, "they will think I have not done them justice; if I flatter them, the portraits will not be recognizable!" One lady found fault with him because he had not coloured her cheek as rosily as she herself was wont to do. "Where do you buy your colours, M. Rigaud?" this lady asked. "They seem rather dull." Whereupon Rigaud looked fixedly at her, and replied, calmly, "I believe we both get them at the same shop, Madame."

Louis de Silvestre the Younger was a pupil of Charles Le Brun. He was a Frenchman, but was Court Painter to August the Strong in Dresden. Here may be seen, in the sixty-ninth cabinet, the celebrated portrait mentioned by Carlyle, in which August and his cousin, Frederick the Great, appear: "Large as life, in their respective costumes and features (short Potsdam Grenadier-Colonel and tall Saxon Darius or Sardanapalus), in the act of shaking hands; symbolically burying past grudges and swearing eternal friendship, so to speak." Carlyle voices the general sentiment and taste as he goes on to say: "To this editor the picture did not seem good for much." In the entrance-hall are

two other portraits by Silvestre, one of August the Strong on horseback and one of August III. as Electoral Prince, also an equestrian. It is said that one of the recreations of the second King of Prussia used to be to paint likenesses of his grenadiers; when he got the paint too red he simplified matters by rouging the subject until he looked like the picture!

Alexis Grimou, who was a native of Switzerland, although here included among the artists of the French School, painted the figure of a Flute Player, No. 772, in the fifty-fourth cabinet.

Antoine Pesne, though born in Paris, in 1683, was made Court painter in Berlin, where he afterward died, in 1757. His own portrait may be seen, No. 775. Pesne studied for a time, too, in Venice. He attracted the attention of the father of Frederick the Great, Frederick William I., and was engaged by him to transfer his activities to the Prussian Court. He was sometimes called in to discuss matters when Frederick the Great and Voltaire were squabbling. It is to be regretted that we have not one of Pesne's portraits of Frederick William — they are described as very interesting. "Most solid," says Carlyle, "plumb and rather more; eyes steadfastly awake, cheeks slightly compressed, too, which fling the mouth rather forward, as if asking, silently, 'anything astir, there? All right here?'"

His picture of Little Fritz, too, as a drummer-boy, is a sympathetic and charming rendering of the boyhood promise of the Great Frederick; it is in the Palace at Charlottenburg. Carlyle alludes to him as "painter Pesne, a French immigrant, or Importee, . . . a man of great skill with the brush, whom history yet thanks on several occasions." Unfortunately, in the Dresden gallery we have no really characteristic pictures by him, but only indifferent studies of unimportant likenesses and subjects. It is possible that the half-length figure of a girl in a straw hat, with pigeons, may be the picture spoken of by Carlyle, when he relates the rural tastes and interests of the Queen, telling how she used to invite parties of Salzburg Emigrants to come and visit her at Monbijou, treating them to supper and Bibles! In this connection Carlyle says: "On one occasion she picked out a handsome young lass among them, and had Painter Pesne over to take her portrait. Handsome lass, by Pesne, shone thenceforth on the walls of Monbijou, and fashion thereupon took up the Tyrolese hat, which has been much worn since."

The great epicure in passing fashion and the whimsical extravagances of the eighteenth century was Watteau. He began by painting what might be called "repeats" of saints — stock pictures ordered at so much a head, for seven years, at Paris.

But as soon as prosperity allowed him to select his own subjects, he dropped his uncongenial saints, and turned his attention and talents in the direction of high life, portraying the gallantries and fastidious etiquette of the aristocratic life of France, being known as the originator of a new school, that of the "Fêtes Galantes." With him are generally associated Pater and Lancret, who appear grouped together in Dresden, so that we may as well examine all three at once. In the fifty-fourth cabinet the works of Watteau, Lancret, and Pater are hung, making a dainty boudoir of graceful affectations.

Of these pictures Watteau's Love Feast is rather the most attractive. In a beautiful garden such as the one described by Lope de Vega, "wherein all Ovid stood translated into bronze and marble," delicately gowned ladies and courtly cavaliers are toying with the tender passion in a coy and artless group, which is divided into couples, although there seems to be no objection on the part of these lovers to the presence of a crowd! A statue of Venus presides over this curious galaxy. The separate studies of the girls are charming; a sweet coquetish little person sits erect in her unyielding bodice at the foot of the statue, while her swain, less stiffly posed, sits by her. A beautiful study of graceful draperies is seen in the central group, in which the lady's back is turned; her pretty head

is canted at a charming angle. One couple is seen preparing to leave the general concourse, and these are looking back over their shoulders, at a playful pair on the vine-covered grass. A river scene on the left adds to the charm of the picture, combining, as is usual with Watteau, the extremes of sylvan simplicity with the height of luxury and fashion. Two of the costumes in this picture exhibit to special advantage the original Watteau plait.

The other painting by Watteau is called *A Garden Party*. The chief point of interest is an inimitable bit of character study in the figure of a well-appointed dandy who stands apart, his head thrown back in a connoisseur-like manner, and both hands planted on his hips, lost in admiration of a nude marble figure of a nymph on a fountain. This man's pose would appear to have proved an inspiration to Fortuny at a later date.

There are two subjects here known by the same name, — *A Quadrille under the Trees*. No. 785 is by Lancret, but was once ascribed to Pater; No. 788 is by Pater, and was originally considered a Lancret. It is more or less a case of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The Paters and Lancrets have most of them suffered from what we might denominate cross-ascription, and it is difficult for any but very expert critics to determine why they were ever changed! They are all pretty — airy — alluring —



WATTEAU. A GARDEN PARTY

restful, in their well-bred, dressy fashion. They suggest a life of careless, selfish, unquestioning merriment, leading the people slowly but surely to the maddened mob and the Guillotine. De Goncourt speaks of Watteau "dont l'œuvre ressemble aux Champs Elysées de la Passion!" and "Watteau le Pensieroso de la Régence," while the dignified Horace Walpole remarks that "his shepherdesses, nay, his very sheep, are coquettes!" His trees are "Tufts of plumes and fans and trimmed up groves," and, according to Wilkie (who wrote particularly of those examples in Dresden), "in quality too light and feeble, but elegant and gay in the extreme." Soft smoky blues,*tender puce pinks, limpid apple greens, and rich opalescent whites, — these are the tints which the artists of the *Fêtes Galantes* knew so well how to employ. And while we classify the school in this rather arbitrary way, as the painters of the *Fêtes Galantes*, we must not forget that if their subjects were ephemeral, their art was brilliant. This ineffable blending of soft, liquid tones, this composing of harmonious lines and subtle effulgence of atmosphere, — these qualities are seen nowhere developed in the same degree, so full of poetic fluency, as in the works of Watteau, Lancret, and Pater. And another quality characterizes them: a quality all too rare in art. They are, even when dealing with caresses and

amorous frolics, absolutely pure and refined. There is an elevation of decency, to say the least, which is absent in the clever pictures of the Dutch School, and the mythological incidents as treated by Italians. Innocent — mirthful — theatrical, but never vicious or sensual, Watteau and his followers are seers of a very exquisite vision.

Lancret's Dancing in the Park at the Castle is a particularly happy example of this painter. The alert poise and young, erect grace of the girl, who stands in the centre, opposite her fantastic partner, is the centre of interest. Idling groups of dandies and ladies are lounging about under the trees, and two quaint children in full Watteau plaits are on the steps in the foreground. It radiates the spirit of dance and the lilt of the Spring.

There is an old French poem which states in rather extravagant terms the influence of Watteau:

“ . . . Un jour Dame Nature
Eut le desir coquet de voir **sa portraiture.**
Que fit la bonne mère?
Elle enfanta Watteau!”

Pierre Subleyras, a painter of Paris and Rome, 1699 - 1749, is here represented only by a small replica of his larger picture in the Louvre, Christ in the House of Simon the Pharisee. It is rather theatrical.

There is one of Nattier's portraits in the fifty-third cabinet, that of Maurice de Saxe, afterward Maréchal of France. Jean Marc Nattier began very early to show promise as a painter; when he was a little boy, he received a Royal compliment from Louis XIV.,—he made a drawing from Rigaud's portrait of the King, and when his Majesty saw it, he observed to the boy, "Monsieur, continue to work thus, and you will become a great man." And in this one line of decorative contemporary portraiture, Nattier certainly has stood supreme ever since. With a wonderful talent for painting a plain person so that she became beautiful, while the likeness was retained, he grew readily in favour among courtiers. A mannerist, a "make-up-man," and a genial Court pet, Nattier was a fit exponent of the qualities which surrounded him.

Maurice de Saxe is a familiar name to many chiefly as having been the lover of Adrienne Lecouvreur. The French actress lent him thirty thousand pounds to help him forward in his career. Again we have recourse to Carlyle, who says: "The reader has perhaps searched out these things for himself, from the dull history book? Or perhaps it was better for him if he never sought them." Maurice was a libertine, and many passages in his life are best unnoticed. Later he turned out to be a great war tactician, deserving his honours in this

field, where he played fairer than he did in love. What inimitable irony is Carlyle's! "Maréchal de Saxe," he continues, "A glorious ever-victorious Maréchal; and has an army very high-toned, in more than one sense: indeed, I think one of the loudest-toned armies ever on the field before. Loud not with well-served artillery alone, but with play-actor thunder barrels (always an itinerant theatre attends), with gasconading talk, debaucheries, busy service of the Devil, and pleasant consciousness that we are heaven's masterpiece, and are perfectly ready to die at any moment!" The death of Maurice de Saxe is related with equal spice by Voltarie: "Went down in a rose pink cloud, as if of perfect felicity: of glory that would last for ever, which it has by no means done. He made despatch; escaped, in this world, the Nemesis which often awaits on what they call 'Fame.' By diligent service of the Devil, in ways not worth specifying, he saw himself Nov. 21, 1750, flung prostrate suddenly: 'Putrid fever' gloom the doctors ominously to one another: and Nov. 30, the Devil (I am afraid it was he, though clad in roseate effulgence and melodious exceedingly) carried him home on those kind terms, as from a Universe all of Opera." Maurice de Saxe was the author of a volume entitled "*Mes Rêveries*;" a strange "military farrago," observes Carlyle, "dictated, I should think, under opium."

This Dresden portrait was painted when the Count was still young, in 1720, before the glories of victory had so set him up. It is a fitting sample of both artist and man, — they both reflect the bombastic self-satisfied vanities of their period.

Jean Baptiste Greuze is represented here as a genre painter; we have none of his pretty enamelled children or softly simpering ladies. A simple paterfamilias is reading the Bible to his children, and it is a quiet domestic scene. Greuze as a youth fell in love with a beautiful girl, in a social position superior to his own, so that he suffered from unrequited love; he used to be called the “love-sick cherub” by his playful comrades. This tinge of sentimentality and melancholy he transmitted to nearly all his works. The picture in Dresden is not by his own hand, being a copy of an original in Paris. This picture created a great sensation in Paris when it was painted: it was an entirely new style. It was his first important picture, and he became famous from the moment it was exhibited in the Salon of 1755. His ambition, however, was to be classed among those who painted in the heroic style, and to be catalogued as a genre painter was a mortification of the spirit to him.

There are but four examples of the glorious art of England in the eighteenth century to be seen in Dresden, and for lack of a better place they will be

considered here. These pictures are in the fifty-eighth cabinet, with the exception of a portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, which is in No. 57.

“It is better to have real portraits,” says Walpole, “than Madonnas without end.” Sir Godfrey Kneller is the subject under discussion, and Walpole is right so far as Sir Godfrey is concerned. It would surely have been a pity if Kneller had painted Madonnas instead of portraits, for they would undoubtedly have been very inferior Madonnas, whereas the portraits, although not fine achievements, are at least interesting as preserving some record of the subject. Sir Godfrey was born in Lubeck in 1646, but he is recognized as a painter of the English School. A great part of his life was passed in London. Among other extensive works, he was engaged by King William to paint the Beauties at Hampton Court. He was advised against this selection, as lacking in tact; as Lady Dorchester put it, “If you asked for the portraits of all the wits at Court, would not the rest think you called them fools?” We have not one of his “beauties” here to pronounce upon, but only a portrait of young Lord Euston. Kneller was the friend of Steele, Addison, Dryden, and Pope. He was of a commercial turn of mind, however, and, on many occasions, painted very poor pictures on the strength

of his reputation, satisfied if he received good pay, whether the work was worthy of him or not.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is most inadequately represented in a life-size portrait of Mr. Will James in the costume of the Dunstable Hunt. The picture is hard and poor, and enough to make an Englishman very regretful that this should be the only example of this great master in the Dresden collection.

There is also an indifferent likeness of himself by Enoch Seemann, a painter who was born in Danzig, but who came to London as a boy and was educated under British influences. He died in London in 1792.

But of the work of Sir Henry Raeburn there is a specimen as fine as it would be possible to produce. It is the portrait of Sir Lucius O'Beirne, Bishop of Meath. It is only a head, — not at a first glance an important work, — but it is beautifully soft in modelling, — a thoroughly worthy Raeburn portrait.

Raeburn's special power is one which is difficult at first to define. There is a marked individuality of touch, which baffles one: it is not that he idealizes his subject, in the ordinary sense, for his brawny men are not handsome; but in a keener way, he does idealize, and that, I think, is the real secret of his art. He idealizes the character: the traits of his sitter. If the man before him is a

good-natured man, Raeburn makes him positively radiate with benevolence and good-will; if he be a clever man, Raeburn paints a coy expression into his eyes, which convinces us that this man's wit is simply scintillating. If the subject be an intellectual man, the artist puts such fire of penetration into his face that he seems to intensify the man's ability, and the picture becomes imbued with the colossal thought which only waits for utterance. Thus, without flattering the outward person, Raeburn intensifies all the characteristics of his subject, so that the portrait is worthy of study, not only as a representation of the person as one sees him casually, but an interpretation of all his chief moods and his best thoughts. It is not alone a question of colouring, or handling, or modelling, or composition, or any of the other features which go usually to make a fine work of art. All these are good, — excellent, — but can be met elsewhere in equal completeness. The key-note to the art of Raeburn is psychic idealization.

Sir Henry Raeburn began life very simply. An amusing story is told of his early days, when he and John Clerk, afterward a famous judge, were youths together, living in lodgings, and occasionally dining with each other to discuss the world and their prospects. One day Raeburn was invited to dine with Clerk; upon sitting down to table, they

discovered that the landlady had provided three herrings and three potatoes. "Did I not tell ye, woman," exclaimed Clerk, rising in majesty of wrath, "that a gentleman was to dine with me, and that ye were to get *six* herrings and *six* potatoes?" In after years, John Clerk, then Lord Eldin, and Sir Henry Raeburn had many a laugh together over their youthful hardships!

One of his sitters has left a description of Raeburn's methods in attacking a portrait: he first entered into conversation, so as to get his subject into a pleasant and natural mood, then, having placed him in the required attitude, he stepped back and viewed the sitter for some moments. After looking at him thus for a time, Raeburn came quickly forward, and painted in the features of the face in a few moments, without either drawing or bounding-line. "I had sat to other artists," writes this gentleman, adding that their method was different; that they made careful drawings, and filled out details with conscientious exactness. "They gave more of the man," he says, "Raeburn gave more of the mind."

Raeburn was a member of the Royal Academy, of the Imperial Academy in Florence, of the Academy of Fine Arts in New York, and was also elected to Honorary Membership in the Academy of Arts of South Carolina. The modest invitation of this

latter institution was gracefully worded: "Your character and talents have been our admiration for many years; we have named you as an Honorary Member of our Institution, and should you accept it, you will confer a favour upon us." Raeburn accepted this courteous election, and became a member also of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Henry Raeburn was sixty-seven years of age when he received a summons to appear before the King to be Knighted; he was then appointed "limner and painter in Scotland, with all fees, profits, salaries, rights, privileges, and advantages thereto belonging."

He has been criticized for "hoisting his people up" and giving a "pigeonhole view" of their nostrils; but after all, there is no one who can better make them live and express their message; not a call to admiration of their outward beauty, but a call to the comprehension of their personalities.

CHAPTER VI.

PASTELS AND MINIATURES, WITH LATE GERMAN AND ITALIAN PICTURES HANGING IN ADJOINING ROOMS

PASTEL is what might be called a pretty art, as it was practised in its Golden Age: that is, in the eighteenth century. It is distinctly lighter than oils, and not of the same character as water-colour. When it first came in vogue it was looked upon with some suspicion, for unless it was kept under glass the texture was very perishable; but its beautiful freshness and durability when so protected won for it many advocates. It did not darken with time like oil; there was no process of degeneration possible to pastel, for when the pure chalk had absorbed the pure pigment, that constituted the medium; and it was unchangeable, provided that the pigment was pure in the beginning, which was easily controlled by the artist himself. Dampness is its only enemy; and with glass before it and with a proper backing, that is not a very formidable foe.

It is not known who first employed pastel, but

there is a drawing in three tones by Federigo Baroccio, which was executed in 1528, and may be regarded as one of the earliest specimens of coloured chalk used as a deliberate pigment, and not intended simply as a sketch.

The miniatures and pastels in Dresden are hung, some in Room 52, and some at the extreme opposite end of this series of cabinets on the ground floor, the rotunda, 63 on the plan. Some of the pictures mentioned will be found in 52, but, when this fact is not specified, it may be understood that they hang in the Rotunda.

Painters in water-colours naturally turned to a possible pigment which should be applied in a dry state. From distemper to pastel was an easy step: the same elements, gum and water, were employed. These gave to the dry colour the necessary firmness to compose it into sticks. When dried into a paste, the water-colour pigment actually became pastel. At the end of the seventeenth century pastel developed, and remained the fashionable medium for portraitists. One of the foremost of these workers was Rosalba Carriera, of whose pictures the Dresden gallery has an unusually perfect collection. Having already become the vogue through her miniatures, Rosalba decided to adopt the new vehicle, which she did so successfully that she was soon in greater demand than any of the other pastel artists.

With a silvery charm of touch and a tendency to flatter her subjects, Rosalba simply captivated the fashionable world.

Rosalba Carriera was born in Venice in 1675. She showed talent early, beginning with designs of point lace and fans. The influence of her early training is visible in her works. Point lace and fans are almost the extent of her accessories. She also decorated snuff-boxes, which soon led her into miniature painting. She had a prosperous career and was popular in Rome, Modena, Paris, and Vienna. Ten years before her death she became blind. In miniature art she occupied a recognized position. Her miniatures, although affected, do not lack freedom and grace. The cold gray tones to which she became accustomed in pastel affected her style as a colourist in this line also. She is melodramatic, and she is often at fault in her drawing. Still, there is an element in her work which has kept her memory alive. Some of her miniatures are on vellum, painted in a gum medium, by a method formerly employed by French painters and illuminators in manuscripts.

The portrait of Rosalba herself shows us the artist in full face, taken as far as the knees. She wears a Polish cap. She is not handsome, her expression being rather anxious and pensive. Her dress is blue, and a black and white fur pelisse partly envel-

ops her. She looks a little faded, not being in her first youth, but the eyes show penetration and are of an agreeable grayish blue; her mouth is firm, and the face, instead of beauty, exhibits character.

Rosalba Carriera was a simple plodding worker, in a time when art was suffering a decline. Even in her generation she was not regarded as original or great; but she was much in demand, being a sincere worker, and a faithful portraitist in pastel; and that chanced to be the fad of the hour. Rosalba executed many likenesses very acceptably and was a woman of some charm, though far from an innovator in portraiture. She was less inspired than La Tour, whose faces are full of individual expression. Perhaps we should not find her very interesting to-day, were it not that she kept a journal, which was printed in Venice in 1793, in which, during the years 1720 and 1721, she jotted down little remarks about her life and her works, furnishing an interesting and piquant account of her time spent in the French capital. In the Regency, in the midst of the life of the Court of Louis XV., she became fashionable, and the gay world paid her its utmost compliment by ordering portraits by her hand! As many of the pastels in this collection are alluded to in her diary, it will be interesting to examine them with her own comments in mind.

She was forty-five years of age when she went to Paris.

Rosalba's name was derived from "White Rose," given to her on account of the delicate flowerlike qualities of her work.

Among the first commissions with which she was favoured in Paris was a portrait of Louis XV. at the age of ten. Dresden possesses this miniature. It is in Room 52. A few privileged visitors were allowed to wait on the young Louis at Déjeuner. Rosalba alludes to going, on such an occasion, to finish his portrait, and relates in an amusing manner how certain small accidents occurred during the session. In August she received this commission: "I received an order from the King to paint a miniature of him for the Duchesse de Ventadorn, and, the same day, I commenced another little portrait of his Majesty."

"Aug. 3. Ordered the ivory for the miniature of the King.

"Aug. 19. Commenced the portrait of the King."

The method of Rosalba was to begin by sketching on another surface, afterward carrying it out upon the ivory. She made a finished sketch first, and then copied it, so that the sitter was not obliged to pose during the tedious process of the actual miniature.

September 27th she again alludes to this work: "I went with my mother, Giovanna, and M. Jean, to the King's cabinet. I worked on a portrait in miniature on a card fastened in my box." The portrait of Louis XV., as Dauphin, No. 9, is the one painted in 1720, in Paris, and given by the King later to August III. at the time of the marriage of the Dauphin to the daughter of this prince.

A letter to Rosalba from M. Crozat on August 11, 1721, announces the death of Watteau: "We have lost our poor M. Watteau. He ended his days with his pencil in his hand. His friends are about to publish a discourse on his life and works. They give due homage to the portrait of him which you painted in Paris only a little time before his death." This picture is alluded to in the Diary, on February 11th: "I undertook to paint for M. Crozat the portrait of M. Watteau in pastel." Watteau was much interested in the work of Rosalba Carriera, and a letter from his friend, Vleughels, to this lady, in 1719, has the following clause: "An excellent man, M. Watteau, of whom without doubt you have heard, has the greatest desire to know you, and to have a piece of your handiwork: in return will send you one of his. . . . He is my friend; he lives with me, and he asks me to present his most humble respect and his hopes of a favourable answer." Rosalba apparently agreed to the proposition, and



ROSALBA CARRIERA. —^rLOUIS XV. (PASTEL)

Watteau had his wishes granted, for in her diary for 1721 (when she was in Paris), she wrote: "In the morning I paid a visit to M. Watteau."

Among the earliest entries in the Journal, on June 17, 1720, we find a note: "Made an agreement with M. Aran, to finish for him an Apollo and Daphne." In the miniature room, No. 3 corresponds to this description.

In 1720, while Rosalba was in Paris, she was received into the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, having been made an Academician of San Luca in Rome in 1705, and in Bologna also in 1720, on her way to Paris. When she visited Vienna in 1735 the Empress of Germany, Amélie, did her the honour of becoming her pupil. Her portrait may be seen here in pastel, No. 20. The tones are very delicate.

A little gratified worldly streak displays itself when Rosalba writes, on December 7th: "I went to the Academy; while I was away, some princesses, duchesses, and other personages came to our apartments, where they found my mother." She relates with the pride of comradeship, too, that M. Hyacinthe Rigaud made her a present of an engraved edition of his portraits.

Evidently artists in those days had to deal with bargain-driving clients as well as they have in our time! Rosalba remarks tersely in her Diary: "I

have refused the proposition to make two portraits together as one." No allusion is made as to the name of the thrifty person who had tried this time-honoured trick.

The Empress Elizabeth, wife of Charles VI., is a noble and gracious princess, to be seen in the portrait No. 19. She wears beautiful pearls, and a diamond clasp secures her mantle over her light reddish gown.

An interesting episode in the career of Rosalba is her intimacy with Mariette, a writer of note in her day. In his "Abecedario," his life's work, he tells many things concerning her. He greatly admired her, and certainly must have been the victim of an ecstatic enthusiasm when upon one occasion he likened her to Correggio! He wrote a sonnet to her of which the general trend is here translated: "To the virtuous young lady, Rosalba Carriera, celebrated in conversation, in song, in music, and especially excelling in the art of the painter." He goes on: "Tell me, gentle Rose" (*aube sereine* in the original meaning dawn—a play upon her name), "is it the earth or heaven that has given you your sweet name? Or, by reason of your numerous talents, are you the flower—the Rose—and the Dawn (*aube*) of all virtue? Seeming a woman of earth and yet a goddess celestial, you have equal charm whether you speak or sing; the

harmony of your voice enchains our souls, while your lyre vanquishes every modern Orpheus. But when I admire the works of your pencil, I am convinced that a second Apelles is reincarnated in you. . . . Ah, Dawn, have not your colours given the light to the world?" Such words as these betoken the euphuism of sentimental decadence. Nothing could be less deserved than such adulation applied to indifferent art productions. Mariette is evidently a chronic flatterer. He writes in a letter September 19, 1726: "The Count de Morville has placed in his cabinet one of your works. For neighbours it has Rubens, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, Andrea del Sarto, and Poussin. Let me assure you in all truthfulness, the painting of Rosalba possesses graces which are not to be found in any master of our century. I can assure you that your picture causes M. de Morville and his friends the most extreme pleasure."

Rosalba had certainly many admirers in high places. In a letter Colle exclaims: "You have proved yourself master of an art which Guido Reni himself could not have surpassed." Such testimonials, whether deserved or not, must have been highly gratifying to the artist. August III., the art-loving King, was one of Rosalba's chief admirers. He collected numerous works by her hand, and his minister was instructed to purchase them

wherever they were to be found. One day August III. heard that there was a charming pastel by Rosalba in possession of a friend, Donna Marina Capitana. The King asked her for it, and was refused; upon that, he offered in exchange 150 gold sequins and a magnificent Dresden china service; this was too large an offer to be rejected! He obtained the coveted picture, which now forms one of the Dresden collection.

The year 1723 was one of triumph for Rosalba. She was invited to Modena in order to paint the portraits of the six princesses, as well as that of their father, Rinaldo, Duke of Modena and Reggio, who reigned from 1694 to 1737. We have here some of these portraits. From them we may judge of her success. No. 3, in Room 52, is the Princess Anna Amelia, Numbers 17 and 18, in the same room, are the heads of Princess Henriette and Princess Anna Amalia Josefa, while No. 10 is the Duke himself. It was at the solicitation of their grandmother, Mme. d'Hanovre, that these portraits were executed; as Mariette remarks: "she had her reasons, too, for it was desirable to find them husbands!" Rosalba, while engaged on these pictures, writes to her sister Angela: "Blessings on these princesses and their father, who think of nothing but to make it agreeable to me and to urge me not to leave here as long as I find it pleasant to remain!

At every touch I add, they exclaim, 'This is superb! This is the most beautiful of the beautiful!' and again, 'But you work too much; there is no one who can paint with such ability!' I have not slept for two nights; I don't know whether I am overworking or if I have taken cold." The Duke also permitted Rosalba to make a copy of his *Magdalen* by Correggio, which is in Dresden.

Also in Room 52, No. 7 represents Frederick IV., King of Denmark, who ordered this portrait on a visit to Venice in 1709, at the same time commissioning Rosalba to paint miniatures of twelve pretty Venetians who had attracted his admiration. No. 8, the portrait of the Abbé Metastasio, is the chief work of Rosalba in this museum. It brings the Italian before the observer like actual life, and is striking in its lights and shades.

Cardinal Albani was another of Rosalba's patrons, and she painted four pastels for him. "The picture of the lovely Muse," he writes, "is delicate beyond my hopes; although my confidence in your rare merit exceeds bounds." There are several Muses in the Rotunda — perhaps this is among them.

It was indeed a tragedy when Rosalba's blindness began to creep upon her. A pathetic letter, in 1749, tells how her affliction came. "It is three years now," she writes, "that I have been deprived of

sight; and you shall learn by my own hand how far I have recovered. I see, but, as is usual after an operation for cataract, rather confusedly. . . . While I was blind, I cared for nothing. Now I long to see everything, but I am forbidden to use my eyes much until after I have submitted to a second operation." This groping for help was of no avail. The second operation was not successful, and she remained blind for ten years. Her last letter to Mariette is dictated to her sister: "I see no more than if I were in the darkness of midnight. Imagine my grief at not being able to read your beautiful work!"

When she came to die she arranged for her funeral beforehand and indicated the place of her burial. She passed away in April, 1757. The report that she died in great want is entirely unfounded. Her will is extant, in which she makes disposition of a comfortable small property, which would have been impossible had she been indigent. She founded a perpetual mass for the child of one of her poorer friends; she left two hundred ducats to Felicita Sartori, her favourite pupil, who was then the wife of Counsellor Hoffmann.

The other pastels by Rosalba in Dresden are principally what are termed "fancy pictures;" emblematic figures, such as Charity embracing Justice, and personifications of Europe, Asia, Africa, and

America. A girl holding a cock in her arms symbolizes Vigilance; Minerva stands for Wisdom; Justice is detected by the inevitable scales, a girl with a cup of water typifies Temperance, while Truth is indicated by a solemn-looking personage with a mirror. Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter are also seen, painfully lacking in originality as to their attributes, but pretty and decorative. The Fates, with their spindle, thread, and shears, are seen in seventeenth-century disguise. Earth, Fire, Air, and Water also occur with appropriate emblems. Various Virgins and Magdalens are also portrayed, and there are several unknown portraits. Diana figures several times — first in pink draperies, then crowned with flowers, and again with pearls. Once she wears purplish red, and once she appears with the crescent over her brow. In each case she is a lady of the period, probably “assuming a virtue which she has not” in electing to be portrayed as the goddess of chastity. When one reads of the revels and the informal dinners and suppers given among the courtiers of that period, one readily believes that all the ingenuity of the Greeks was turned to account in devising risky situations, to which the addition of a little original French spice lent a flavour quite unique among exotic entertainments!

Rosalba's pupil, who began life as a little servant,

being taken from this career by her discerning teacher, is represented in Dresden by several miniatures, to be seen in the fifty-second room in the Old Electoral Collection, which was presented to the Dresden gallery by the Elector Frederick Christian, about 1763. This pupil, Felicita Sartori, was a protégée of Rosalba in Venice, after which she came to Dresden to work, where she married Hoffmann, as has been mentioned. Her miniatures here are chiefly copies from pictures by Rosalba, while some are reproductions of famous pictures, such as Apollo and Marsyas by Longhetti, Mercury and Argus by Rubens, and Cignani's Joseph with Potiphar's Wife, the original of which is among the late Italian pictures in the same gallery.

There is one pastel by Guido Reni in the Rotunda, a study of St. Francis.

Of the celebrated Maurice Quentin de La Tour, born at St. Quentin in 1704, we have two examples. It is not possible to judge of this greatest of all artists in pastel by his portraits in Dresden: it is desirable to see the collection at St. Quentin in order to understand how broad, free, and original he really was. Count Maurice de Saxe, of whom we have already made mention, greets us here, rendered in pastel by La Tour. La Tour lived with his brother, they both being bachelors. In most of his portraits the chief charm is in the extraordinary and vital

sparkle of the eyes: this is obtained partly by his method of allowing the lower lid to touch the pupil, which always gives concentration and brilliancy. Diderot alluded to the "light and life" in the faces of La Tour, which made them charming quite independently of their being accurate portraits — which, however, they always were.

A list of the works of La Tour reads like a page from the *Almanach Royal*: kings, queens, dauphins, princes, barons, and dukes bristle in every direction. His own portrait, which is at Amiens, shows a merry, keen, jovial face, with twinkling eyes and a smiling but roguish expression. He has painted himself in a blue velvet coat.

When Quentin La Tour returned to the delightful little town of his nativity — St. Quentin — he was eighty years of age, and had achieved much fame. The city was illuminated for his reception, and the magistrates headed a procession in festal garb to welcome him, while the bells chimed merrily. If any of my readers are familiar with the bells of St. Quentin, which may almost be said to play popular airs every fifteen minutes, they will be able to form an oral impression of La Tour's home-coming.

One is struck in glancing at the group of pastels by Raphael Mengs by the difference in tone between this painter's works and any other portraits in the Rotunda. They are much warmer than the rest.

The silvery quality is replaced by a deep golden tone, almost coppery. Here we have portraits of himself and of his father, Ismael Mengs, who was also a painter in pastel and enamel to the King of Poland.

Raphael Mengs was regarded by enthusiasts as the equal of Raphael Sanzio. We have already seen how prone the connoisseurs of this eighteenth century were to make much of their pastel artists. He had one trait in common with La Tour, which was lacking in Rosalba, and that was correct drawing. His delineation is always good. His best works are in Dresden, so that one can form a better estimate of him than of La Tour. There are also two portraits by his sister, Theresa Concordia Mengs, in one of which Raphael appears in person. From this and from the two other likenesses of himself by his own hand, which may be seen here, we may form some idea of his personal appearance. The one in the red coat, No. 167, is full of life, a bright, interesting face, serious, but with possibilities of keen penetration. The face is delightful. We have also portraits of singers and painters; No. 172 shows us the Court Painter, Louis de Silvestre, of whose work we have had occasion to speak. King August III., who was so influential in the beginnings of the Dresden gallery, may be noticed in No. 173, and the Elector Christian, who probably

founded the Old Electoral Collection of miniatures, is portrayed in No. 174. The pretty Cupid Sharpening His Arrows is familiar to all through its frequent occurrence in photograph and colour prints.

In Room 52 we have a number of the interesting miniatures of Ismael Mengs, the father, chiefly religious studies; apostles and sacred figures. Ismael Mengs was a native of Copenhagen, being born in the late seventeenth century; but he became Court painter at Dresden and died there in 1764. A few miniatures by the son and daughter may also be seen in this room.

Perhaps one of the best known figures in art, familiar to every child in America since it has been adopted for the sign manual of a leading firm of chocolate manufacturers, is Liotard's celebrated Chocolate Girl. Here in Dresden we have the original of this famous young person, standing erect in her prim clothes, daintily bearing her little tray set with its steaming cup and a glass of water. A very delicate, coquettish, Dresden-china genre this is, charmingly simple and straightforward of purpose, and exquisitely typical of the French matutinal atmosphere of the eighteenth century. No wonder she has such a reputation! With her pink cap and yellow bodice and gray skirt, she is herself a confection in tender shades and lines. The picture is on parchment, and the quality is exquisite.

Jean Etienne Liotard was born in Geneva in 1702, and was a great success with his pastels, miniatures, and enamels. He was called the Turkish Painter, because he spent several years in Constantinople. He wore the Oriental costume, being an original person, and quite independent of comment; he travelled considerably, living for a time in France, Holland, and Italy. He died in Geneva in 1789. His model for "La Belle Chocolatière" was Mlle. Baldauf, a chocolate girl of Vienna. The lovely Baldauf made such an impression upon the Count Dietrichstein through her portrait that he fell in love with her and finally married her. Algarotti purchased the picture and gives an account of it in a letter to a friend. "I have bought from the famous Liotard a pastel about three feet high. It represents in profile a young German *femme de chambre*, who carries a tray upon which is a glass of water and a cup of chocolate. The picture is almost without shadows on a plain background and is lighted by means of two windows whose reflections appear in the glass of water. The work is in delicate half-tints with insensible gradations of light and in perfect relief. It is not mannered; and although painted in Europe, it is almost in Chinese taste. They are the enemies of shade, as you know! As to the finish of the work, to sum it up in a word, it is a Holbein in pastel!"



LIOTARD. — THE CHOCOLATE GIRL.

The picture of *La Belle Lyonnaise*, No. 162, is a portrait of the artist's niece, Mlle. Lavergne. Liotard himself, in his Turkish attire, may be seen in No. 159. It is said that in Paris Liotard was considered a little dry and hard in finish: his colouring is very low in tone and the French considered his carnations too pale; but that is a matter of fashion.

Among the miniatures are several by a well-known Dresden painter in enamel, Sophie Dinglinger; they are chiefly family portraits in the artist's own circle. The Preuss Collection comprises forty-nine busts of celebrated rulers, chiefly copied from portraits by noted artists. The collection was owned by Herr Friedrich Preuss, who donated it in 1843. Most of these portraits are familiar. Several Popes and Emperors, Kings and Queens, are here set before us, prettily displayed in the alluring textures of ivory and fine colour. There is also a collection which was bequeathed in 1858 by Carl Leopold Christoph von Reitzenstein, one of which, No. 135, Portrait of Jerome, King of Westphalia, is by Isabey. The Grahl Collection, presented in 1891 by the widow of the painter himself, consists of seven ivory miniatures by August Grahl, who was born in Mecklenburg in 1791, and studied in Berlin, ending his life in Dresden in 1868. Well-known historical characters, Thorwaldsen, Countess

Potozka, and Princess Elizabeth of Prussia, here appear.

While we are on this lower floor, it is well to glance through the other rooms, which contain chiefly late German pictures, although there are several late Italians represented here also, among them the interesting Canaletto.

Anton Graff's excellent portraits of himself may all be seen in the fifty-fifth room, one as a young man, and one a full-length figure, seated with his palette and brushes and a delightfully alert expression on his face, a masterly study of himself in old age. He was a good painter. He was professor at the Dresden Academy, and died in this city in 1813. His likeness of Dr. Ernest Platner, No. 2180, B, is especially to be commended, but all his portraits are well worth looking at.

The well-known Vestal Virgin by the mellifluous Angelica Kauffman is here. One does not appreciate the charm of this painting from any of its numerous copies. There is a beautiful quality about the dark white draperies which has never been quite reproduced. Her "Young Lady as a Sibyl," too, is fresh and charming in a delicate robe of sweet soft blue. Angelica Kauffman had a romantic if not a pleasant career in private life. She was taken at the age of fifteen to Milan to study painting, working afterward in Naples, Rome, and Ven-

ice. In England she also became very popular, and was made a member of the Royal Academy in 1768. She was twice married, once to an impostor who called himself Count Horn, and later to an early love, who did not prove to be much more satisfactory! Goethe, while deriding the puerile sentimentality of Kauffman, nevertheless pays this tribute to her technical skill: "No living painter surpasses her either in grace of representation or in the taste and capacity with which she handles her brush."

An excellent picture by Raphael Mengs hangs here, — in fact, the same subject, Joseph's Dream, is treated twice by him. Raphael Mengs's father, being a miniaturist himself, wished his son to follow art as well. When the lad was only thirteen, he used to shut him up to copy all day in the Vatican, with only a piece of bread and some water for refreshments: he was not allowed to come out until he had accomplished the day's task.

The delightful little children by Christian Vogel used to be considered portraits of the artist's two sons; but the picture is now thought more probably to represent a couple of the Schoenberg Princes. The composition is charming in every way, and the attitudes of the children unaffected and natural as they play with their toys and picture-books.

Balthasar Denner, a German painter of the early eighteenth century, painted some studies which hang

here. The benign, wrinkled face of the Old Lady with a Golden Kerchief is exceedingly well done.

The head of a boy with a flute by Christian Seibold, No. 2092, is a nice bit of work, not in the fashion of our day to be sure, but, we must admit, an accurate and pleasing example of the style of the early eighteenth century. Seibold was a pupil of Denner, whose work we have just mentioned. This was a conscientious school, if lacking in atmospheric illusions!

Christian Dietrich, Court Painter in Dresden during the middle of the eighteenth century, dominates three rooms in this section. His pictures are various, ranging in subject all the way from naked boys in a pond to the Holy Family, and from Shepherds and Cupids to warriors, prodigal sons, and lute-players. Nearly fifty pictures await the attention of the sightseer who has plenty of time! Dietrich was a general eclectic. He fell into the manner first of one master and then of another, indulging his tastes, doubtless, and amusing himself, but not leaving a very substantial legacy to art.

The rooms on the other side of the entrance-hall — thirty-nine to forty-three — contain some more of the late Italian pictures. A few are worth noticing, but there are not many masterpieces stowed away in these apartments. In Room Number Forty-one, Giorgio Vasari, the writer whose invaluable

works are a quarry for all Italian art biography, is represented by a picture of the Mother of Christ and the Magdalen, with the body of the Saviour. The four Evangelists may be seen in the four corners. The picture is small and rather pleasing. The tone is cool. Vasari is not a great painter, but this is a really good example of his work. Vasari does not at all realize that he is one of a declining school. He says calmly: "We paint six pictures in a year, while the earlier masters took six years to one picture, and yet these pictures are much more perfectly executed than those of the early school by the most distinguished masters." He considers that technical finish is the aim of art; he has no idea of the true value of progress or of the necessity for original thought in composition.

Sassoferrato occupied a position in Roman art similar to that taken by Carlo Dolci in Florence. There is a Virgin and Child of his here, which is curiously effective in its lighting. The painting is thick, the drapery of red and blue, and the halo rather dull. Wilkins says that this picture "gives out light like a plaster cast," owing to the use of a certain white medium.

In the forty-third room, the St. Onophrius was painted by Vasco Pereira, who painted in Seville between 1579 and 1585, but who was a Portuguese by birth. His colouring is usually harsh, although

he drew well. Pereira was employed by Vargas to paint a fresco, which offended Pacheco, because Our Lord was represented as wearing only a tunic!

In the forty-second room we have the Daughter of Herodias again, with the head of John the Baptist. It is by Lo Spada (Pietro Marascalco), who has signed his name clearly. The colour is interesting. There is a crisp yellowish green tone, complemented by a mere tint of pink.

There is also a Flemish copy of the Lotto Virgin and Child with Four Saints, the original of which is in the Bridgewater gallery; the copy hangs in No. 43. In 41 there are two good copies of Giorgione, — an old Astrologer casting the horoscope of a boy, who lies on the ground, while a young man in armour and a woman in white stand by. The astrologer sits before a ruin, where a broken statue of Venus stands in a niche. There has been some suggestion that the female figure in this picture might represent Lucretia Borgia, but the only reason given for this theory is the fact that in the corner of the picture there appears an eagle, which was the “family bird,” so to speak, of the Estes.

The kneeling St. Francis de Paula, in the picture by Francesco Solimena, in the fortieth cabinet, is commending a boy to the Virgin and Child who appear in the clouds above. St Francis de Paula was godfather of Francis I., and he is here sup-

posed to be interceding for his godson's welfare. St. Francis de Paula lived in Calabria, where he founded an order, of which the motto was "Caritas." He died in 1507. Another example of Solimena's work has been noted in another place.

And now to close our observations on the late Italians it is necessary to cross the entrance-hall on the ground floor and proceed in the opposite direction, until we arrive at Cabinet No. 57. Here we have another Repentant Magdalen, this time by Pompeo Battoni, which tries us by its extremely uncomfortable attitude, reading from a book at an almost impossible angle. It is affected and thoroughly unintellectual, though quite popular among those who mistake contortion for grace and regard maudlin inanity as a symptom of religious exaltation.

Here is a half-length figure of a man, with a pair of spectacles in his hand, painted by Giuseppe Nogari in the eighteenth century, which is treated in the extreme of the "sfumato" style, but which is very attractive, as is also, in the sixtieth cabinet, a study of the Apostle Peter, which is positively feathery in its softness of outline. It is the hazy flickering of the light that is going out.

Magnasco's works have often been ascribed to Salvator Rosa. He is not a very well-known artist, and there are four excellent specimens in Dresden

from which he may be studied; two landscapes hang in Cabinet 65, while the others, studies of nuns and monks, are in No. 59. In the 64th cabinet we have an example of the work of Longhi — a portrait of a lady in a cap and veil, No. 595. The elaborate etiquette of the complaisant eighteenth century was portrayed by Longhi in Italy, as much as by Watteau and Lancret in France. The superb self-satisfaction of that society which was so brilliantly flowering on the surface while its roots were suffering from blight and degeneration shows itself in the courtly display of upholstered human beings who were ashamed of any genuine emotions.

The works of Canal and Canaletto are to be seen in this section of the gallery in great profusion. These topographical portraits are unique, and although to be seen in nearly all collections of any magnitude, they have always a certain charm of their own. It will be well to distinguish between Antonio Canal and his illustrious nephew and pupil, Bernardo Belotto, known as Canaletto.

Antonio Canal was a Venetian, living from 1697 to 1768. His father was a scene painter, a fact which accounts for the panoramic quality of Canal's paintings. His tastes ran rather to architectural subjects, and six of his finest pictures of Venice are to be seen in Dresden, hanging in the series of rooms from 55 to 58.

Canal visited England in 1746; Walpole says, "he was then in good circumstances, and, it is said, came to vest his money in our stocks." He remained about two years, and painted many English pictures.

Bernardo Belotto, or Canaletto, was born in Venice in 1720; he studied with the elder Canal and after some years went to Dresden. His paintings, of the city in his time, are most interesting to compare with the same views as they appear now. In Rooms 60, 61, and 62, we have Canaletto's studies of Dresden; they are not especially beautiful as pictures, but are faithful representations of the place in the eighteenth century. Canaletto can hardly be classed as a landscape painter. He occupies a position toward the works of man similar to that occupied by Claude and Salvator toward the works of nature. His pictures are records of buildings instead of hills and rivers; the practical side of residential and business interests are emphasized instead of the charms of solitude and romance. The views of Pirna, No. 618 to 627, are attractive. The little Market Place, No. 623, is a delightful mediæval scene, which repays careful examination. The interesting steep-gabled buildings, the old towers with their exotic spires, lead up to the distant fortress of Sonnenstein. When Canaletto left Dresden, he went to Warsaw, and we have here, in Nos.

634, 635, and 636, details of the Saxon Palace there.

In one of these pictures, signed, 1747, No. 602, some of the figures are portraits of notables of the period. One may distinguish Joseph Fröhlich, the Court Fool of August the Strong and August III., the painters, Dietrich and Thiele; Niccolo Pozzi, called Niccolini, may be observed from his unusual size. The queen's physician, Philippe de Violante, is also depicted, and Canaletto himself, making a sketch on the spot!

No. 607 shows the famous Japanese Palace built by August the Strong about 1720; while No. 638 shows the Kreuz Kirche, ruined by bombardment in 1765; the tower, however, is still standing. This collapsed in the following June, so that this picture was the only record of its appearance before that time. Canaletto died in Warsaw in 1780. His work is hardly as fine as that of his uncle in some respects — in artistic arrangement and selection. He was among the first to recognize that sunlight gives a silver glitter rather than a golden glow on the objects which it strikes freely in the open air.

In Room 59 is to be seen Piazzetta's Young Standard Bearer. It is a dashing broad work. The effect of the profile on the white of the background should be noted.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY FLEMISH, DUTCH, AND GERMAN PICTURES : DÜRER AND HOLBEIN

By an arbitrary and unexplainable plan, the earliest pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools are hung in the rooms at the end of the gallery, so that we must wend our way through the halls, H, J, and K, without bestowing a glance upon the fascinating Rembrandts, Rubens, and other great masters, and examine first the row of small rooms in the right wing of the building. In the corner room, corresponding to the one occupied by the Sistine Madonna on the left side of the gallery, we come upon another treasure of this priceless collection — the precious triptych of Jan Van Eyck, who must be regarded as the founder of the Flemish school in the early fifteenth century, although he himself was pupil to his own elder brother, Hubert Van Eyck (of whose work we have no example here), and who shares this distinction with him.

An entirely different ideal dominated early Flemish art from that which ruled the Italians. To

approach Flemish or Dutch pictures with intelligence one must change one's point of view completely. It is not effect which we must seek; it is detail. Tender but overexact were these early Northern artists. Step a few feet away from one of their pictures and you lose the chief charm.

In this exquisite little shrine painting of Van Eyck we see the Virgin and Child at the end of a narrow chapel. For faithfulness of rendering there is no specimen of this master more interesting than this triptych. The painting of the elaborate Oriental rug on which the throne is placed, and the delicate brocaded hanging behind the Virgin, are worthy expositions of the microscopic productions of the early Flemings. Again we see the contrast to the Italians; the faces are so finished, so smoothed down, so painstakingly drawn, that the effect of beauty is quite lost. Texture of skin is evidently regarded as more important than anatomical structure; clearness of delineation of eyes and eyelashes receives more attention than does the ultimate expression of the face. What William Hunt used to warn his pupils against — “niggling” — is here supreme. It is very brilliant and very perfect, but it is “niggling” nevertheless. The architecture, — the little carved caps, — the sweet little bull's-eye windows, the tiny triforium, and the row of statues, — all are in keeping with the sentiment which



JAN VAN EYCK. CENTRAL PANEL OF TRIPTYCH

regarded religion as a jewel to be enshrined; no wonder that a reaction came later, and workaday doctrines were carried to as great an extreme!

On the wings of the altar-piece we notice on one side the Archangel Michael presiding over the kneeling "donor," while on the other side St. Catherine peruses a tiny missal, quite oblivious of the wheel which lies at her feet, and the sword on which her right hand rests. These wings are supposed to represent the north and south aisles of the little central chapel, — one can trace the groined vaults which offer their thrust to the arcade, and the side windows beyond, separated by pilasters which match the capitals of the nave. The upholstery of the picture, so to speak, is faultless: the border of the Virgin's robe is enchanting, and St. Catherine's ermine most regal. The armour of St. Michael, too, is delightfully metallic. This school of work — of which this triptych by Van Eyck is the finest example — is practically miniature painting in oils.

One of the exquisite features of the triptych is the landscape; it is only two inches high, and a half an inch across, but in it may be seen a town (or else a monastic settlement), and a foreground of fields with little trees, blue shadowy hills beyond, terminating in a distant Alpine effect, snow-capped, and reaching into the cloudless sky. As Hamerton says: "In this early landscape we have plenty of

detail; nothing is slurred over, either from negligence or in obedience to any theory of simplification." It is as clear and sharp-cut as a steel engraving.

The picture was probably painted for a portable shrine, for it was customary for grandees in those days to carry with them, when travelling, a religious picture. It may have been the oratory companion of the famous Philip, Duke of Burgundy, — Philip the Good, who was a patron of Jan Van Eyck, and often visited the painter, as well as paying him the more practical compliment of renting his house for him! Calls at the studio from this Duke were hailed with joy by master and apprentice alike, for Philip never left the workshop without showering gold upon the workers to right and left. He also employed Jan Van Eyck to go on delicate diplomatic missions for him, which is the final test of the confidence which he placed in the artist. The first of these little trips was made in August, 1426, and is alluded to as "a certain distant pilgrimage and secret journey, of which no further mention need be made."

The triptych was originally ascribed to Albrecht Dürer, and has been thought the work also of Hubert Van Eyck; now, however, the question as to its identity seems to be settled. While the draperies are very rich in detail, there is the early

Flemish disregard for general effect, so that they fail to strike one as graceful. The characteristic sharp crinkly folds usual in pictures of Jan Van Eyck are, however, absent in this composition.

As to the much discussed question of the invention of oil-painting, it seems evident that Jan Van Eyck can hardly be said to have "invented" this art; rather, he perfected the adaptation of oil in mixture with coloured pigments. The discovery was gradual, and the result of constant experiment: Jan was perhaps the first to produce pictures satisfactorily rendered in this medium.

A Treatise on Architecture by Filarete appeared in 1464, in which are certain remarks upon oil-painting, which was not then understood so well in Florence. "In Germany," says this Treatise, "they work well in this manner, and especially distinguished are Master Johan of Bruges and Master Roger" (meaning Roger van der Weyden), "who both paint admirably in oil-colours. Question: Tell me how this oil is employed, and of what kind is it? Answer: Linseed-oil. Question: Is it not very dull? Answer: Yes, but the dulness can be removed, though in what way I am unable to state."

Linseed-oil was used freely by all artists who painted in that medium in those days. There is a story told by Palomino about a Bohemian artist

who returned late one night to his home, with some fish to be fried for supper. There being no oil such as was customarily used for culinary purposes, he directed his wife to use linseed-oil. The result was, however, that fish, frying-pan, and all were cast relentlessly out of the window by the disappointed artist: for, as Palomino observes, "Linseed-oil, at all times of a villainous flavour, when hot, is the very devil!"

A painting by Jan Van Eyck was once taken to Naples, where it created great excitement. The artists flocked about it, examining it, giving it the closest scrutiny, even, as a chronicler says: "putting their noses to it, and clearly perceiving the strong smell which it had from the admixture of the colours with oils; nevertheless it remained a secret to them." This first example of oil-painting seen by Italians caused them to regard it as a vehicle to be applied chiefly to miniature, and may account for the contempt in which oils were held by Michelangelo, who said that fresco-painting was the work of men, but oil-painting only fit for women!

The time of Jan Van Eyck's death has been assigned to the year 1440. There is a register in the archives of Bruges which mentions a lottery drawn in 1445: "the widow of Jan Van Eyck—two pounds," proving that Jan was not then alive.

Both the brothers Van Eyck had very striking epitaphs. Hubert's reads as follows: "Take warning from me, ye who walk over me. I was as you are, but am now buried dead beneath you. Thus it appears that neither art nor medicine availed me. Art, honour, wisdom, power, affluence are spared not when death comes. I was called Hubert Van Eyck; I am now food for worms. Formerly known and highly honoured in painting, this all was shortly after turned to nought. It was in the year of the Lord one thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the eighteenth day of September, that I rendered up my soul to God in sufferings. Pray God for me, ye who love art, that I may attain to His sight. Flee sin: turn to righteousness: for you must follow me at last."

Jan's epitaph is almost as solemn, and both show that simple direct faith and honest, ingenuous virtue which helped to make the serious Northern nations stalwart and reliable: "Here lies Johannes, who was celebrated for his surpassing skill, and whose felicity in painting excited wonder. He painted breathing forms, and the earth's surface covered with flowery vegetation, completing each work to the life. Hence Phidias and Apelles must give place to him, and Polycletus be considered his inferior in art. Call, therefore, the Fates most cruel, who have snatched from us such a man. Yet cease

to weep, for destiny is immutable: pray only now to God that he may live in heaven."

The last is more laudatory, more flowery, savours more of the Renaissance than the first. But perhaps the autobiographic quality of Hubert's epitaph accounts in part for its modesty. His allusions to "art and medicine" probably mean to apply to his own skill, not that of an attendant physician, for Hubert, as an artist, was necessarily also a chemist.

The gloomy Roger van der Weyden next claims our attention. Of all the early Flemings he is the harshest in subject and treatment. His painting of the Crucifixion may be seen in the twenty-first cabinet. It is just round the corner from the lovely Van Eyck. Van der Weyden was a pupil of Van Eyck, and the teacher of Memlinc. He seems to have embodied little of the inspiration which he should have derived from the one and have transmitted to the other. The authenticity of this picture has been questioned, but it is still catalogued under the master's name. Crucifixions of this type recall the story told of a witty remark made by a Spanish artist when pressed to give an opinion of a badly painted picture of this subject. Vargas replied: "Methinks He is saying, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!'" It is painful and misguided, but the morbid Roger probably meant well, for he was a painstaking and con-

scientious person, with a forecast of the Puritan in his make-up. He was born in Brussels, where he chiefly worked during his life. He became a member of the Corporation of Public Works, and was appointed Painter of the City, at a good salary for those days — namely, a “third of cloth” of a texture finer than that worn by architects. He was likewise authorized to wear his mantle over his right shoulder, whereas labourers, “varlets,” and even architects were allowed to throw their cloaks only over the left shoulder. These rituals of costume were closely observed. Van der Weyden continued prosperous and respected: he travelled for awhile in Italy, and his works were in even greater demand after his return. One large commission for an altar-piece is recorded in the words of the Bishop who ordered it, as follows: “On the sixteenth of June, in the year 1455, I, John, Abbot, bargained with Mr. Roger van der Weyden, the master workman in painting at Brussels, to make a picture five feet square, having eleven stories of such device as the work will show.” The prices of parts are then enumerated, followed by the statement: “and was likewise paid to his wife and workmen when the picture was brought, two pieces of gold of four livres 20 den; it was brought by the carman, Gillot de Gonguelien du Roquier” (quite a name for a mediæval expressman!), “in

the first week in June, in the year 59, on a cart with three horses."

This gives some idea of the scale of work of which Roger was capable. This worthy Abbot John used to join the illustrious Philip the Good in drinking bouts, and it is recorded that Philip boasted that he had led the Abbot into such bibulous excesses that he had been known to vanish under the table!

Roger van der Weyden and his wife were pious people of regular life, given to philanthropy. After Roger's death, in 1464, the city of Brussels discontinued the post of municipal painter, so that he was the last of this line.

Of the greater Flemish painter, Hans Memlinc, we have no work here which is authentic. The St. Christopher, in this twenty-first cabinet, is by some member of his school, but can hardly be cited as characteristic of the master, as the workmanship is by no means so good. In an old English ballad there are some quaint lines referring to the origin of St. Christopher's name:

". . . as with a child he once did wade
Under his load midway he faints, from sinking hardly stayed.
Admiring how, and asking who, was answered of the child
As on his shoulders Christ he bore, by being humbly mild,
So through humility his soul to Christ was reconciled,
And of his carriage, Christo-fer thenceforth himself was
 styled."

If one travels down the long corridor in the wing, one will find in the Room O, a possible Memlinc in the Adam and Eve under the Tree of Knowledge, No. 803, but the attribution is quite uncertain. It was originally supposed to be a German painting, but later authorities consider it Flemish, and it strongly suggests the work of Memlinc. Beyond, in the room marked P on the plan, will be seen a picture after Memlinc, of a man in a high hat; this is not, however, a better example than the others. But none of the real lyrical charm of this master can be seen in Dresden, and we may as well give up any attempt to judge of his style from the school pieces here to be seen.

Marinus van Roymerswale, a painter of Zeeland, who flourished from 1521 to 1560, is the author of the strange crisp picture of the Money Changer and His Wife; it is a curious colour scheme, a cranberry red in the woman's head-dress contrasting more acceptably than might be expected with the bright red jacket. The man is dressed in blue. The clutching, nervous hands would be sufficient indication of the spirit of greed which is embodied in this composition, even without the mean face of the man exulting over his profits. The woman is young and good-looking.

There are several water-colours by Hans Bol, all in one frame. They are paintings on vellum, and

might almost be considered as remnants of the art of the illuminator.

There are also two quaint portraits ascribed to Lucas Cranach the Elder; they are painted in a curious manner, having the effect of coloured varnishes superimposed on a gold ground.

In visiting Wittenberg one sees the house of Luther of course; that is presumably the goal of the expedition. But one may also see, if one will, the house of Lucas Cranach, who was a neighbour and friend of Luther, besides being Burgomeister of Wittenberg. At different times he was court painter to three princes, — Frederick the Wise, John the Persevering, and Frederick the Magnanimous. Cranach also visited the Holy Land, from which he seems to have absorbed little local colour, though one has not full right to judge of his power as a religious painter until one has inspected his larger works in Wittenberg.

An original by the master's hand is Cranach's head of the Margrave George von Brandenburg; it is a drawing rather than a painting, and is in the nature of a sketch, being quite unfinished. It is the more interesting for that: it shows that the only trouble with Cranach was that he did not know where to stop. He was guilty, like most of his German contemporaries, of overfinish. Had he oftener adopted the strong lines here seen, and al-

lowed them to remain, he would have been a more powerful painter.

Frans Pourbus the Elder is represented, but not adequately. This twenty-first cabinet is full of gems, and it is well to examine them thoroughly before tracing continuity from artist to pupil in other rooms. Jan Mostaert's figure of the Magdalen in a black cap has a lovely transparent green background; and there are two splendid portrait studies by Anton Mor, — the bust of a Canon of Utrecht, the native town of Mor (some consider it an early example of his master, Jan Scorel), the other of a fair, bearded man in a fur coat and a black cap, which is now pronounced as a mature work of Mor. It is forceful. The facial expression is of great vitality. There is an ingenious little picture on copper of Adam and Eve under the Tree of Knowledge. It is the work of a follower of Cornelis van Haarlem, originally catalogued as unknown German.

Of Cranach the Younger, we have a few portraits in this room; the Elector Moritz of Saxony and his wife Agnes, No. 1945, a bust of the Elector Augustus, rendered on millboard, and a study of the Elector Moritz bareheaded, No. 1948. The Elector Augustus may be seen again in armour, painted by the Saxon Court painter of the late six-

teenth century, Zacharias Wehme. Other works are considered in the next chapter.

The effect should be observed of the deliciously luminous colours in the backgrounds of the portraits, Nos. 1964, 1871, and 839, as they hang in order upon the wall; one is exquisite green, one dull red, and one of clear, fine robin's egg blue. The contrasting tints could hardly be rivalled by an intentional arrangement. The last-mentioned picture is a portrait of a bearded man holding a red book. It has been catalogued as a Holbein, and as a Mor, but is now given to the Master of the Death of the Virgin.

The great Adoration of the Magi by the Master of the Death of the Virgin is superb. It is a fine example of the clear, varied colouring of this master. There are many of these painters of the sixteenth century, in Germany, who are known only by their works; the names, the Master of the Lyversburg Passion, Master of the Death of the Virgin, and Master of Liesborn, having been applied to them in default of their own names being forthcoming. This master was a native of Cologne, and almost all that is known of him is the fact that he worked part of his time in Genoa, probably acquiring a little Italian grace with which to endow his works.

The detail in this picture is sumptuous in the extreme. One might spend hours examining its intri-

cacies, and still find new beauties. The costumes are most beautifully carried out. The landscape background is among the loveliest in German art.

In this cabinet there is an exquisite specimen of Holbein, the double portrait of Sir Thomas Gonsalve and his son John. It is dated MDXXVIII. It is a very important work of the master, painted during his first stay in England. It has a delicious blue background verging on green, a colour much loved by Holbein. The older man has a bit of paper in his hand, upon which he has been writing. Both father and son, with their curiously unshapely faces, are looking out contemplatively to the right.

Two pictures here are attributed to Bernard van Orley, who came under Raphael's influence in Italy. There is some question as to the authenticity of these works — 810 and 811. One is a Holy Family, and the other a portrait of a man in a black cap, formerly assigned to Holbein. The religious picture is full of theatrical effect. All the figures are posing deliberately, and there is a great show of artificial ruins in the surroundings; broken columns, crowned with weeds, are so numerous that if the stable is intended to be under an inn, as is so often suggested, the superimposed building would be highly unsafe. The crumbling stone floor and steps add to the effect of desolation in the environ-

ment. Altogether it is as poor a picture as one has often the opportunity of seeing.

A portrait of Bernard van Orley himself, by Albrecht Dürer, hangs near by, — a fascinating, thin, intellectual face treated with frank recognition of anatomy, the head relieved against a glowing coppery red background. It is a spirited, beautiful example of Dürer as a portrait-painter.

“God sometimes granteth unto a man to learn and know how to make a thing the like whereof in his day no other can contrive.” So wrote Albrecht Dürer; no character is better adapted to illustrate this remark than his own.

The main facts of Dürer's life may be traced by applying to his own diary; he was the third son in a family of eighteen children, and the parents seem to have been worthy of their charge. “My dear Father was very careful of his children,” says Dürer, “to bring them up God-fearing . . . wherefore he daily taught us to love God and deal honestly with our neighbours. . . . My father took special pleasure in me because he saw that I was diligent in striving to learn.” After having been apprenticed to a goldsmith, whose craft he absorbed readily, Albrecht was put under the guidance of the painter, Michael Wohlgemut, for a period of three years. He enjoyed and respected his master: “During that time God gave me diligence,” he con-

tinues, "so that I learnt well; but I had much to suffer from his lads." Like all "ugly ducklings," in youth, he was misunderstood by the stupid or ordinarily endowed boys.

Dürer then spent four years in improving travel, and on his return was married according to the very impersonal European custom. "Hans Frey treated with my father," he explains, "and gave me his daughter, Mistress Agnes by name, and with her gave me two hundred florins, and we were wedded." There is no mention of an ecstatic wooing; it ended as such matches are liable to do. Incompatibility led to dislike; Pirkheimer, Dürer's most intimate friend, even goes so far as to say that "she so gnawed into his heart and to such a degree tormented him," that she actually hastened his death. "She watched him night and day, drove him to hard work . . . that he might earn money and leave it to her when he died." Pirkheimer, with the intolerance of a sympathetic companion who thoroughly understood the situation, bursts out: "But then! Nothing was enough, and in fact she alone is the cause of his death!"

Dürer went on an extensive Italian journey in 1505, taking this opportunity to escape the pestilence which was then ravaging Nuremberg. His letters from Venice to Pirkheimer are among the most fascinating historic records in existence. "The

nobles all wish me well," he coyly remarks, "but few of the painters." These same artists, however, showed good judgment when they pronounced his work in colour inferior to his black and white.

The whole spirit of the Renaissance is personified in Albrecht Dürer. No interest in life was a closed book to him. He was as many-sided as the age in which he lived. He was, in his religious ideas, broader than a Romanist, yet he was not a real Protestant. His scientific studies produced a wonderful mental balance which made him capable of seeing all sides of a question. While he was devoted, as few men have been devoted, to "art for art's sake," he was too good a business man not to insist upon just payment for his labours. There is a letter to one of his patrons in which he claims that he ought to receive a hundred florins more than the price actually paid; he assures him that none but the best colours had been employed (which was certainly true, for Dürer's colours have stood the test of centuries), and that for ultramarine alone he was out of pocket to the amount of twenty-five florins. He concludes by observing that he had had another offer for the picture, of a price far exceeding even what he now demanded, but that he had not accepted the proposal, as he so greatly valued the friendship of the present purchaser — (and here we have Dürer as a diplomatist!) — "I would also

rather have this painting in Frankfort than anywhere else in all Germany," he says. "It will be seen by many artists, who perhaps will let you know whether it is masterly or bad." He concludes: "It will last fresh and clean for five hundred years," but he stipulates that he will not be responsible for it if holy water be sprinkled on it!

Yet throughout all these wily dealings with his fellow men, Dürer, while proving himself shrewd and capable of looking after his own interests, himself complained, "I am a fool at a bargain." He was a rollicking free spirit, full of merry good nature, dropping in, doubtless, at the Bratwurst-glöcklein, that quaint sausage shop and restaurant which is built out on one side of the church of St. Moritz, suggesting a solution for some of our modern parishes which wish to combine their spiritual ministrations with the spirituous entertainment of the bar, — a fine combination of church and saloon! Or he went with a few congenial fellows to the Goldner Posthorn, to sip the good wines which were there to be tasted.

Dürer was as versatile as Leonardo da Vinci. He was not content until he had mastered various sciences and crafts; and painting was only one of his many forms of expression.

If his figures are often meagre and unsatisfactory from an æsthetic point of view, it must be remem-

bered that his standard was unique; he had a theory of measurement for human beings which resulted in his adopting an average length of limb, an average cast of face, an average height, and an average corporosity: after making numerous measurements of all sorts of people, he finally arrived at a general idea of proportion which he deduced by combining all these peculiarities, and reducing them to a composite type, and this type he took, quite arbitrarily, as his ideal. The question of beauty was entirely secondary. He did not seek for beauty, or rather, he found satisfaction in the contemplation of types which to our eyes lack beauty, but which to him, undoubtedly, were full of some grave Teutonic charm, not always easy for us to detect. Some men are colour-blind. Dürer was beauty-blind.

To describe his character, we quote the words of Joachim Camerarius, an intimate friend, — and there was never a man more beloved by his friends than Dürer: “Whatever conduced to pleasantness and cheerfulness and was not inconsistent with honour and rectitude, he cultivated all his life and approved even in his old age.” Truly, this is the joy of living.

We have here the opposite extremes of Dürer’s manner: the famous Dresden Altar, painted in thin chalky tempera, with its shadows hatched in linear treatment — practically a liquid drawing — and the



remarkable little Crucifixion, a miniature panel deep and rich in tone, entirely different in workmanship and even in feeling from the other. No better contrasts could be selected to illustrate Dürer's versatility.

The picture known as the Dresden Altar is an early work. For some time the authenticity of the central panel was doubted, but it is now all considered to be the work of Dürer. The central picture shows the Virgin, a homely Teuton enough, bending over her child, who sleeps, laid out on a little pillow. Beside the sleeping child stands a curious little figure, in scale a pigmy of some six inches in height, brandishing a sort of fly-brush, — an odd conceit, it is intended as a caricature, but the modern mind has little clue to its humour as such. Presumably it burlesques an angelic attendant, with a holy-water sprinkler; but it rather suggests a mediæval page, in hose, tunic, and girdle. The inexplicable mop held aloft is baffling in its significance on any other hypothesis than the angelic one. The child is almost grotesque in its hideousness. It is not realistic — heaven forbid that human babies should resemble this ugly little figure! Hovering above the mother is a flock of tiny cherubs, bearing a severe crown of metal and velvet. Through a plain casement window in the background, there is shown a delightful little street scene in mediæval

Germany. The two wings at the side of this composition display St. Anthony and St. Sebastian. The latter, attended by another school of Cupid-like angels, has his hands in the attitude of prayer, while on a slab in front of him a tall single flower stands in a perfectly modern and mundane glass of water. St. Anthony, grasping steadfastly an open book, modestly and firmly keeps his eyes lowered to the page before him, while about his head hover tiny sprites of the strange and exotic types usually recognized as "temptations" in the Middle Ages. These forms, however, could provoke only aversion or laughter in any intelligent saint, according to his temperament! The technical qualities of this picture are highly satisfactory. Dürer is better in this medium than in his oils.

Dürer's morbid attention to detail resulted from his early experience with a goldsmith and an engraver. His spaces are all filled with most exquisite minutiae. In this he resembled other Germans of his period, but he used his details in a more brilliant way than any of the others. In fact, this is because Dürer was a great thinker, and if he needed a point of light to bring out some value in a picture, he would not be content to stick in an irrelevant flower or a bird which bore no relation to the subject of the picture; every tiniest trifle is considered, and only introduced for a good reason, whether that

reason be always apparent to modern observers or not. All the life and spirit of the Renaissance can be traced in his varied works. In painting, writing, engraving, and in philosophy, he is the leading spirit of the Germany of his day.

When a painter is dominated primarily by a passion for beauty, it not infrequently happens that he will sacrifice truth and virility in reaching for it. This is evident in the works of the Eclectics and of Carlo Dolce and Guido Reni. The more intellectual apprehension of beauty as nature in its rugged purity, touched with the ideal inspiration of thought rather than sentimental rapture, is a higher conception.

Artistic culture was not so conscious or so appreciative in the Netherlands, in Albrecht Dürer's time, as it was in Italy. A balmy sensuousness and a recognition of the true ministry of the æsthetic side of life was characteristic of the Renaissance in Italy. Dürer, writing from Venice, feels it: "Oh, how I shall freeze up again," he says, "when I turn my back on this sunshine! Here I am a lord; at home I am a nobody!"

The other painting here by Dürer — the small Crucifixion — is, as has been said, "probably the most finished of Dürer's works," and "a miniature creation" of singular expressiveness. It dates from 1506. It was painted in order to demonstrate to

the Italians what was the Northern standard of perfection of art in a small compass. It has achieved its mission: it has proved it to the whole world. It was executed during his stay in Venice, in 1506, which date appears on the cross. The loneliness of Calvary, the "darkness over all the earth," against which the beautiful figure is shown in its purity and grace, are emphasized by a soft sunset glow in the background, — red and golden in tone, it relieves the lower part of the composition. A distant hilly landscape, with a few slender trees against the illuminated horizon, and a low stretch of dark sea at the foot of the hills, give a sympathetic tone and sentiment in keeping with the subject.

Dürer's Procession to Calvary is a copy of a monochrome in possession of Sir Frederick Cook. There is also a copy at Bergamo.

Dürer is the link which forms connection between mediæval Germany and the Renaissance. He still stands as the one great typical Teuton: in a rough sense, one means Dürer when one alludes to German art, and the popular impression is that Germany stands for these characteristics, at least in the period when art flourished most. But modern Germany and its art, as we shall see later, has not perpetuated such traits.

Hans Holbein, born in Augsburg in 1497, was

one of a family of painters. When still a youth, he and his brother went to work in Basle, a city extremely inspiring for artists, for, according to tradition, there was at least one learned man in every house. Holbein attracted much interest from the Burgomaster Meyer, and about eight years after his coming to Basle, he painted the celebrated picture, the Madonna of the Meyer family. After some travelling about, Holbein returned to Basle, and in 1520 became a citizen and a member of the Painter's Guild. This was the year that Luther was excommunicated; Raphael died in that year, and the meeting of the Field of the Cloth of Gold took place between France and England. It was an important year for all the nations. Erasmus, too, settled in Basle at this time, and he and Holbein became friends. The portrait of Erasmus may here be seen: it is like the original in Longford by Holbein, and is probably by a pupil or follower. It hangs in the twenty-first cabinet. Then for artists came the decline in prosperity which followed the Reformation. Holbein found it difficult to earn his living, and with the exception of Meyer, he had no valuable patrons. He turned to engraving, in which, unless we count Dürer, he reigns supreme. But he decided that there were more lucrative fields elsewhere; so, in 1526 "Master Haunce," as he was called, arrived in England. He lived for most

of the remainder of his life in the historic part of London, the country suburb of Chelsea: Sir Thomas More, Nicolas Kratzer, and Archbishop Warham became, through Erasmus, his friends. With the exception of a trip back to Basle, at the time when the plague rendered London unsafe, he remained in England. Again in 1543 the plague visited London; and this time, he was one of its victims. There is no record of the day or place of Holbein's death, nor of the place of his burial. The Black Death came and claimed the painter, just as he had so graphically pictured in his woodcuts of the Dance of Death, and we can imagine the grim figure clutching him and taking its revenge for the weird satire which he had perpetrated, by cutting him off without even a record for the world.

We turn now to the celebrated Madonna of the Burgomaster Meyer. Holbein painted it in 1526, just prior to his journey to England. Until 1822 the Dresden picture was considered the original, and from that time to 1871, there was controversy as to whether this or the picture in Darmstadt were the true portrait. Finally, in 1871, there was a great exhibition of Holbein's works, held in Dresden, and at that time the two pictures were placed side by side. It then became evident to students and critics that the Darmstadt Madonna was un-



HANS HOLBEIN. - THE MADONNA OF THE BURGOMASTER MEYER

doubtedly the original, and that the Dresden specimen was only a "free copy by some unknown artist."

The subject of the picture is the Meyer Family worshipping the Madonna and Child. On one side the Burgomaster himself kneels, with his young son, who holds an unclothed child, pressing it protectingly against his breast, and proudly exhibiting his now vigorous health to the observer. On the opposite side the two wives of the Burgomaster appear, and his plain little daughter. The first wife, having died, is represented dressed in the grave-clothes of that period, her chin swathed as is usually seen in early examples of shrouds in Germany, as, for instance, on the quaint stone carvings on sepulchral monuments in Wittenberg.

The subject of this painting has also been the cause of some divergence of opinion. One critic thinks that the child in the Virgin's arms is intended to typify the soul of a child who has died in the Meyer family. Another considers that, upon the recovery from illness of the child who stands below, the infant Christ assumed the disease, which was troubling the mortal child until his Saviour took it upon Himself. Ruskin interprets it as an answer to the prayer of the Meyer family, the Madonna appearing to them with the infant Jesus: "She puts down her Christ before them," says Ruskin, "takes

their child into her arms instead; it lies down upon her bosom and stretches its hand to its father and mother, saying farewell." This latter interpretation is poetic and beautiful, and is borne out by the shy, weakly little child in Mary's arms; but I think possibly, if the intention of the picture is to return thanks for restoration to health of a sick child, that it is sufficient to say that the sick child is represented as recovered, in the central nude figure, and the infant Christ is extending a hand in blessing, Holbein having been realistic enough to represent him, like a human child, as a little overcome with the concourse of strangers, and therefore, turning to his mother, retiring and diffident, though obediently extending his hand. The tendency of Holbein's art toward literal and human emotions would account for such a method of representing Our Lord during His helpless infant years. Holbein was not a Romanist himself, so that he would see no impropriety in departing from the traditional path.

Mr. Russell Sturgis considers that the facial expressions of the homely people in the Burgomaster Meyer Madonna are more truly devout, in that they are "more concentrated and more unconscious," than those of Raphael, Botticelli, or Ghirlandajo: they have certainly a quality of realistic dutiful so-

briety, which is quite lacking in the more artificially pious faces painted by the Italians.

In the days of Sir Horace Walpole this picture passed for the portrait of Sir Thomas More and his family. Walpole calls attention to the discrepancies, which were just beginning to be realized at the time when the picture was reinstated as the Meyer Madonna. His remarks on this subject are interesting, compared with those of later writers, as showing the various stages of art criticism. In speaking of the picture Walpole says: "It was evidently designed for a small altar-piece to a chapel; in the middle on a throne sits the Virgin and Child; on one side kneels an elderly gentleman with two sons, one of them a naked infant; opposite kneeling are his wife and daughters. The old man is not only unlike all representations of Sir Thomas More, but it is certain that he never had but one son. For the colouring, it is beautiful, beyond description, and the carnations have that enamelled bloom so peculiar to Holbein, who touched his works until not a touch remained discernible! . . . By the description of the family picture of the consul Meyer, . . . I have no doubt but this is the very picture: Meyer and More are names not so unlike but that in process of time they may have been confounded, and that of More retained, as much better known."

Apropos of Sir Thomas More's only son: the

child proved to be half-idiotic; the disappointed father remarked, "We have prayed so long for a boy, that now we have got one, I believe, who will be a boy so long as he lives!"

A close comparison by means of photographs, since it is not possible to study the originals, synchronously, one being in Darmstadt and one in Dresden, reveals certain significant variations in these two Meyer Madonnas. In the Darmstadt picture, the shell-shaped niche behind Mary's head is squat and of poor proportions; the copyist decided to improve upon this, and so raised it a good deal, giving a far more ideal effect of height to the figure of the Virgin. The face, too, is idealized, and really "prettified." It is positively amusing to look about and see how each face has been smoothed down and flattered! The long ungainly nose of the ungraceful girl has been pared down to quite a decent shape; and most of the rugged character has been planed out of the Burgomaster. The change in the face of the kneeling boy is especially naïve. The original is looking down in an unaffected way; in the Dresden copy this youth is looking coyly out of the corners of his eyes at the spectator! In colour, too, there is quite a difference. The blue robe of the Virgin, in the Darmstadt picture, is of a delicious liquid softness, while that at Dresden is darker and much less interesting. There

are many other notes of difference between the two pictures.

Holbein was as accurate in his details as Dürer, but he had advanced farther than the other, in that he understood how to step off, as it were, mentally, and get a view of his work as a whole; the detail supplemented the general effect, but did not dominate it or detract from it. He understood broad values, even when they were values of porcelain-like finish. He was essentially a painter of the old German school, no breath of impressionism had reached him, but he saw clearer than Dürer the value of combining character with beauty. He kept his own individuality out of his pictures, and was faithful in rendering likeness. Dürer had set up a type which he almost invariably used when free to choose; but Holbein went each time to the special model, and his skill in portraiture was endless and marvellous. So clever and ready was Holbein in catching a likeness with a few lines, that the following story is told of him. A nobleman, whose name had escaped the memory of the artist for the moment, had been visiting his studio. In conversation with Sir Thomas More, Holbein wished to allude to this person. Not being able to mention him by name, Holbein picked up a bit of red chalk, and made a rapid sketch, which Sir Thomas immediately recognized!

We are fortunate in having in Dresden one of the three portraits which are generally regarded as Holbein's best. The three pictures so specified are the likeness of Jane Seymour, in Vienna, the Portrait of George Gyze, in Berlin, and the Portrait of Morette, in Dresden. The last represents, according to more recent authorities, the envoy from Francis I. to England, Charles de Solier, the *Sieur de Morette*, although up to late years it was believed to be the likeness of a famous jeweller in Henry VIII.'s service, with whom Holbein had been intimate in England. It is certainly one of the most important portraits in the world, whoever was the original. This picture was once attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, and when critics began to find reasons for ascribing it to Holbein, the King of Saxony would not encourage the name being changed, as that would leave the Dresden collection without a Leonardo, and all the European galleries prided themselves upon possessing examples of da Vinci's work. So, until the death of Friedrich August the picture was allowed to remain as a Leonardo. But after his death, in 1860, it was unanimously restored to Holbein, and is as perfect a specimen of his best painting as can be seen anywhere. Dresden is to be the more congratulated upon possessing it, for the reason that the honour of owning the original Meyer Madonna has been wrested away from



HANS HOLBEIN. PORTRAIT OF MORELLI

the gallery. Morette is a remarkably handsome man, with beautiful eyes, full of keenness and spirit. He is dressed in black and white, the varied textures of satin, silk, fur, and damask being marvelously rendered. The chief note of decided colour in the picture is the curtain, of liquid, soft green. A gold chain is about his neck, and he holds in his gloved hand a dagger which is attached to his belt. The pose is dignified but easy. The painting is finished as delicately as any piece of jeweller's craft.

From a study of the drawings of Holbein, one of which may be seen in the same room with the finished portrait, we learn that one secret of his power as a painter of likenesses was, that he did not wear his sitters out with long painful sessions, making a quick but thorough sketch, from which it was possible to do much of the technical part of his work without insisting upon hours of posing. This is the reason his people keep their animation, and why their expressions are so natural and alert. He did not believe in flattering his subjects; he thought more of fidelity to nature than of pictorial effect. He had more power of idealization than Dürer; he was a little less insistent upon ugliness; but he painted what he saw.

All painters of the German school selected virility for their standard rather than grace: strength had

more message for them than beauty. Holbein's art was full of the Renaissance. Dürer's was conscientiously Gothic. Holbein gave something of Italian idealism to German sternness.

CHAPTER VIII.

OTHER NETHERLANDISH AND GERMAN ARTISTS

GERMANY and the Netherlands in the sixteenth century exhibited a strange amalgamation of ancient tradition and modern mental progress. Until these conditions adjusted themselves there was war between old religious sentiments and free new thought, and the result was unfavourable to the advancement of art. By the early seventeenth century things had become more settled, and the fact that they were free from the Spanish domination made it possible for Flanders to develop an independent national style, — hardly a school, as it was all in one generation, and the artists left no followers to perpetuate their æsthetic traditions. The Dutch school was created for the expression of the daily life of the people; not consciously, but naturally, genre subjects came to be painted when the need for religious pictures had passed. With Protestantism in the Netherlands, as in Germany, the subjects selected by painters had changed.

This was a simple portrait art. Whether the

portrait to be executed was of a person, a street, a building, an animal, or a vase of flowers, it was photographically faithful, and, in many cases, amplified far beyond this, into dainty gems of atmosphere, texture, and expression. In Protestant Holland this realism of genre portraiture predominated, while in that part of the Netherlands where Spain still wielded influence, the religious subjects demanded by the Roman Catholic Church continued to form the themes of artists. We must begin our study of these later Flemings and Germans by examining, before we leave the wing containing the Rooms O, P, and Q, the works of the least conspicuous of the sixteenth and seventeenth century masters which hang there. The task will not occupy much time, for any visitor to the Dresden gallery wishes to escape from this corridor of comparatively uninteresting landscapes and animal studies into the large halls where Rubens and Rembrandt reign.

The St. Catherine in the style of Cranach is a bit of colour to be noticed. The robe of olive green relieved against the deep robin's-egg blue sky is a very striking scheme. The portrait of Henry the Pious, too, by Cranach (1915), is decorative, being in dull tones and very highly glazed. This bears the monogram of Cranach and the date, 1537.

The Adam and Eve and the Lucretia and Judith are four panels of long, thin nudes. They are a

rather painful row of lean, mannered personages. Wilkins, in his "Art Impressions," makes a few very intolerant but amusing remarks concerning these works of Cranach and his followers. He begins: "Truly handsome, well-proportioned models must have been scarce in Cranach's time, or else he had a taste for the lean: his works conveying but one idea—that of utter nakedness." . . . "they make one ashamed to think that humanity could be so very plain!" "Why," he continues, "the cellars of Paris or the hovels of Skibbereen would display finer forms than that of Cranach's Adam and Eve, who stand in the first position for a Mazourka!" Perhaps Adams and Eves are among the most trying of all subjects to early painters, who had no available human models; and among the later artists, who had perfected technical appliances, the true spirit, the larger conception of the subject of the Fall of Man is submerged in the simple study of the temptation of a weak man by a beautiful woman!

The large and blood-thirsty winged altar-piece of the Martyrdom of St. Ursula is also to be seen in the Room O. It is by Jörg Breu, the Master of the Guild of Augsburg. The work is going on apace. The virgins, to whom such rude allusion is made by Thomas Hood, when he puts into the mouth of his travelling maid the words "eleven thousand

old maids," are being attacked in a relentless way, and are composed into an alarming scene of carnage. At Cologne, in the naïve little church of St. Ursula, this tradition is explained in an intelligent way. No claim is made, or ever was made, that St. Ursula brought eleven thousand companions with her from Rome in the slender bark in which they are frequently represented in art! It happened that there was a massacre of young women in Cologne in that year, and among those slain was Ursula, and such attendant maidens as had come with her. Eleven thousand is a good round number, and one might as well state that as any other; at any rate, piles of human remains, bearing the marks of the weapons used by the Huns and Goths, were discovered in one spot: these were all the bodies and skulls of women; there is nothing impossible about the relics displayed in this interesting Church. Whether it is possible to prove, at this distance of time, that every skull there displayed is the actual head of a virgin who was martyred on this occasion, any one may determine according to his or her own personal credulity.

The studio piece of Cranach the Elder, David watching Bathsheba bathing, is extremely quaint. The coy glance from the eyes of a girl in the corner is inimitably amusing. The picture is a good deal out of drawing, but has a cheerful charm quite

independent of beauty or correctness. It is Gothic, and almost in the spirit of grotesque.

Of the Hercules sleeping, surrounded by pigmies, by Cranach the younger, little can be said except that it is an absurdly inadequate treatment of the subject. It might be taken for a study of Gulliver in Lilliput land! A little army of gnomes are hacking, prodding, and shooting at the hulking sleeper. An arrow sticking in his chin seems to cause him no inconvenience, and does not disturb his slumbers!

There is an amusing example of the work of Hendrik Bles, a study of apes, who are plundering the wares of a pedlar. The man lies sleeping under a tree, and the ingenious little creatures are going through his pack, using everything they find there in some original way. The neckties are all draped high up on a tree; some of the monkeys have put on waistcoats, and thus bedizened are approaching the sleeping pedlar. One thrifty little ape is dropping a large turkey down over a ledge of rock, apparently, with foresight, for future use. The picture is signed with an owl, which was the emblem of Bles, through which he obtained the Italian nickname, Civetta.

There is a very attractive piece of genre painting of uncertain Dutch authorship, No. 849, being a double portrait of two girls, holding each other by

the hand. It has been ascribed to Amberger and to Mor; but sufficient evidence is lacking to pronounce it a genuine example of either. It is quite worthy, however, of a good name, and no one should pass it by without attention being called to it.

Jan Scorel was a friend of Albrecht Dürer, whom he visited in Nuremberg. His works have usually a good deal of grace, and his finish is refined and delicate. The David with the head of Goliath, No. 844, was once ascribed to Angelo Bronzino. The sentiment of the work leans toward that of the Renaissance Italian style. Scorel painted for some time in Italy, sojourning in Rome, and visiting Venice. The results of his observation are noticeable in his work, which is not characteristically Dutch.

Peter Brueghel the Elder, nicknamed the Droll, was one of the first to interpret the vulgar life, in the primitive form of genre painting. "The monstrous," remarks Fielding, "is much easier to paint than describe; and the ridiculous to describe than paint." In Brueghel's Peasants Brawling he has combined to a remarkable degree these qualities, and has managed to paint both! Brueghel worked in Antwerp and Brussels. He had certain of the naïve rustic qualities of Millet. He is by many pronounced to be the first appreciator of the rural picturesque.

In the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, formerly attributed to Lucas van Leyden, and certainly in his style, there is that same mingling of the monstrous and the ridiculous. Lucas van Leyden is considered as rather the patriarch of the Dutch school. He was a friend of Dürer, and a notable man of his time. His works are rare, but later criticism is gradually restoring this example to him.

The compositions of Hendrik van Balen make a good show, being six small mythological subjects hanging in the Room P. Van Balen is to be remembered as a teacher of the noted Van Dyck, of whom we shall treat in the next chapter.

Quaint studies of animal life are to be seen here, in the wooded landscape by Roelant Savery, in which all the animals of Paradise are displayed according to the Netherlandish conception, and in Frans Francken's *Creation of Animals*, No. 946, some of the animals represented are by Velvet Brueghel. It is a very entertaining study. All creation, from porcupines to parrots, are seen arranged in couples; in the background flies a Phoenix. Probably the fact that there was only one Phoenix accounts for his subsequent extinction! The companion piece to this picture is the *Creation of Adam and Eve*. It is now generally conceded that this is by Francken, and that the other, with the exception of Brueghel's animals, is largely the work of pupils

or by some weaker hand, simply composed to complete the pair.

There are several copies of the works of Rubens, the originals of which are to be seen in other galleries. The Rape of Proserpine having been burnt in Blenheim, this copy is perhaps the best means of judging of the picture.

Numerous works of Jan Griffier are to be seen here; glens, mountains, valleys, in abundance; all more or less interesting if one has time to examine them in detail, but demanding some close attention if they are to be appreciated. Jan Griffier was born in Amsterdam, but worked in London also, where he died in 1718. He began as a carpenter, but was restless in this trade, and, through striking up an intimacy with a boy who worked at decorating pottery, he gradually discovered his true calling. Then he became assistant to a tile painter, graduating shortly after into the studio of a flower painter. Van de Velde, Ruysdael, and even Rembrandt became interested in him, and he received some desultory instruction from each. Their protégé left the Netherlands to work in England soon after the Fire of London; he married and settled in that city. He amassed quite a fortune, was known as the Gentleman of Utrecht, and, when he made a visit to his native Holland again, he sailed in his own yacht to Rotterdam! After being twice ship-

wrecked, he gave up the luxury of this aquatic establishment, and returned to London, where he ended his days, living to be seventy-two years old.

Two attractive genre pictures by Vinck Boons may be seen in P and Q. An excusable divergence of opinion exists as to the spelling of this artist's name; whether *Vinck Boons* or *Vinck Booms* is chosen, in either case it suggests the note of a bass drum! His pictures are pretty and rustic.

Hans Jordaens's grotesque composition, men, women, and an ape at a meal, is worthy of notice. It is in one of the smaller divisions or carrels in Room P.

The Head of Medusa, by Victor Wolfvoet, is too violently terrible and realistic. The little drops of oozing blood are only repulsive and detract from the classic interest which one would otherwise feel in the microscopic finish.

The four men at table in an Inn, which was once considered an original Brouwer, is now relegated to the class of copyist's work, while No. 1063, Peasants smoking in a Room, is also from a drawing in Vienna by Brouwer.

"In the Witches' Kitchen," after David Teniers, is rather an effort at wit; you feel that the humour is forced; and the Old Man embracing a Girl in a Cow Shed is as sordid as it sounds. There is some reason, however, to believe that 1085 B, which

has long been regarded as a studio piece, *Two Men Playing on Lute and Flute*, may be an original Teniers.

A master of the transition from the Flemish to the Dutch school is here represented — Alexander Kerrincx, who lived from 1600 to 1652. In the eighth carrel three of his studies may be seen.

The head of a man in a small black hat, after Frans Hals, is worth examining. The original is in a private collection in Paris, but even the copy is firm, crisp, and delicate.

Some rather gruesome and warlike scenes, with names almost amusing in their ferocity, — such as *Cavalry Fight with some Men hanging on Trees in the Middle Distance*, — are by a Dutch painter, Jan van Hughtenburgh of Haarlem. Another bluntly described bit of realism, *Landscape with Gallows*, is by Jan Looten of Amsterdam. Thoroughly Dutch, too, are the *Fiddler* and a *Girl Dancing* and a *Girl Sitting on a Man's Knees*, by Gerrit Lunders.

In the fifth carrel, too, is a Gerard Dou, which has recently been credited again to its author, the *Boy and Girl with a Mouse-trap*. It was probably placed among the copies simply because it was defaced, and not easy to determine. The cheerful little pair of Winter scenes, — *Sports on the Ice*, — by Averscamp, are in the fifth carrel.

A few of the seventeenth-century Germans are here as well; and, though it is rather out of chronological sequence to consider them at this point, it is better than to retrace one's steps down this wing in order to examine them in precisely the correct order, especially as, to any but careful students, such a proceeding would have no advantage at all. There is quite a collection of the works of the Germans of this time who, tired of their own native turn of thought, being more given to repose and realism than to energy and flights of fancy, addressed themselves to a consideration of the Venetian methods. These men, roughly speaking, were Hendrik von Balen, Christopher Schwartz, Johann Rottenhammer, Heinrich Schoenfeldt, Joseph Eismann. Some who also developed their art by studies in Rome were Philipp Peter Roos, Franz Tamm (called Dapper), and others with whom we have nothing to do in pursuing our course through the Dresden gallery.

Karl Skreta was an artist of Prague, where his works may be seen to best advantage. He came under the Italian influence, and it greatly affected his style. He intentionally based his principles on those of the Eclectics. He is represented here by a large number of Saints and Evangelists.

The Repose on the Flight into Egypt is by Johann Rottenhammer, who, though born in Munich, was

a disciple of Tintoretto; the Emperor Rudolph II. was his patron for a time, but he finally died in great want in Augsburg. He sometimes collaborated with Velvet Brueghel.

The prolific family of Roos may be observed: Johann Heinrich Roos, the father, and Johann Melchior Roos, his son, also the more celebrated son and pupil, Philipp Peter Roos, known as Rosa di Tivoli. Jan Heinrich Roos was primarily a cattle painter. He often chose such scenes as market-places, displaying his animals in more varied surroundings, in this way, than in pastures only. Rosa di Tivoli painted chiefly shepherds and flocks in landscape surroundings. He was a son of Heinrich Roos; having lived at Tivoli for some time, he was called by that name to distinguish him from the rest of his family. Philipp often painted very large compositions with a broad, bold stroke, quite unlike the general German painter of his period. The talents of the Roos family are characteristically displayed in rather tiresome studies of sheep, relieved by one stag picture, by Melchior.

Michael Mirevelt of Delft has some pleasing portraits here. He began by painting altar-pieces, but afterward developed into a painter of likenesses. The finest is his Old Gentleman leaning on a stick, No. 1318, and one of the clearest bits of detail is



CÆSAR VAN EVERDINGEN. — BACCHUS AND NYMPHS

in No. 1321, in which the lace is rendered with admirable faithfulness.

Proceeding now in Room L, we find a Death of the Virgin, No. 674, which is hardly likely to be by the Spanish painter, Juan de Juanes, but it is probably from his studio.

A beautiful rendering of a smile is to be noted in the face of the girl in Cæsar van Everdingen's picture of Bacchus and two Nymphs. The pretty face, looking so coyly over her raised shoulder, is the whole picture. All else is accessory — even the charming child who poses as Cupid holding a jug and glass, and the satisfied Bacchus himself, are secondary.

Here, and in the next room, may be seen a couple of striking portraits by a little-known painter, one of the minor pupils of Rembrandt, Christopher Paudiss, who was a native of Lower Saxony, in the seventeenth century. The one in this room is a portrait of an Old Man in a Fur Cap; it has a smoky bloom, and is cool and mellow. It is almost a monochrome, with hardly any colour about it. In Room M one should notice Paudiss's picture of a Hungarian servant in a high cap; the head is massive — rather more than life size; it is a harmony in soft browns. These two pictures attract the eye at once, by their general excellence, although

there is little that is remarkable about the subjects themselves.

Aelbert Cuyp was a great painter in his way. Eugène Fromentin says, "a true, fine Cuyp is a painting at once subtle and gross, tender and robust, aërial and massive." At the same time his name is not associated with any innovation; he was not original, nor very imaginative, or especially creative. In other words, he was a very *able* painter. He used the materials at hand with skill and wisdom, but he did not add to them. There are two examples of his work here. One, however, the Boy with a Greyhound, is not quite certainly by his hand, while the other, a large landscape in which a white horse is held by a groom, is now restored to the master, having for some time been regarded as doubtful. Copies of two other pictures by Cuyp hang in this room also.

One of Rembrandt's pupils has done an interesting thing in working out from one of the master's etchings a large oil-painting of Christ Presented to the People. The composition is not satisfactory on this scale, and the main figures look like actors on a stage.

The bust of the Emperor Vitellius, wreathed with bay leaves, low on his brow, comes perilously near to being a caricature. The Emperor is fat, but not well-liking; he is painfully chuckle-necked, and

seems to have lost all his teeth, judging by the tightly closed mouth and short chin. This portrait is by Frans de Vriendt, or Floris, who was born in Antwerp, but studied Michelangelo and the antique in Rome, and upon his return was inappropriately called the Raphael of Flanders! By glancing at his other pictures one may see how much claim he had to such a title. His Adoration of the Shepherds hangs in L,—and his painting of Lot and his Daughters in P. Floris was a bombastic and vain person, and he degenerated under the misplaced adulation which he received.

There are a few Rubens here, which must be observed. Among those not so far transferred to Van Dyck (as is the fate of the majority of portraits formerly attributed to Rubens) is the lovely fair woman with her hair braided and laid around on the back of her head. It is altogether the work of Rubens himself, and is singularly refined and beautiful. The lady might be a descendant of Titian's Bella.

The Portrait of an old Bishop is dated 1634. It is beautifully illusive in treatment, the paint seeming still liquid, and the touch so soft as to be almost hazy. It is possible that the signature is a forgery. But there is a smoky, misty halo of white hair about the venerable face, that the master might well be proud to have painted.

The Garden of Love is a sort of Flemish Fête Galante, — Dutch beauties and cavaliers foreshadow the more coquettish types of Watteau. The original is in the Rothschild collection, and there is a very similar one in Madrid. This is a copy, but a faithful one, and the picture is full of typical features. Helena Fourment repeated several times is its chief theme. Attended by various lovers, she is seen embracing one, listening to sweet words from another, and in different stages of flirtation with others. Little Cupids disport themselves in a fountain, and there is a portico in the background, which combines all the most objectionable features of the decadent Renaissance. Still the effect is dressy and gay. There is little thought bestowed upon it, and yet it is full of charm and grace. The original is one of Rubens's best late works. It was kept in his own possession until his death, when his wife bought it. Afterward Philip IV. purchased it, and it hung in the Royal bedchamber. It is a confection of colour; pinks, greens, violets, and yellows blend in delightful harmonies. This Garden of Love is very like the conceptions of Watteau: Rubens seldom fell into this mood, but it is one in which he is very pleasing. His decorative pastorals of this description probably stimulated Watteau, who may be said to have dramatized such

pictures, turning them into theatrical tableaux instead of possible scenes.

The Young Man Dressed in Black, by Bartholomæus van der Helst, is a most attractive and striking portrait. The face is full of expression, and his pose, looking over his shoulder, is fascinating, although the face has more intelligence than beauty. It is effectively lighted. Van der Helst was a painter in Haarlem and Amsterdam, living from 1613 to 1670. Sir Joshua Reynolds thought very highly of his work.

The Young Woman in a straw hat and the Young Man who wears a wreath are by Salomon de Bray, a painter of Haarlem in the first half of the seventeenth century. They are well painted, with good lights and shadows.

Van Dyck's figures of the Apostles, Simon, Peter, Paul, and Bartholomew, should be noticed. They were only recently given to Van Dyck. The Old Gentleman and Old Lady by Van Dyck are also excellent, as is the portrait of the venerable Thomas Parr at the age of one hundred and fifty years. The so-called Van Dyck's Danæ is in the room M. Lying on her couch, she is reaching up, with ecstatic gesture but with imperturbable facial expression, to the shower of gold which is descending. The attendant looks a good deal more excited over the curious manifestation than does her mistress. It

is probably not by Van Dyck, but by some later artist.

One should proceed now through N, in order to look at the later Flemish painters in the cabinets 18, 19, and 20, before commencing a study of Rubens, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt, and the Dutch school. We approach these rooms in the opposite order, beginning in No. 20. Here we make acquaintance with the famous Brueghel family.

Jan Brueghel was one of those three artists of the same surname; to distinguish them, they are colloquially spoken of as Peasant Brueghel, Velvet Brueghel, and Hell Brueghel. Peasant Brueghel is that old Peter Brueghel, whom we have had occasion to observe in connection with his works hung in Room P. Jan Brueghel, his son, is known as Velvet Brueghel, while Peter's other son won the euphonious pseudonym of Hell Brueghel on account of the free and satanic style of his compositions.

Velvet Brueghel was a clever delineator of small landscape subjects, and also a brilliant painter of flowers. His finish was very elegant, and his touch crisp and smart. There is an unfortunate tradition that Brueghel earned his nickname because he always dressed in velvet; but the name is really a corruption of Brueghel de Vlours, — meaning flowers, — which, written *velours*, was afterward misinterpreted. In the nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-

first cabinets are distributed various works by Velvet Brueghel, chiefly landscapes with small figures. One of the pictures now given to Velvet Brueghel was originally attributed to his brother; it is the small *Temptation of St. Anthony*, on copper, No. 878. The mistake in identity is excusable, for it is quite a characteristic little Hell, like most Flemish and Dutch treatments of the subject. Among the other numerous works here by Velvet Brueghel, No. 896, a landing-place with a village church, stands out. The greens are transparent, and the water remarkably liquid. There is an intimate charm about the picture, *A Ford across a Stream*, No. 895. The covered wagon, the rustics, apparently moving their belongings to a new home, are the spot of foreground interest, while the beautiful rolling country reaching away in the background is pastoral and romantic in the extreme. On an eminence at the right is seen a gibbet, but there is no criminal hanging from it; on the opposite side of the composition is a delightful little fairy wood, into which it seems that one might penetrate by the little path, and enjoy the cool, quiet shade relieved by pale sunlight.

There are no examples of Hell Brueghel in Dresden. Jan Brueghel the younger, a son of Velvet Brueghel, may be seen in a few small landscapes. No. 918, *Lot and his Daughters*, used to be attrib-

uted to Hell Brueghel, but is now catalogued as a work in the style of Peter Schoubroeck.

In the twentieth cabinet is an excellent little copy of Rubens's Judgment of Paris, with many touches from the master's hand. The Archduke Ferdinand wrote of this: "I have only one fault to find with it . . . the excessive nudity of the three goddesses . . . the Venus who occupies the central place is a very good likeness of the painter's wife, — the most beautiful of all the ladies of Antwerp."

In the nineteenth cabinet one is struck with the soft, rich colour and smoky outlines of the peasant subjects by Brouwer. The brawling youths, fighting in a purely animal way over their cards and dice, are most coarse and brutal, and yet they swim in so beautiful a haze of tone that one quite overlooks the meaning of the picture in admiration for its texture. Adriaen Brouwer was born near Haarlem, about 1605. His mother was a maker of the local costumes (for a peasantry does not go to a dressmaker, but rather to a constructor of its own special uniforms), and the little Adriaen was early put to work to assist her in designing floral patterns with which she decorated these clothes. It chanced that the great painter, Frans Hals, saw him at work, took an interest in him, and offered to take him and bring him up as an artist. The mother agreed, and the boy went willingly to live with his

voluntary instructor. But his path was not strewn with roses. There can be no doubt that Hals was far from a pleasant man to get along with; he was a harsh master; besides this, he taught the boy to portray amusing scenes of low life, which he sold for drink and luxuries for himself, instead of allowing Adriaen to earn what he could with his own work. Adriaen van Ostade was a pupil of Hals at the same time, but he was paying for his tuition, and was therefore better treated; he, and some of the other pupils, were indignant at the way Brouwer was abused, and they helped him to escape. He hid under the organ in the Cathedral in Haarlem until he was discovered, and persuaded to return to Hals. Conditions did not improve after this, and he again took himself off; this time he stayed. But he was already demoralized, and spent all the money he could earn in drink and gambling. Such scenes as he depicted were in his daily experience. He had a brief and boisterous success, such as his art would appear to warrant. He got into prison, and although both Rubens and Rembrandt were willing to befriend him, on account of his real genius, he had so far deteriorated that his life has to be chronicled as unworthy, and his art an unexplainable flower of rare and exotic quality.

David Ryckaert's *Peasant Family*, illustrating the old proverb, "As the old birds sang, the young

ones will pipe," is an amusing bit of rustic grouping, but very inferior to the same theme as treated by Jordaens. The children on the left, imitating their elders in drinking, are absurdly out of drawing: little stunted beings, without a trait of real childhood about them. Ryckaert was a copyist of Teniers. The same faults are seen in the picture of still life by this artist, which hangs across in the fiftieth cabinet, in which occurs a figure of a small boy whipping a top. He is ridiculously small in scale compared with the other figures. There is something attractively quaint about this little boy, however. Ryckaert was a pupil of his father, an indifferent artist of the same name.

The rather brigand-like compositions of Peter Snayers are not very interesting. Robbers and banditti, wars and rumours of wars, in scenery composed for the purpose, like a stage setting for William Tell, are the chief component parts.

Cavalry skirmishes by various other unimportant Flemish painters may be seen, and some landscapes, occasionally attractive, by Lukas van Uden.

In the twentieth cabinet hang numerous examples of the work of Peter Geysels, an Antwerp disciple of Jan Brueghel. Hendrik Steenwyck the younger, who painted largely in Antwerp, but who removed to England, dying in London about 1649, is the painter of three good architectural views of Gothic

churches. Steenwyck and some of his compatriots turned their talents in the direction of their own Northern architecture, stimulated to the effort by the fact that nearly all architectural painting had been based upon classic models, and as a reaction against the inevitable Roman Ruins, they produced some really good examples of Gothic styles. There are also two quaint paintings of halls, with Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria standing, one in each, in a conventional manner. Both of these halls are portrayed chiefly for the purpose of drawing pleasant arched vistas into porticoes beyond. They are a quaint pair of pictures, and have considerable interest. They may be the ones mentioned in the catalogue of Charles I., as "perspective by Steenwyck, with the King and Queen in little by Belcamp." Sir Horace Walpole alludes to a "little book of perspectives by Steenwyck," which sold among the King's belongings for two pounds ten shillings.

No. 1115 represents the entry of Louis XIV. into Arras, and is by van der Meulen. This artist, although a native of Brussels, may be almost regarded as a Frenchman, so long did he work for Louis XIV. The action is spirited, and the rendering clear and crisp. Van der Meulen died in Paris in 1690.

The Antwerp flower painters and still-life artists

are well displayed here. To persons who feel an interest in this very exact branch of art, the nineteenth and twentieth cabinets will be especially fertile in suggestion.

The painstaking Daniel Seghers may be studied at his best. Seghers was a pupil of Velvet Brueghel, but he soon afterward became a Jesuit father. In his cell he made it his delight to cultivate flowers and plants, from which he painted most accurate portraits, placing the cut flowers in a glass, and treating them thus, in simple environment. Two of these studies, Nos. 1201 and 1202, are signed, "D. Soc. Jesu," instead of with his full name. He visited Italy chiefly for the purpose of drawing all the native flowers, and returned to Antwerp laden with beautiful sketches. He lived in Antwerp from 1590 to 1661.

Cornelius de Heem was a Utrecht painter of still life and flowers; his detail is delicate, but his work is not up to the standard of that of his father, John David de Heem. Nevertheless, for those who admire groups of goblets, lemons, grapes, and oysters, the cleverly executed No. 1225 will no doubt prove gratifying.

Many others are here: Jan van Kessel, Ottmar Elliger, and Nicholas van Verendaël, whose amusing burlesque in red and sharp yellow, *Monkeys Regaling Themselves*, is especially good. It is a



NICHOLAS VAN VERENDEAL. — MONKEYS RUGGING THEMSELVES

satire upon the groups of feasting peasants which were so much in vogue at the time, and is a well-composed caricature. The figures are all apes, but are dressed in the festal garb of Flemish merry-makers. One monkey with his back to the spectator is telling a story, gesticulating with one hand while he holds a teapot or wine-jug in the other, in such a way that it is pouring its contents on the floor. Two female apes have small infant monkeys in arms, who reach eagerly for the cake in the centre of the table. In a corner two young apes are seen exchanging a kiss, and in the foreground a trio of bearded ruffians have got hold of a dish of pancakes which they are eagerly devouring.

David Teniers the younger was also a painter of the rustic manners of the peasant class, but he was seldom as coarse as Brouwer, and sometimes positively refined and delightful. Perhaps his people are a shade less ugly than those of Brouwer and Ostade, certainly his genius is versatile, and his command of subjects enormous. There is often in his simple rural characters a dignity like that of the figures of Jan Steen; to this ability to paint genre he added a talent for landscape. He was called in his day the "Proteus of Painting." In Dresden we can judge well of his numerous phases, for he is splendidly represented in this gallery. His earliest pictures are *Smokers in the Village Inn*, No. 1066

(I will give the numbers to distinguish these pictures, as so many of them have similarity at first glance), and the two landscapes, one moonlight, with shepherds around a fire, No. 1064, the other a river view with shepherds and flocks resting. Both of these last were originally ascribed to the elder Teniers, as were also several other of the landscape subjects, among them the Bleaching Ground, No. 1067, and the Inn by a Riverside, before a Town, No. 1068.

David Teniers was born in Antwerp in 1610, and was first instructed by his father, which accounts for the number of his early pictures which have been given to David Teniers the elder. Some authorities affirm that he studied with Rubens, and some that he was a pupil of Brouwer; but both of these statements are without much historical foundation. He was quick and versatile, which two qualities made him the prolific painter which he afterward became. The subsequent events of his life may be briefly rehearsed. He became a member of the Guild of Antwerp about 1623. He was married to Anne, daughter of Velvet Brueghel, in 1637, and became the father of seven children. By a second marriage he added four more to the record of his offspring. He was Dean of the Guild of St. Luke in 1644, and was among those interested in the building of the Academy of Fine Arts in 1663. He became

Court painter to Archduke Leopold William, the Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, of whose picture-gallery he was also appointed inspector. When Don Juan of Austria succeeded Leopold, he confirmed these appointments, and Teniers became wealthy and popular, residing in a splendid castle, known as the Three Towers, the Château of Perck, of which a view is to be seen painted by him in the London National Gallery. Art connoisseurs and members of the nobility were among his guests at his lordly mansion. Among his royal patrons were Philip IV. of Spain and Queen Christina of Sweden.

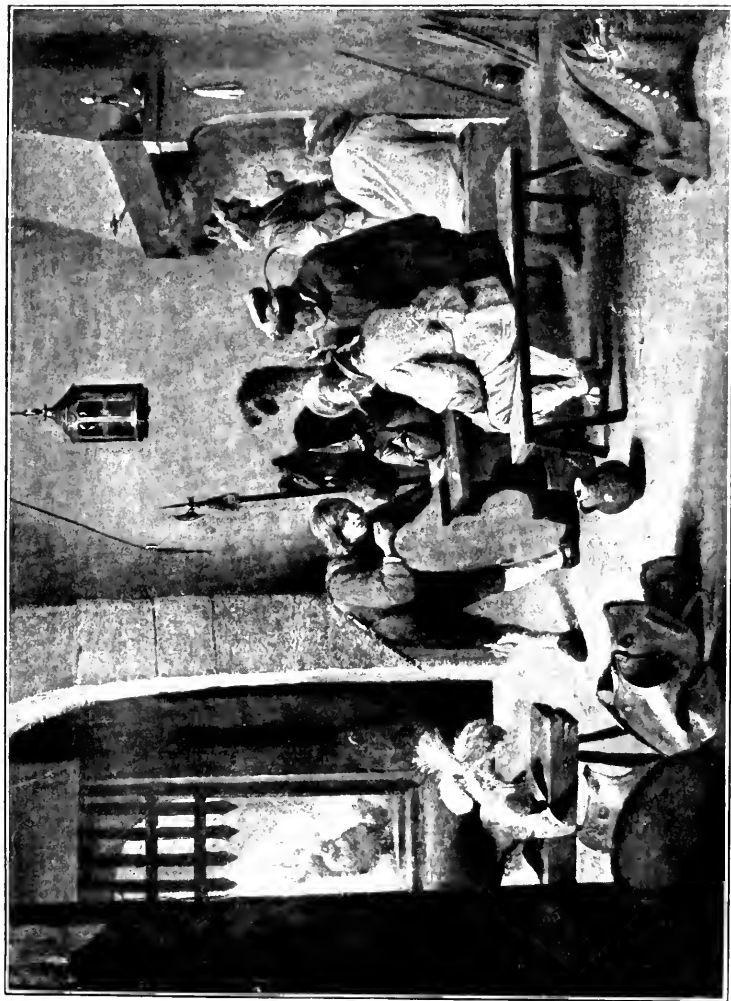
Teniers's works after 1640 were far finer than his earlier ones, as is but natural; experience and practice developing his power every season into greater ripeness. To look about in the nineteenth and twentieth cabinets among his pictures is an education. One of the most delightful is his *Company of Smokers*, No. 1071. There is no vulgarity in this beautiful work, yet it is entirely natural and merry. Greuze used to say, "Show me a pipe, and I will tell you if the smoker is by Teniers." His smoking scenes are considered particularly characteristic.

Teniers is seldom seen to better advantage than in the *Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison*; as a religious picture this is absolutely absurd, of

course; but as a study of soldiers at play it is most attractive. The light and shade on the glittering armour and on the rugged yet graceful forms are exquisite. The little vista beyond into the cell in which St. Peter is seen, guided by the angel, is charming, and a foretaste of De Hooch. Another fine study of grouping similar to the others is his *Peasants Chalking Up the Score*, seated about an Inn table, No. 1073. A beautiful clear picture of armour is seen in his *Page in a Guard-room*, No. 1078, back in the eighteenth cabinet. Some of Teniers's smaller and less finished pictures are known as "after-dinner pieces," because they were begun and completed during an afternoon. Considering his marvellous attention to detail, Teniers worked rapidly.

In his youth and in his age Teniers's art was not so satisfying as during his middle period. It has been said that his career, like the fishes that he so often painted, was better in the middle than at either end!

The *Alchemist*, No. 1072, is especially fine in detail. It is an interesting study into the lore and superstition which were so strangely combined in old times. Here we see the philosopher at work, with his bellows, surrounded by his tools, pestles and mortars, retorts, bottles, and jars; the still life is admirable, and the opportunity of the subject



DAVID TENIERS. DELIVERANCE OF ST. PETER

almost unlimited. The structure of the furnace at which the alchemist is working is like that of the kitchen ovens in many old Dutch and German houses that are still shown.

Twice in the Dresden gallery St. Anthony is seen "catching it," — once in a spacious cave, and once in an old ruin. In both he is surrounded by the absurd little grotesques by which the Teutons have so often represented temptations: frogs, sitting on their ridiculous hind legs and holding up their hands in some sort of incantation or expostulation; silly long-nosed pipers and a vortex of bats. In No. 1079 a pretty woman neatly clad in Puritanic style holds out a cup of wine in a disinterested way to the saint who is so beset.

No. 1075 is a portrait of the master himself seated by a cask. It is interesting to know that this is David Teniers's own impression of himself in 1646, which is the date of the painting.

There are three of Teniers's famous Village Fêtes in Dresden: the larger ones, with couples dancing, hang in the nineteenth and twentieth cabinets, while the Village Feast at the Half Moon Inn is in No. 18. All of them are hilarious and full of life. The little figures should be closely observed. Here are some gossips gathered about a table for refreshments; here are couples dancing strenuously; again, lovers have withdrawn, and appear quite ob-

livious of surroundings. It is rustic merrymaking at its height, and these three pictures are justly precious and famous.

As regards David Teniers's methods of proceeding in his work, we have testimony from a biographer to the effect that he first prepared a light ground with plaster of Paris or chalk, on which his various tints of gray and brown were scumbled; at this stage he sketched in figures and accessories with bistre, touching in the main shadows. Half-tones were then superposed, care being taken to retain great transparency. His finish was accomplished with body colour, and somewhat loaded in the lights, with spirited little dashes and an occasional glazing.

Proceeding now to an examination of the works of Rubens and Van Dyck, we return to the hall J, passing through K, to which we shall return later, when we come to a consideration of Rembrandt and the ramifications of the Dutch school.

CHAPTER IX.

RUBENS AND VAN DYCK

PERHAPS the chief characteristic of Rubens as a man was absolute adaptability. A pliant disposition, sensitive to every emotion, able to put himself in the place of another to such an extent that a ready sympathy and a resultant tact endeared him to all, it is the more credit to him that he lived a moral life, uninjured by evil influences and stimulated by good.

One noticeable element in the character of Rubens was his strange mixture of great power and malleable sweetness of disposition, which laid him open to varying influences. As I shall try to show, his life was unusually subject to the sway of others; while he had enough initiative and perseverance to develop his great genius to its full extent, it is easy to trace, all through his life, the results of a number of defined impressions made upon him by the lives with whom he was thrown, or by circumstances in which he was placed.

On the tomb of the father of Rubens, it is stated

that he lived in Cologne nineteen years, and for twenty-six years lived in peaceful union with his wife. This statement throws little light on the birthplace of Peter Paul. There has been controversy on the subject, some writers affirming that he was born in Cologne, and others that he first saw the light in Antwerp. During this stage of uncertainty, it was suddenly discovered that all evidence pointed to Peter Paul Rubens having been born in a small town in the Rhenish provinces — Siegen. This is now generally accepted as the birthplace of the great artist.

It would seem that the first great influence upon the early art of Rubens was through his probable master, Adam van Noort. This painter has been variously reported as a brutal drunkard, and as a rather genial ne'er-do-weel. That he was in some degree improvident is proved by the fact that after his death, the past year's rent was remitted to his wife, as stated: "for the love of God and by reason of the great poverty of the defunct!" In one of his matchless epigrammatic estimates, Eugène Fromentin says of van Noort, "He had a way of striking the canvas and imprinting upon it a tone rather than a form, which made it resound under the brush." The painter with this quality of touch certainly left his impression upon Rubens. "He massed many stout figures in a little space," says

Fromentin, — obviously this trait was also perpetuated. Again: "Everything that could shine, shone." Rubens's work itself could not be more accurately indicated. Van Noort's method of "rendering the action of vivid light upon the blood, the moisture and gleam contracted by the skin from the heat of the day; . . . by much red intensified by much white —" was certainly brought to its ultimate limit in some of the fat and abominably juicy specimens whom Rubens painted.

Whether one thinks of Rubens as the finest of colourists or not, one must at least award him the palm of supernal brilliancy. His colours are brighter, gayer, and more lucid than those of any other artist. The juicy quality is particularly unpleasant, often, in flesh; especially the flesh of extremely stout women. At all events he stands alone in rendering this species of mellowness of fat.

Three of the most marked influences in the life of Rubens proceed from three women. In the first place, his youth was guided and sustained by a very remarkable mother; next, his first wife exerted a refining influence over him, and kept his life happy and peaceful by her comprehending cheerful devotion. It was not until middle life, when he married Helena Fourment, that his intensely florid and overblown pictures predominated. It will be interesting to glance at these three women who had so much

to do with the development of the masterful artist.

His mother was strong and devoted both to her ideals and her sense of duty as a wife. His father, John Rubens, who was a lawyer, was detected in an entanglement with a wealthy woman, and wrote to his wife in abject humility from jail; her reply to him was one which proved her to be a rare character, selfless, and high-minded. "Even if a long-lasting affection had not preceded this misfortune," she wrote, "I could never hate you sufficiently to be unable to pardon a fault toward myself. . . . Never write again, 'Your unworthy husband,' for everything is forgotten." When the wretched man was finally released from prison, he was sent into strict retirement, and his dutiful wife followed him. About four years after this Peter Paul Rubens was born. The boy never knew of the unfortunate episode, which proves that the family lived in harmony.

After a delightful residence during his youth in the Court of Mantua, where he was employed as a painter, Rubens and his brother, their parents having died, took a house together in Antwerp. He did not marry until he was thirty-two, and then he fell in love with Isabella Brandt. She justified his affection in every way, and was a woman of keen perceptions, good-humoured appreciation of

fun, and withal the cheerful helpmeet which a man needs to keep him from being unduly sobered by constant and exacting work. His art at this time shows much of her influence; she was refined in appearance, and it was during his life with her that he painted his supreme masterpiece, the Descent from the Cross, as well as many religious pictures of a more restrained type.

As his family increased, Rubens and his wife found it expedient to move into a more spacious house, and here, also, the great studio was opened, that workshop where the master, aided by his pupils, drove a thrifty trade, turning out to order hundreds of pictures which are most of them, alas, ascribed to Rubens himself. It has militated greatly against the excellence of his reputation that he has been credited with nearly all the work of his atelier as well as with his individual productions. It was his habit in filling orders for pictures, to proceed on strictly business principles; a painting by his own hand commanded a certain price; while for a picture finished by Rubens, after his scholars had done the chief work, a smaller amount was asked; a cheaper combination still could be made by having the design alone by Rubens, and the actual work by the school. This great art institution did a great deal for the cultivation of taste in the city of Antwerp; but other conditions were too strong:

the political vicissitudes of the time prevented the benign influence from being of long duration. The long wars in the Netherlands, together with the pestilence, put an end to his prosperity, and he moved to Brussels for better precaution. But he could not escape the devastating plague, and his beloved wife died of pestilence in the midsummer. This bereavement was a very real grief to Rubens. A letter written at this time to a French statesman, shows how deeply he had felt the blow. "In truth I have lost an excellent companion," he said, "and one worthy of all affection, for she had none of the faults of her sex. Never displaying bitterness or weakness, her kindness and loyalty were perfect . . . since the only remedy for all such evils is the oblivion that time brings, I must undoubtedly look to time for consolation."

At a casual glance it might seem that oblivion came fairly promptly in the form of Helena Fourment, whom he married in four years after Isabella's death. A letter of Rubens's, however, leads one to believe that it was a marriage of a practical and less lofty motive than that of a second love. "Not being able to accept a life of celibacy," he wrote to Pieresc, "I have determined to marry again." He goes on to explain that the lady is of only middle class origin, adding, "I feared to find pride in my companion, that special blemish of the

nobility, this is why I have chosen one who will not blush to see me handle a paint-brush."

It is hardly necessary to comment upon the subsequent influence of Helena upon the art of Rubens. She appears, clothed and nude, — as Saint or as courtier, — always the same voluptuous, indolent, unintellectual type of bovine woman.

Rubens was essentially a man of culture. All that foreign travel and wide experience could do for him was accomplished, and he shows continually the results of his extended studies. He copied the works of the most famous Italians in Rome and in Mantua, during his stay there in 1602, culling one thought from Michelangelo, and another from Correggio. His brother Philip, travelling also in this year, wrote to him: "How I should like to hear your impressions of Venice, and of the different cities of Italy that you have already visited, especially of Rome!" This elder brother also may have exerted some influence upon Peter Paul; for, when he seemed to him to stay overlong as a copyist, at the Court of Mantua, Philip wrote to him: "Take care that the duration of your visit is not prolonged. . . . I implore you by all you hold sacred, by your talent itself. . . . I have reason to fear, knowing your easy temper." This is another example of the power of another character over that of the painter.

Rubens was entrusted with various diplomatic missions. His very suavity and graceful ease of manner made him especially valuable in arranging delicate affairs. Princes sending him on these pleasant embassies took care that he should be well provided with suitable funds in order to appear well and accomplish his office. In 1603 he went to convey certain gifts and works of art to Spain. The Duke of Mantua wrote to his minister there, "If Peter Paul needs money for his return, you must furnish him with it." Quite untrammelled by financial considerations, with no anxiety, he had nothing to do but use his natural endowments to agreeable purpose, and to enjoy the delights of foreign travel and the fascinating social side of being an ambassador in times of peace. The minister did not quite relish the demands upon the Mantuan funds for the maintenance of this decorative official. He makes a memorandum of "giving money to the Fleming that he might purchase new clothes," and he allowed his dissatisfaction to carry him to the length of failing to present Rubens to the King on the first opportunity! Rubens painted many pictures in Spain, principally portraits. In some of these the influence of Spanish art, though unconscious, is traceable.

After his Spanish visit Peter Paul returned to Mantua, and it was at this time that he painted one

of the large canvases in the Dresden gallery, the *Drunken Hercules*. It was painted in about 1603. The picture is intended to be symbolical; man, degraded through drink and debaucheries, staggering through life conducted by evil creatures of brutish wantonness. The picture is a perfect epitome of vulgarity, but is clever in its handling. The black shadows on the right are curiously contrasted with the soft light at the left, but the balance is not at all disturbed by this daring scheme. The power of composition is supreme even in the early days of the master. The treatment is bold and sincere. It was an early prophecy of these great fleshly studies to which he so largely devoted himself in later years. The Roman school had spoken its message to him when he conceived these half-symbolical and half-naturalistic beings.

Rubens delighted in scenes of drunkenness and revelry. Himself a perfectly correct liver, domestic and sober, he took pleasure in depicting those orgies whose nature he knew well enough to make him avoid them. As one sees a very plain spinster devote herself to the perusal or even to the production of highly sentimental love-stories, so Rubens indulged himself by depicting scenes in which he would have shrunk with horror from participating.

Among the early pictures is the large canvas, *The Champion of Virtue Crowned by the Goddess*

of Victory. One is certainly convinced that this armed knight must be worthy of the honour; if he is proof against his Coronation, and the practical embrace of the beautiful goddess who presses the wreath on his brow, he deserves his title!

It is not to be wondered at that an artist should become rather sensual in his tendencies while living at a court like that of Mantua. When a royal lady was to be given in marriage, the prospective imperial bridegroom's first request was for a portrait and "measurements of her stature and body." The body dominated the mind in his patrons: once more Rubens's art responded to the influence of environment.

When his much revered mother died in 1608, Rubens left Mantua and returned to Antwerp. In his first grief he devoted himself to painting religious pictures in that city. Here was a new influence brought to bear upon him; that of sorrow. The solemn Adoration of the Magi, the Dispute of the Sacrament, and other subjects of a sacred character claimed his attention during this period. Then came his marriage with Isabella Brandt, and the sweet, elevating effect which his new happiness produced upon his plastic nature.

In 1610 he was made court painter to the Archdukes of Brussels, with the "oath pertaining to the Court Painter of their Serene Highnesses." As a



RUBENS. THE CHAMPION OF VIRTUE

portrait-painter Rubens was now in much demand. In this capacity he is not intimate; he uses a type, the nearest in his repertoire to which the subject will conform, but the type dominates rather than the actual personality then represented. In this respect he is far inferior to Velasquez. His portraits did not interfere with his accomplishment of one of the world's greatest masterpieces, the Descent from the Cross. Less flamboyant than the Elevation, which was painted earlier, when he was fresher from his Italian impressions, it denotes a settled peace and majesty of grief which are deeply appealing. Another sorrow had left its mark upon his sensitive soul: the death of his brother Philip.

The next picture in Dresden in order of execution is the St. Jerome. It is rather red and crude, but in some respects finer than Rubens's later work. The attitude is reverent, and the whole is a dignified composition. But it is not very much more. St. Jerome is a rather stout, healthy-looking hermit, — it must have been early in his career, before the mortifications of the flesh had made great inroads upon his constitution! Yet he is advanced in years. In short, the subject is not very deeply studied or intellectually apprehended on this occasion. The picture is signed by Rubens's initials in full. It was painted by order for Italy, and belonged to the Modena Gallery. It would seem that Rubens had

collected all the possible types of vegetation in the desert to which St. Jerome retired, in order to give a little sample of each. Leaves, grass, trees, and bushes are carefully differentiated.

Next in order among the Dresden pictures is the Lion and Tiger Hunt, but this is largely the work of pupils, of whom he had many in his working studio at this time. It is scattered in interest and rather confused.

Again the impressionable Rubens allowed a delightful element to creep into his art, — he began painting little children, while his own were playing about him. His chubby cherubs, whether intended to be sacred or secular, were all based upon the same blooming models.

His academy was as well ordered as his life. His pupils were all trained, each in a special direction, with admirable judgment, partly with a view to their own development, and partly in order to fill the spaces in the master's pictures, which, from this time on, are seldom entirely by his own hand, unless the subject were of special importance. Sometimes Rubens supplied only the original drawing; sometimes he touched the picture up afterward, and sometimes he painted the figures, leaving it to his pupils to fill in the backgrounds and accessories. Some of the pupils of Rubens were already well-known artists who came simply for the advantage of col-

laboration with him: as assistants, they studied with him, not as ordinary untrained pupils who were just beginning their researches. Among these was Van Dyck, of whom we shall next make some study. Velvet Brueghel also assisted Rubens at this time, painting animals and foregrounds with much brilliancy.

There is an interesting list of pictures preserved in a letter from Rubens to a patron. This patron was negotiating an exchange of certain antiquities for one of his paintings. Rubens quotes the number of his works then available, giving statistics as to their workmanship. This letter is invaluable in determining the authorship of certain pictures. One of these reads: "Daniel amidst many lions; painted from life; original; entirely by my own hand." Another: "Achilles clothed as a woman . . . a charming work and full of many beautiful young girls." Here also occurs the "Hunt of men on horseback with lions, begun by one of my pupils after a picture that I did for his most Serene Highness, the Duke of Bavaria: wholly retouched by me." The patron, Sir Dudley Carleton, demurred somewhat at the prices of some of the pictures, whereupon Rubens wrote an honest letter which shows a charming lack of duplicity for a courtier! "The reason why I wish to make the exchange entirely in pictures," he says, "is sufficiently clear, for although

I have put them down at their exact value, nevertheless they cost me nothing, and as everybody is more inclined to be generous with the fruits of his own garden than with those bought in the market . . . I do not wish . . . to exceed the bounds of prudent economy."

Rubens was delighted with Van Dyck, and the more delicate sense of colour possessed by the latter was probably of use in tempering Rubens in his most glowing period. Indeed, they worked together so much that critics now are having much discussion as to certain portraits of this time, — whether they be by Rubens or Van Dyck. For instance, the Gentleman Standing by a Table, No. 960, has recently been pronounced by Doctor Bode, an eminent German critic, to be by Van Dyck, while Emile Michel claims that it is too completely the work of a past master in portraiture to have been produced by a young beginner. For at the time of this portrait's painting, about 1619, Van Dyck was not a finished painter, while Rubens was at the height of his art, and therefore more likely to have executed this clever portrait than the pupil. Michel thinks that Doctor Bode has gone a little too far in giving some of Rubens's pictures to Van Dyck, although undoubtedly hitherto many of Van Dyck's pictures have passed for Rubens's. Comparisons can be made particularly well at Dresden, and although

in a book of this size it is not possible to go into the controversy to any extent, yet it is interesting to see how many of these pictures have been attributed in recent years to the later master. Rubens always called Van Dyck his "best pupil," and the theory that he was jealous of him as a rival has no foundation.

The Boar Hunt in Dresden is by Rubens's hand. In the larger replica in England, the work of his pupils can be detected, but this one is genuine. He has taken a fine opportunity to ensnare his boar in the gnarled roots of a tree which has been struck by lightning, and there, brought to bay by the dogs, rustics, and hunters, the hideous monster forms the centre of interest. The scene is tumultuous and the subject unattractive.

The Old Woman with a Brazier is a curious departure from Rubens's usual style. Her face is illuminated from below, by the dull glow from the coals. Elsheimer had introduced this treatment of light. She is looking with quizzical interest out of the canvas at some object, presumably the spectator's right hand. This picture is a fragment cut from a work in Brussels, *Venus in Vulcan's Forge*. It is there replaced by a clumsy figure of Vulcan. To be sure, this study could have had little significance in its original situation in the picture in which it was painted; probably the old crone was

admiring Venus, who occupies a position about in the direction of her surprised eyes. But just who the old lady was intended to be, in the Forge, is a question, and no doubt the owner saw that by eliminating her, he might possess two works instead of one, and conscientiously had a Vulcan substituted.

Rubens was a temperate and sane man in all departments of life. Neither in food, drink, play, nor even in gossip, did he ever go to excess. His was an even and lovable nature, not a wild neurotic specimen of what is often wrongly termed the "artistic temperament." His house at Antwerp was a beautiful and dignified structure, in rather florid style for our taste, but nobly proportioned and with attractive features.

Rubens's journey to France to paint his celebrated set of portraits of Marie de Medici was beset with small difficulties, of which one seldom hears; in a letter he said: "If instead of the scheme made by the court, the choice of subjects had been left to me, no one need have feared scandals or equivocal comments . . . if they would only give me a free hand nothing would be easier, for such abundant and splendid material would suffice for the decoration of ten galleries." And again: "I have had enough of this court; if I am not paid with . . . punctuality . . . it is possible . . . that I shall not re-

visit it. . . . Time passes, and to my sorrow I am kept from home." When he finally decided to return home, he found difficulty in securing good horses; he had to travel with "poor half-dead beasts walking single file, led by postilions." His return was in 1625; in 1626 he lost his beloved Isabella. We have already indicated what a sorrow the loss of his wife was to Peter Paul, and how, partly to divert his mind, and partly because the times were ripe, he went to Spain soon after. It was to "seek peace and ensue it" that Rubens undertook this mission. Flanders had need of England's coöperation, and Rubens became the diplomatic mouthpiece of the provinces. "War is a chastisement from heaven," said he, "and we ought to do our best to avoid the scourge." Velasquez and Rubens became intimate friends at this time.

The portrait of his two sons is in Vienna, but it was once supposed that the excellent copy in Dresden was the original. It is a fascinating harmony in light blue and golden yellow; but it was probably executed in the studio — perhaps under the master's inspection. One reason for deciding upon this as the later of the two copies is, that in the original, it was evidently intended to paint the boys only to the waist; as an afterthought, the panel was elongated, and the full figures substi-

tuted for the busts. This was painted before the death of their mother.

In 1629 Rubens continued his negotiations for British interest by going to London. He was high in favour with Charles I., and he induced the King to agree in writing not to ally English forces with those of France while the treaty should last. Rubens speaks naïvely of England in a letter to Dupuy: "The island in which I now am seems to me a place well worthy the curiosity of a man of taste." If somewhat patronizing, this was intended as a compliment. On another occasion he marvels at the art treasures to be seen in London, "instead of the barbarism to be expected in such a climate, at so great a distance from the culture of Italy!"

Soon after his return his marriage to Helena Fourment took place. His frankly given reasons for this union have been quoted. The wedding was a gorgeous one, a clause in the contract calling upon the bride's parents to be financially responsible for the ceremonial: "in such a way as to deserve honour and thanks."

Then followed a succession of mythological pictures, clothed figures, nudes, in fact, — Helena in every style, yet always the same; fat, smooth, moist, lacking in intellectual animation, an amiable, peaceful animal, and yet apparently entirely satisfy-

ing to the soul of Rubens. In Dresden we have her as Bathsheba bathing; as Diana returning from the chase; as one of the "blessed" in the Last Judgment; and (from the studio, not entirely painted by her husband) as Atalanta, receiving the hideous boar's head from a very operatic Meleager. In the Garden of Love she appears in court dress, — we think her more attractive in this guise. Her charms were too vast for entire nudity to be becoming.

Dr. John Moore, who did not pretend to be an art critic, put his finger on the point at which Rubens is so unattractive to this unanalytic observer of keen wits but with little æsthetic training. "The strength and expression of this great artist's pencil, the natural glow of his colouring, and the fertility of his fancy deserve the highest encomiums," says Doctor Moore, in the late eighteenth century, from Dresden; "yet one cannot help regretting that he had so violent a passion for fat women. That kind of nature which he had seen early in life in his own country had laid such hold upon his imagination that it could not be eradicated by all the elegant models he afterward studied in Italy. Some of his female figures in this gallery are so much of the Dutch make, and so fat, that it is rather oppressive to look at them in this very hot weather!" Whistler's remark about Rubens seems just when we look at many of these pictures.

“Whether or not Rubens was a great painter, he was certainly an industrious person.”

The attractive *Diana Returning from the Chase* is a studio piece, but has many touches of Rubens's upon it also. Another mythological subject, the *Sleeping Argus*, is by the master's own hand. The wily Mercury has lulled his watchful foe to sleep, by imitating on his pipe the monotonous sounds which illustrate the story of Pan and Syrinx, with which he has been regaling him. The pretty white heifer, Io, comes stealthily around to Mercury, as if she knew that her thralldom was now over. It is a charming pastoral, and one of the few subjects of its class in which the fat women are absent! It is a relief to meet a Rubens now and then which deals only with masculine types.

The enormous *Neptune Subduing the Waves*, which is quite a Shakespearean *Tempest*, once adorned a triumphal arch erected in Antwerp in 1635. It is touched up by the master, but is a studio work in the main masses. It is known by the title, “*Quos Ego!*”

A *Bacchanale*, from the studio, No. 974, shows a satyr pressing out grapes, assisted by some elfin children, while a tigress lies at their feet with her cubs.

Among the most charming works of Rubens's studio is the large canvas, No. 1000, known as



RUBENS. — DIANA WITH HER NYMPHS HUNTING

Diana with her Nymphs Hunting. It has a quaint element about it which is seldom found in the work of Rubens or his pupils. It is a sort of fantastic genre, a link between the usual mythological scenes and the *Fête Champêtre*. Diana — a fully clothed maiden of the fields, half-shepherdess and half-court lady — wears a brocade robe jauntily caught up over a silk skirt, and a little flat velvet hat on one side of her pretty head, while the classical compromise is made by her bare feet in sandals. The nymphs are modern down to the feet — they, too, wear sandals! One buxom peasant in Dutch costume blows a winding horn, while two little girls are carrying the loaded quiver of the huntress. The stately straight yet willowy figure of Diana is not typical of the school, but it shows with what good effect Rubens's type might have been modified. The picture was once unanimously given to Velasquez.

Rubens's last years were passed in the beautiful and romantic *Château de Steen*, which he purchased, and in which he and his Helena dwelt to their mutual satisfaction. He probably painted the *Garden of Love* (in Room M) while he was living on this estate, the subject being suggested by the surroundings. He became a sufferer from gout and his work was after that necessarily rather slower.

In 1640 the accounts of Rubens's health were alarming. The Archduke Ferdinand wrote to

Philip IV. explaining the delay concerning certain pictures which he had ordered: "Rubens has been crippled in both his hands for over a month, with small hope of his being able to use his brushes again." Rubens had already made his will, fearing that he was not destined to live long. It is recorded by the Notary that Peter Paul and Helena had both appeared before him, "sound of mind, heart, and memory, . . . although the aforesaid gentleman was ill in body and in bed." His last illness was a painful one. Walpole disposes of him in a summary way, remarking: "He died of the gout in his own country in 1640." But it is probable that some complication more serious was added to his usual complaint. One of his feet was operated on, — the bill of the "barbers" in attendance is extant, "for their attention to the defunct's feet."

In examining any collection of Rubens's pictures, one may arrive at a fair idea of his technical methods. The painter, Delacroix, sums up the facts: "I am sometimes angry with him, and quarrel with his coarse forms," he says. "But how he rises above the small qualities that are the whole baggage of the others! . . . his chief quality . . . is his extraordinary vividness, . . . his extraordinary life. . . . There is no great artist without this gift."

When Rubens died in 1640, his family received a large fortune which he had amassed, and instantly

tendered proof of their respect for his memory by giving him a thousand-florin funeral!

It is but normal to turn from Rubens to Van Dyck. One often wonders, with Fromentin, what Van Dyck would have been without Rubens. In what channel would this marvellous technical ability have turned? (For probably he would never have carved out an independent course for himself.) Van Dyck, in his art and in his character, followed the line of least resistance. Easily influenced to good or evil, he yet had sufficient sanity to keep him from falling into the excesses of his model, and his work, while it is full of Rubens's knowledge and charm, lacks all its objectionable features, and has the delicate touch of the refined personality of Van Dyck himself. As a pretty girl may look like a handsome man, lacking the qualities which give the man strength, and yet would give the woman coarseness, so a picture by Van Dyck is full of Rubens's expression without his earthiness.

Anton Van Dyck was born in Antwerp in 1599. He was baptized in the cathedral the day after his birth. His early years were passed among artists, Snellinx, Jan de Wael, and Jan Brueghel, to some of whom he was probably related. The first influences, at any rate, were æsthetic ones. The boy was sent to Van Balen to study when he was ten, and on the same day Sustermans was admitted to the

school. The youths entered at once upon a friendship. Sustermans was afterward the court painter in Florence. By the time he was fourteen years of age, Van Dyck was painting portraits; at sixteen he set up his own establishment apart from his family; possibly this early liberty may have sown the seeds of a later libertinage, for he was unfortunately rather profligate in after-life. Jan Brueghel was with him in his studio life at this time.

Van Dyck was admitted into the Guild of St. Luke in 1618, an unusual honour to a youth of nineteen; and he paid his "wine dues" in full the next year. In 1618 he painted the two fine portraits in Dresden, which were first given to Rubens, Nos. 1022 and 1023. It is not known exactly when he went to paint in Rubens's studio, but among the early pictures executed under the influence of that master are the *Drunken Silenus* and the *St. Jerome*, which hang here.

The *Drunken Silenus* is dashing in colour, and the attitudes and general treatment are suggestive of his master. The red and gray are like the shades frequently used by Rubens, and the *Silenus* and his male companion are reminiscent of various figures which he painted. The pale woman on the left is rather a precursor of the style which was to be Van Dyck's own. The thoughtful young man in a cloak looks across in a tragic way at the *Bacchante*;

one might imagine that he was a lover, who had been paying his court to the girl, and that this revelation of a drunken father had interposed an impassable barrier to their happiness! He looks like a scholar, helpless before the besotted vulgarity of the death of the intellectual life.

Another early Van Dyke is the St. Jerome. As it hangs, near that of Rubens, it is easy to compare the two. Evidently Van Dyck was forming his own style all the time, in spite of what he learned from Rubens. He has modified the red tones, and his saint is less sleek and well fed. As the same model posed for Silenus and for St. Jerome, it is highly creditable to Antony that he was able to put such different interpretations upon the same anatomical peculiarities!

In 1620 the Earl of Arundel persuaded Van Dyck to go to England. Not much is known about this first visit of Van Dyck, the chief allusion to it being an entry among the State Accounts, which takes the form of an order to pay to "Anthony Vandike" a sum of money "for speciall service by him performed for his Majestie," and also "a passe for Anthony Vandike gentleman, his Majestie's servant, to travaile for eight monthes, he havinge obtayned his Majestie's leave in that behalf."

On Van Dyck's return to Antwerp, therefore, he

occupied the position of a Court official of King James I., instead of as a pupil to Rubens. He was only twenty-one, but was now famous in several countries. Among the pictures painted at this time was the *Old Man*, No. 1022, in M, which was originally attributed to Rubens. This, and its companion, the *portrait of an Old Woman*, No. 1023, are now given to Van Dyck in his early period. They are splendid specimens, and surely must have been good likenesses.

When Van Dyck left Antwerp to pursue his travels, in October, 1621, Rubens gave him his best horse as a parting gift. Van Dyck, mounted on this charger, started off bravely. In the course of his trip in Italy he had the pleasure of seeing again his old friend, Sustermans, in his position as Court Painter in Florence. He spent two or three years in Genoa. The sketch-book which he used in Italy is still preserved, and is a most interesting record of his stay. Among other drawings in this invaluable volume is a study of the ancient Sofonisba Anguisola, at that time ninety-six years old, and blind. Sofonisba had been a leading painter herself, and had personal recollection of Titian and his contemporaries; she also gave the young artist some valuable points about methods of painting old age.

Van Dyck probably left Genoa about 1627. He returned to Antwerp, but his style had now changed

considerably, and his likeness to Rubens was less marked. Italian influence, and his great admiration for Velasquez, had given him a penchant for grays and cooler shadows, for blacks and lower tones. While religious subjects were to Rubens simply opportunities for scenic and anatomic display, to Van Dyck they took on a different aspect, and he is more reverent in treating sacred themes. This may be noted in his figures of the Apostles which hang in M.

The masterly portraits, 1023 C and D, were originally given to Rubens. One is known as a Gentleman drawing on his Gloves, and the other as a Woman in a Dress Laced with Gold. The Portrait of a Lady with her child is charming and winsome; and the brown-haired young man, who was also supposed to have been painted by Rubens, is remarkable for his vital eyes. The bust of a man in armour, No. 1043, is attributed to Van Dyck, but is questioned. It is very good in quality, however, very much modelled, but the outline rather hazy. One reason why Van Dyck is so good and so versatile is that he never as an independent painter actually created a type of his own, as so many men have done; this method, while it often characterizes greater artists, usually renders them less satisfactory in likenesses.

The Youthful Jesus treading on the Serpent is

not a powerful work, and shows how much better Van Dyck was when drawing his inspiration from nature instead of from his imagination.

It seems to me that the Portrait of a Commander in Armour, with his flaming red scarf contrasted against the cool steely tones, is as perfect an example of this painter at his best as any in Europe. The firm, cool reserve, so well typified by the hard trustworthy armour, and the dash of red, suggesting enthusiasm and courage, make this noble picture a great emblematic war-note as well as a superb portrait.

An interesting comparison can be made between the Portrait of a Gentleman in black near a pillar, and the Portrait of a Man, seated, in a fur coat. In the first all the tones are fine and cool; the reserved aristocrat, with his well-tempered good breeding, is seen, and the sentiment is carried out fully. On the other hand, the warm browns in the second portrait are full of depth and purpose; it is a different kind of personality which Van Dyck wishes to portray: this is probably a portrait of a Prince of Genoa, one of the Giustignani. He is no quiet man of leisure, but a leader of men, who is extending his hand in debate or command, — a man of action and hot in temperament; Southern blood contrasted with Northern; a world of differentiation in character may be seen between the two.



VAN DYCK. — PORTRAIT OF A COMMANDER IN ARMOUR

People have criticized Van Dyck for a certain suave sameness; this is unfair.

In 1631 or 1632 Van Dyck returned to England, and became court painter to Charles I. At this time he was thirty-two years of age, and at the full measure of his ability. He was presented with a house in Blackfriars, with Inigo Jones as architect at his bidding, and he had summer apartments in the Royal palace at Eltham. He now began to paint English royal likenesses, alluded to in the Warrants of the Privy Seal, as "Our ane royall portraiture, our royall consort, and one great piece of our royall self, consort, and children." In Dresden we have one of his portraits of the three children, and the copy by Sir Peter Lely of the portrait of Charles in the habit of St. George, the original of which was burnt at Whitehall. One of the twenty-five likenesses which he painted of Queen Henrietta Maria also hangs here: she is attired in blue satin. The English royal portraits are rather more conventional than some of Van Dyck's Continental work. The picture of the three children is charming in colouring, being almost entirely yellow and white.

While he was living at court Van Dyck became extravagant and licentious. He complained playfully to the King: "Open table for one's friends and open pockets for one's mistresses soon show

the bottom of the exchequer." The King and Queen consulted together, and decided to save their valuable painter from ruin by arranging a suitable marriage. His bride so chosen was Mary Ruthven, a well-connected young girl, through whom Van Dyck became related to many families in the nobility. There is a tradition that when the news of his intended marriage reached his mistress, Margaret Lemon, she, in a fit of jealous rage, attacked him with scissors, trying to wound his right hand in order to incapacitate him for further artistic work at court.

After going back to Antwerp for awhile at the time of Rubens's death, in 1640, Van Dyck returned to England much out of health. He died in December, 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's near John of Gaunt. His body and his monument were destroyed in the Great Fire of London in 1666.

His effect upon English art was marvellous, all the more remarkable because, out of his career of twenty-five active years in painting, only seven years were spent in London, and his best works were not produced there.

We have several descriptions of Van Dyck's methods of painting. While he was working in Genoa one of his clients complained that he was obliged to sit for seven whole days from morning to night, and was not permitted to watch progress,

only being allowed to see his own portrait after it was finished to the artist's liking. There are also accounts of his insisting upon having his sitters dine with him, that no time might be lost. But an Antwerp patron, of whom Van Dyck painted a likeness on three separate occasions, tells that the master, with great method, arranged to work only a short time each day on any one portrait, having an appointment for each sitter, never keeping one client more than an hour. When this time had expired, the sitter was politely invited to retire, and an attendant brought a fresh outfit of brushes and canvas for the next. Frequently the main work on these portraits was given to his students to complete, while Van Dyck made the first drawing, and put on the last touches himself. This enabled him to produce such numerous portraits in a given season.

Van Dyck was much eulogized after his death by his British appreciators. Abraham Cowley writes :

“ His pieces so with their live objects strive
That both or pictures seem, or both alive ;
Nature herself amazed doth doubting stand,
Which is her own, and which the painter's hand ! ”

CHAPTER X.

REMBRANDT AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES

As one glances about for a general impression among the Rembrandts in this delightful salon, K, it has to be admitted that nearly all are uniform in tone. One is less struck with the amazing variety of this master than in some other galleries. The only distinctly bright and highly coloured specimen is No. 1550, the gay portrait of Rembrandt with his wife, Saskia, on his knee. This most popular domestic scene is very lively, and shows a pleasant camaraderie which undoubtedly existed in this his first and happier marriage. The question of his second marriage has of course occasioned discussion; his life with Hendrickje was certainly not ideal from the point of view of ethics. But as there are no portraits of Hendrickje in Dresden, we need not specially emphasize this phase of the artist's career!

A magician in light and shade: that is Rembrandt. Often his drawing is at fault; his colour is little to be considered, except as tone; he knows



REMBRANDT. — REMBRANDT AND SASKIA

how to suffuse a whole canvas with a glowing quality of gold or russet, but as an actual colourist he does not rank among the first. He never considers beauty except as it shall result from his wonderful disposition of shadows. He depicts a hideous face and body with greater frequency and apparently with greater relish than a beautiful one. Power — gloom — depth of mystery — all these are his tools, and he handles them as he sees fit.

Many of his so-called portraits are perplexing, because they do not resemble other portraits of the same characters; in other words, critics have had what M. Michel calls a "mania for identification," and the result is that dozens of women's portraits have been called Saskia, simply because his wife was named Saskia; and a sentimental insistence upon recognizing her in every face he painted has governed those who have assigned names to Rembrandt's pictures. No wonder our idea of Saskia is a trifle vague! I do not know why people should suppose that an artist never uses but one model any more than they should imagine that every verse written by a poet reflects some personal experience.

We do humanity an injustice when we claim that all Rembrandt's nude personages are realistic. Only the most selected types of ugliness could look like some of them. But extremes meet in this dual artistic personality. Complete ugly realism vies with

imaginative dreams, as may be seen by looking first at No. 1558, Ganymede and the eagle, and then at 1563, the Sacrifice of Manoah. In this last, to be sure, the intentionally visionary part of the picture is less poetic and delicate than the human figures.

Rembrandt Harmenz van Rijn was born in Leyden in 1606, in a pleasant street looking out toward the West, with only the moat and ramparts of the old town intervening between it and the open country. The events of his childhood are obscure, but it is known that his father was a prosperous man, so that the son's youth was probably uneventful, in that he was properly educated and reared in a comfortable home. His mother was a good Christian, and gave him early instruction in religious matters, and in a study of the Bible.

The first teacher of Rembrandt in his artistic capacity was a little-known painter, van Swanenburch. This elementary instruction must have been intelligent and thorough, and in spite of the fact that Swanenburch has left little to testify to his æsthetic ability, it is evident that he had to a considerable degree the pedagogic faculty. After some period of study with various masters and afterward in Rome, the young Rembrandt returned home and set up for himself, as a chronicler says, "to study and practise painting alone and in his own way." In 1630, although he was still a beardless youth, his

fame was established. We have no example here of his earliest work, but the first pictures which hang in Dresden are the portrait of Willem Burggraef, painted in 1633, and a portrait of his wife, Saskia, done in the same year.

His first pupil, Gerard Dou, came to him in 1628, when the master was only twenty-one. About three years later, Rembrandt settled in Amsterdam, where he soon fell devotedly in love with the congenial Saskia, and their house and his studio became a *rendezvous* for the art-lovers of that day. Amsterdam was the great Mecca of artists in 1630 and thereabouts: in Evelyn's Diary for 1641 he states that it is "certainly the most busie concourse of mortals now upon the whole earth, and the most addicted to commerce." Pupils now thronged to study with Rembrandt; Ferdinand Bol, Govaert Flinck, Philips Koninck, Eeckhout, Jan Victors, and many others. Each of these students paid a hundred florins a year for the privilege of working with the greatest living master!

Reports were spread about the trials of Rembrandt's life with Saskia: as is nearly always the case with persons in a conspicuous social position, there were plenty of aspiring groundlings who would have been gratified to see them in discomfort. So it was noised abroad that his wife was very extravagant, and that she had dissipated his

“dot” in “dress and ostentation.” But there seems to be no further evidence that these reports had foundation, and their life together, though not long, was a merry one, and they loved each other, perhaps not in the prudent way of more discreet and elderly people, but with perfect satisfaction to themselves, we have every reason to believe! The poor girl died in 1642, and Rembrandt, a disconsolate widower, began an early deterioration; for the strength of his character was not of sufficient fibre to be led by suffering.

Soon after this the general dissatisfaction which was expressed about his great picture known as the *Night Watch* (and which is now recognized as an afternoon sortie of Banning Cocq and his Company) also discouraged him, and made him a little reckless.

Dealing with his pictures in Dresden in chronological order, the next in date was the painfully hideous *Infant Ganymede*, in 1635. Malcolm Bell has properly described *Ganymede* in this picture as “blubbering in terror as he is howked upward . . . by his shirt-tail in the claws of the eagle!” About this time the cheerful portrait of Rembrandt with Saskia on his knee was painted. The face of the artist is certainly not flattered: he has given no ideal touch to either of these convivial youngsters, who, with their tall wine-glasses and their peacock

pasty, are enjoying "all the comforts of home." The same blunt-nosed, good-natured face greets us here as in the portrait of Saskia as a laughing young girl.

The beautiful picture of Samson Propounding the Riddle at the Wedding Feast — a large and important work — was the principal achievement of Rembrandt in 1638. Apart from its exquisite technique and charming lighting, it is not remarkable, however, as a composition, and is not a contribution to realistic Scriptural painting.

The Bittern Shooter followed in 1639. At a first glance we see only the upheld bittern; one might suppose the picture intended as a puzzle — "Find the shooter!" — for the man is in so dense a shadow that he hardly appears at all.

Saskia's portrait, painted in 1641, is to be seen in the panel No. 1562: the girl has become a woman, and a more serious expression is to be detected in her eyes; she had only another year to live, and was probably even then suffering from the undermining ill-health which so soon resulted in her death.

In this same year was executed the Dresden picture which exhibits much more poetic and religious feeling than is usual in Rembrandt's works, the Sacrifice of Manoah and his Wife. The two main figures are treated with great sentiment and tender-

ness, and not without conventional beauty; but the phantom, which looks for all the world like a short, stout Dutch monk, if one could find such a thing, is a trying anticlimax!

In the Old Woman Weighing Gold one sees the clear, direct treatment which afterward became Rembrandt's chief heritage to his scholars; the salient points only are touched with light, allowing all unimportant details to be lost in shadow. It has perfect finish, and yet it is not "finicky;" and, although full of a lively worldly sentiment, it has certain soft, dreamy qualities at the same time.

The Portrait of an Old Man, No. 1671, is a magnificent study of age. Among the younger men who appear in Rembrandt's portraits here is the Young Warrior in Armour, and the gentleman in a red fur-trimmed cap, seated in a chair. This last is a most beautiful profile, the only light in the picture being thrown on the face. There is some question whether this portrait may not be by Fabritius. The Entombment is only a studio work touched up by the master, the original being in Munich.

A very different Rembrandt is seen in his Portrait of himself with a sketch-book, No. 1569. This was a sadder and probably a wiser man than the youth who held his bride on his knee: it was painted in 1657.



REMBRANDT. SACRIFICE OF MANOAH AND HIS WIFE

Specially fine is the Man with a Pearl-trimmed Hat, No. 1570, most decorative and ornate, as is also the Jewish Rabbi, which is, however, only a copy (perhaps by Koninck) from the original at Chatsworth.

It is sad to trace a career to a tragic close, but such was the ending of the great master's life. A general moral decline set in: he became involved in a love-affair with Hendrickje Stoffels, a handsome servant whom he afterward married; he apparently lost all grip on prudence in money matters, as is evidenced by records of a sale necessitating the dismembering of his home and studio, at which time his pictures and engravings were all disposed of at the ridiculously inadequate sum of five hundred florins. It is also possible that his sight began to fail him, for after 1661 he made no more etchings, and his portrait heads are usually rather larger than life. In the death records of Amsterdam occurs this passage: "Tuesday, October 8, 1669, Rembrandt van Rijn, Painter, on the Rozengracht, opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children." The great artist was laid to rest at the foot of a staircase in the church, but when the coffin was opened some years ago, there were no traces of his remains. This is all that we know of the end. Like a comet which blazes through the

night, he disappeared: he has left as priceless a heritage as any painter who ever lived.

It is interesting to contrast the lives and work of the three great masters of technique who were so far in advance of their own day, — Rubens, Rembrandt, and Velasquez. Rubens, great in expressing the joy of living and the impersonal sweep of popular ideals in great decorative masses: Rembrandt, great in holding up before us the mystery and romance of imagination and the subtler thoughts of the elect: and Velasquez, who combined both these qualities, leaning neither to the romantic nor to the realistic, — sane, complete, and restrained, a past master in the use of pigment and touch, unsurpassed in composition and design.

Before leaving the hall in which Rembrandt reigns, one must stop and enjoy the pictures which hang here by some of his followers.

One of Rembrandt's most creditable pupils was Govaert Flinck. His native town was Cleves, where he was born in 1615. He is one of the few artists with whom Rembrandt exchanged portraits. His work is much like that of his master. In the striking picture of David giving the Letter to Uriah, he is seen at his best, the gorgeous yellow of the satin robe radiating a rich glow which harmonizes the whole. Govaert Flinck died in Amsterdam in 1660.

Ferdinand Bol's *Repose on the Flight into Egypt* is an unusual composition, in lustrous brown tones. The very earthly trait of extreme physical weariness is here the chief characteristic of Mary, who leans her head on her hand as if greatly tired with her journey, while the charming little stiff bundle of a very human sleeping baby lies on her lap like any little peasant.

The Jacob before Pharaoh is rather exaggerated, and too yellow throughout. Jacob's position is too menial, and Joseph looks too much the proud monarch. There is no natural human response from Pharaoh. His *Jacob's Dream of a Ladder Reaching to Heaven* may also be seen here: the long stately figure of the angel is charming.

Ferdinand Bol's own portrait by his own hand hangs in the fourteenth cabinet; it is No. 1606. The effect is strikingly Rembrandtesque in the popular sense. This clever artist was a close follower of Rembrandt; he was born in Dordrecht in 1616, but painted most of his life in Amsterdam. He was the first to enter Rembrandt's house in Amsterdam, where he lived until 1680, dying in that year a very rich man. Some critics place him above Van der Helst, second only to the master himself. These three paintings by him in Dresden display his genius at its full, and are not dwarfed nor overshadowed

by being hung in the same room with Rembrandt's pictures.

Another follower of Rembrandt, Salomon Koninck, born at Amsterdam in 1609, is represented by two delightful pictures. The Hermit Reading is full of tender, soft grays pervaded by a golden glow, while the Astronomer, though somewhat doubtful in attribution, is a masterly treatment of a virile old man whose intelligence shines on his illumined face.

There are two good portraits by Van der Helst: one, a wife of the Burgomaster Bicker of Amsterdam, is a stately presentment of a conventional lady of Holland, with her quilled ruff and neatly trimmed cap and cuffs. The handling is free. The other is more informal: a woman looking out from behind a green curtain. This is a vivid and striking portrait. As has been said, Sir Joshua Reynolds praised the work of Van der Helst.

One of the most delightful bits of cool tone is the portrait by Ludolf Leendertsz, of a woman holding her little daughter by the hand. The daylight in this picture is unusually clear, and the child is a sweet study of a little Dutch lass of the seventeenth century. The faces are full of vitality, and the action and pose, especially of the child, bewitching.

Quite interesting is the Paris and C  none by Jacob

van Loo, who was a pupil of his father, Jan van Loo, in Paris, where Jacob died in 1670.

Gerard van Honthorst, a much admired painter of the first half of the seventeenth century, was generally known by the Italians as Gherardo delle Notti, owing to his predilection for studies by night and candle-light. His hideous Dentist hangs here, — it is too corpselike, and unnecessarily ghastly, and is enough to make a plucky man shudder! Gerard van Honthorst was a native of Utrecht, but spent much time in Italy. Rubens had a genuine admiration for him. In the room L may also be seen two of his candle-light studies. Charles I. sent for Honthorst to come to England, where he painted many of the nobility. His work is not very sympathetic, however, and usually lacks beauty. His types are coarse, and his effects, while startling, have none of the charm with which Rembrandt knew how to portray extremes of chiaroscuro.

The Child and Dwarf with a Large Dog, by Jan Fyt, is an interesting group. Fyt is recognized as one of the greatest animal painters of the Flemish school. He has been reported as an assistant of Rubens, but this is improbable, as he was only fifteen at the time of Rubens's death. The pretty child forms a sort of scale by which the spectator may judge of the extreme size of the dog and the unusual diminutiveness of the dwarf. He seems a

link, a human standard of the normal in proportion. This picture is in Hall J, with the Rubens.

Another painter of note in this hall is Jacob Jordaens, of whom several examples may be seen. A contemporary of Rubens and a pupil of Van Noort, his pictures demonstrate still farther how much Rubens derived from his early master, for Jordaens's pictures are frequently taken for Peter Paul's, and yet Jordaens was not a pupil of Rubens. This proves that the source of influence was the same for both. Jordaens's paintings are all very large, and hang in the hall with Rubens's pictures.

The Ariadne and Bacchus is loathsome. All the grossness of Rubens is emphasized in Jordaens. Not much religious sentiment has crept into the Presentation in the Temple, and, to make a technical criticism, the feet of the kneeling figure in the foreground are inexcusably badly drawn. The cheerful genre picture, "As the Old Birds sang, so the Young ones Pipe," is amusing, and painted in pleasant tones, but there is a certain lack of real humour in the fact that the two children are shown as literally playing on little pipes! The family is seated, gathered about a table. The elders are making merry, and two of them are singing. This very unimaginative treatment of the text is curiously devoid of ingenuity.

Perhaps the best of Jordaens's achievements is his

Diogenes Looking for an Honest Man. The philosopher is making his way through the crowded market-place, holding aloft his lantern and wearing no clothing excepting a cloth about his loins. Every one is laughing at him, with the rollicking, good-natured mirth with which a crowd usually greets a "crank." The venders of fruits and vegetables are laughing broadly; a boy politely salutes Diogenes with his thumb raised to his nose; the older people smile tolerantly, and one fat, absurd-looking person, with proper, modern eye-glasses on his nose, puckers his brow in an effort to imagine what on earth the philosopher means! This picture is replete with humour, and repays close observation. It is magnificently handled, too.

No. 847 is a portrait by Anton Mor. Morelli asks humble pardon for having ever taken this picture for a Moroni, even at a distance. He says that his mistake was wholly inexcusable, for the painting is undeniably Flemish. One respects the spirit of a true "sport," when a critic so clever as Morelli is willing to come forth manfully and acknowledge an error. It gives one additional confidence in his judgment.

The extremely unattractive but beautifully executed still-life pieces of Jan Weenix are displayed in all their inordinate detail. Why a man who could paint as accurately and as finely as Weenix should

select a dead hare, a dead deer, and a dead cock, through which to express himself, passes understanding. Here we have a large canvas covered with work which would be creditable in a miniature, and the result, — a rabbit hanging in a most ungainly way by one leg, surrounded by small dishevelled game and the implements of the chase, set against a background of an extremely ornate vase and a profusion of flowers, — how uninteresting these masterpieces are! Of all æsthetic specialists, those with whom I can least enter into a sympathetic understanding are the painstaking purveyors of still life and dead birds!

That enormous and busy scene, the Great Bear Hunt, is uncertain in its ascription. It is by some pronounced to be a work of Snyders, and by others to be painted by Paul de Vos. It is rather a specimen of Dutch than Flemish art, but the point of authorship has not been decided.

It is strange how generations of critics will pass over the work of a great painter until one, more truly cultured than the rest, with a more trained vision and a better judgment, rises to pronounce him a genius, and thus raise the fashion for his works. Art ought to be quite independent of fashion, but this is unfortunately not the case. A notable example of this feature in critical appreciation is Vermeer of Delft. In his own day he was famous: technically he

was a great artist; and yet for nearly two centuries his name was practically forgotten, many of his works were assigned to Pieter de Hooch, and the rest overlooked. Until M. Thoré, writing under the pseudonym of W. Bürger, took up the search for facts about Vermeer of Delft, there was hardly anything known of his history; and this period of silence had made it difficult to discover data which would have been more available a century earlier. The actual bare facts are all that are known: his birth was in Delft in 1632; in 1654, at the age of twenty-two, he was already a recognized painter in good standing, for his name was on the books of the Guild of St. Luke as a Master. It is evident, however, that he was poor, for he was obliged to pay his entrance fee of six florins in instalments. He had married at twenty-one, in spite of his poverty. In 1662 he was elected Dean of the Guild, which honour was repeated in 1670. These facts show that his local fame was high. An art lover of that period writes that he went to see Vermeer in 1663, and that the artist had not a single picture to show, every stroke of his brush having sold; the connoisseur was obliged to go and see the pictures at the homes of the owners. That his fortunes improved with age and fame is proved by his portrait of himself in his studio, which is now in Vienna. He paints himself dressed in the prevailing style, in expensive

materials, working in a studio with a well-tiled floor and hung with tapestries and brocades and well furnished. As if to perplex us further as to his personality, the perverse Vermeer has left us only this one likeness of himself, and that is only his back view! So one can form no idea at all of his appearance beyond the broad Dutch build, and a shock of hair!

It is supposed that Vermeer was a pupil of Fabritius. The circumstances of his death are not known; but in 1675, in the full tide of his success, the records show that he died in Delft. He was forty-three years of age, and left eight children. His burial took place in the Old Church in that, his native city.

The Dresden gallery is unique in possessing the only life-sized picture ever executed by Vermeer. In fact, both of his paintings in this collection are interesting as being quite uncharacteristic, and yet both singularly fine works, showing that he had not only one manner, or one prevailing scheme of colour, as some writers are apt to assume.

The large picture of the Girl and her Lover is the first to greet us, as it should, it being an early work. It is one of his first productions, in fact. Vermeer is especially famous for what is known as his "moonlight blue," combined with lemon yellow. This picture has none of the cool quality sug-



VERMEER OF Delft. — A GIRL AND HER LOVER

gested by his habitual combination. It is of an exactly opposite tone. If a man were to set himself the task of painting a picture from the component parts of fire, — the blaze, the smoke, and the purple concentrated spots here and there, he could not plan a more symbolic colour scheme than this to typify the element of flame. The characteristic lemon yellow of Vermeer is seen in the bodice of the girl, who, holding a glass of wine in one hand, extends the other to receive a coin which is being offered by a blustering fellow whose scarlet coat comes in direct contact with the crude yellow. His gray hat tops his head, as a little gray smoke would rise above a lurid blaze such as this. A smouldering red and yellow scheme, on gray, is seen below, in a Persian rug which is cast across the balcony-railing in the foreground. An old woman bends eagerly forward to see if the bribe is about to be accepted, and seems to rejoice in an evil way upon observing the girl's outstretched hand and smiling face. She is in black; a cinder, as it were, in the midst of a conflagration. The subject is not a pleasant one, but it is treated by a master, and there is much underlying thought in this suggestive disposition of colours. The smoky background is appropriate, and no criticism can be offered regarding the technique. The flashily dressed lute-player on the left, in his dashing black and white costume,

and with his leering expression, may be regarded as the bellows fanning the flame. No one so far as I know has given Vermeer credit for suggesting this elemental conception, but it seems to be a justifiable interpretation of the colour scheme, which is so unusual for this painter. The picture is over four feet square. As is fitting for so large a canvas, the treatment is broader than in most of Vermeer's work, and the sharp red and yellow, harmonious in spite of their primitive rawness, are laid in broad, daring masses.

Instead of beginning by painting small pictures, and gradually branching out into a larger size, Vermeer began by treating his subjects on a large scale, and refining his handling afterward, so that he never, even in his tiniest cabinet pieces, lost a certain breadth of feeling which makes his pictures powerful in spite of their minuteness.

Some writers have called attention to the likeness between Vermeer and Rembrandt; but Vermeer's theory of lighting is exactly opposite to that of Rembrandt. This divergence in their conceptions of light seems to make such a theory unfounded. Rembrandt nearly always painted with a dark background. Objects were placed against this, and the surface and salient points nearest the spectator illuminated. The effect was light in darkness. Vermeer is more liable to paint a light background,

illuminated from the side, with his figures comparatively in shadow silhouetted against it, in a dark foreground, — practically shadow in light. Again, Vermeer has been likened to Pieter de Hooch; so much so that many of his works were given to De Hooch. There were differences just as marked as those between Vermeer and Rembrandt, however, and it may be well to observe them, since it makes our enjoyment of both the keener when we have these points called to our attention. While De Hooch frequently used the light background with the same effect as Vermeer, he nearly always painted a room in conscientious perspective, showing part of the floor and the ceiling, while Vermeer usually selected a corner, with neither floor nor ceiling visible, but generally with a window as a means of letting in a flood of light, which he hardly ever omitted. Also, De Hooch painted genre of a humble sort, as a rule, — good little “*hausfraus*,” with bustling ways of neat care-taking; cosy scenes of middle-class life. Vermeer selected more often the aristocratic and elegant subjects (the picture just described is one of the rare exceptions to this rule), and his ladies are usually well gowned. One would go far before finding another Vermeer depicting low life like that in his large early picture in Dresden.

Vermeer had a wonderful versatility in technique. His large painting here is smooth and oily; beauti-

fully liquid and glossy, so that one longs to pass one's fingers over the glassy surface, though the detail is not worked up nor belittled.

In tracing the pupils and direct followers of Rembrandt, it will be necessary to go through the long line of cabinets in which the smaller Dutch pictures hang, and, as they are scattered without any special plan, it will be more satisfactory to mention these artists as we normally come upon them, instead of skipping from cabinet to cabinet in search of isolated pictures, and then returning to examine others. In this expedition we shall come across, in its place, the other example of Vermeer of Delft.

CHAPTER XI.

DUTCH PAINTERS

IN Dutch art the subject is secondary. A casual glance at the names of Dutch pictures, taken at random in any gallery, suffices to show how little attention was paid to the story told by the picture; how everything depended upon the chiaroscuro, the perspective, the handling, and the curious concave effect which pervades these little correct gems of execution; that quality which allows you to look into and almost through the composition. Take the Dresden collection, for instance: what are the subjects? "Landscape with Four Naked Men;" "An old Woman with a Candle in her Hand;" "A Glass of Wine in a Stone Niche, surrounded by a Wreath of Flowers;" "Still Life with a Lobster;" "A Fish Stall;" "Still Life with a Poem in Praise of the Herring;" "Fruit and Oysters with Orange Blossoms;" "Collision between a Horseman and a Peasant's Cart;" "A Wagon with a white Horse Kicking;" "An Alchemist smelling a Bottle;" "Cavalry Fight with some Men hanging on Trees

in the Middle Distance;” “Bust of a Blue-eyed Gentleman with Hair turning gray;” “Plants with Insects and other Creatures, among them a Toad.” It is out of all proportion to quote so many of these eccentricities, but as this is the only mention that will be made of many of these works of art, we must be pardoned if we add a few more specimens: “A drove of Pigs near an Oak Forest;” “Sheep, Cattle, and the Artist, among Ruins;” “Fruit-piece with a Stag Beetle;” and “A Pond with Ducks and other Birds upon it.” It shows how little the Dutch cared what they were regarding when they looked upon a picture, provided that it was well rendered. There is no effort made to portray historic scenes: even the possibilities of contemporary history are overlooked, and a choice is made instead from among the absolutely domestic scenes of private life. The very breakfast-table, in the disorder of a finished repast, was considered a sufficient excuse for a cabinet picture; a bunch of flowers was regarded as a scene, and the advent of a snail among them as an episode. The one thing demanded of a Dutch painter was that his work should bear the closest inspection: it was to be studied in the boudoir, by the dim light which filtered in through shuttered windows; it must stand the test of the lorgnette and the most critical scrutiny; but it need not cause an emotion or awaken a thought beyond

the curiosity of the beholder in wondering how it was ever possible to accomplish its technical perfection! As Fromentin has aptly remarked, "Drinking, smoking, and kissing maids cannot be called very rare or attractive incidents."

In other words, Dutch pictures entirely lack plot. Never, until the very different reaction among the realists in the late nineteenth century, was there such a dearth of incident in art. Treating these pictures, then, in the spirit in which they were produced, we must approach them without expecting emotions or ideas, simply as wonderful achievements of the craft of the painter, small, intimate, often pleasant, sometimes stupid, but invariably neat as a Dutch housewife.

The public sale of paintings in markets was customary in Holland as well as in Spain. As is well known, Murillo's early talents were turned toward these pictures for the "*feria*." In Evelyn's *Diary* we find a passage, written in 1641, mentioning the "annual *marte* or *faire*" in Rotterdam, "so furnished with pictures, especially landscapes and drolleries, as they call those clownish representations, that I was amazed." Naturally this profusion of paintings made household decoration quite lavish: another traveller tells that "the interior of Dutch houses is yett more rich than their outside; not in hangings, but in pictures, which the poorest there

are furnished with-all, not a cobbler but hath his toys for ornament." Sometimes it seems to have been considered a courtesy for artists to introduce into their paintings of interiors, tiny reproductions of well-known pictures by their contemporaries. In one of Jan Steen's pictures in Berlin there occurs Frans Hals's "Drinker," hung high on the wall, and in one of Pieter de Hooch's interiors there is to be seen a representation of one of Ter Borch's cabinet pictures. Hogarth also adopted this idea in England, and has often introduced famous pictures hanging on the walls of the apartments which he portrayed.

Philips Wouwermans's pictures hang in all these cabinets, distributed here and there. His works do not attract the eye, although many of them are interesting when examined. His *Stable at an Inn*, No. 1424, has a spacious, dark, cavernlike foreground, looking out into the light; a white horse very properly stands in relief before a dark wall, while a black horse and rider are silhouetted against the light horizon. It is interesting to compare his *Hunters Going to the Chase* and another picture called the *Return from Hunting*. In the first, No. 1440, one sees the active spirit of the morning, with the brisk horses and men and dogs; in the latter, No. 1439, the evening glow, the tired and relaxed steeds, and the thirsty dogs, drinking at the foun-

tain. Wouwermans's battle pieces in this gallery are famous. One of them, No. 1463, is much enhanced by the introduction of a burning windmill, which gives a counter interest and an unusual lighting to the cavalry charge which forms the main subject. There is fine action in the figure near the centre, a man on horseback, mounted on a noble charger like one described by a Spanish author as "not so thin lady-like as the Barb, nor so gross as the Neapolitan, but between both." This picture should be noticed in Cabinet 15.

The grouping of his pictures is always good. This feature is sometimes overlooked because it is not conspicuous, but there are few artists who have turned out so many uniformly excellent pieces of proportion in composition. Industrious and facile, and gifted with an even, reliable talent, he has executed a great number of pictures, without taking the first rank as a genius. There are over sixty of his works in Dresden. A detailed account of them would be out of place in a volume of this size. It used to be almost assumed that any picture with several figures, in which a white horse was prominent, must be by Wouwermans. But this theory was of course not long-lived. Wouwermans is not a landscape painter pure and simple; he is not a figure painter; nor yet is he primarily an animal painter; but in all three in combination he is excel-

lent. There is no special weakness which has to be overlooked, his landscapes, figures, and animals are all equally acceptable.

Wouwermans was a native of Haarlem, born in 1619, and studied with his father and Wynants, until such time as he chose to elope with a young lady, after which he stayed for awhile in Hamburg. Upon his return he became a member of the Guild in 1640. He lived to be only forty-nine years old, dying in 1668. No contemporary artist has left so large a stock of works behind him. Each picture has in it some definite episode. It may be of a trifling nature, but it is always a reason for the selection of the subject. Of these works there remain over seven hundred. His Scriptural subjects are very rare. In Dresden may be seen two, the Angels Appearing to the Shepherds, No. 1411, and the Preaching of the Baptist, No. 1466.

It is supposed that three styles may be detected in Wouwermans's works: that his early works are generally warm and russet in tone, his middle productions less so, and his mature work quite silvery and full of daylight. To judge of the value of this theory, one would have to know the dates of the various pictures. The Glad Tidings is early; but the others, not being dated, are not easily classified, except by taking this as a premise, and deciding their epochs by their tones.



VAN DER WERFF. - - EXPULSION OF HAGAR

The oily, slippery gleam of Van der Werff's pictures greets us in the seventh cabinet. Smooth skins, enamelled complexions, velvety grass, and shimmering satins, a mellifluous overbloom of pink Dresden china rustics: these are the things which delight Van der Werff. What could be less like an amorous shepherd and his lass than these two coy, silky smirkers in an exotic arbour, in No. 1812? What less like the Expulsion of Hagar (except Jan Steen's treatment of the same theme) than the graceful Greek ballet-girl saying a fluttering adieu to the benign Apostolic gentleman in the strong light, in No. 1822? Another smooth, sleek captivator is his Venus, who sits in a careless attitude on a bank, coquettishly glancing out at the spectator while she divests herself of the last folds of a Liberty scarf! All is honey-sweet — would be beautiful decoration on a box of fine confectionery. Many others hang here, but they are rather cloying, although exquisitely rendered. The Judgment of Paris is decidedly pretty: the figures are faultlessly elastic and buoyant, the hands and arms being so extravagantly graceful that they are perilously near to being affected. Sweetly insipid, they are adapted to please the people whose mental grasp is satisfied by Bouguereau and Carlo Dolci. Not that I mean to give the impression that either of these artists is not greater than Van der Werff; but the type

of satisfaction is of the same order. Adriaen Van der Werff was born near Rotterdam in 1659, and lived until 1722, — well into the decadence. A portrait of him may be seen in No. 1813. His wife, a brisk, dressy individual, is seated at the left, while the three well-clad children are apparently giving an informal concert on the other side. They appear to be singing, while one, holding a flat shell and a paint-brush, is probably intended to suggest hereditary talent. Behind them, towering in a sort of satin toga carelessly slung about him, and with a knotted scarf at his throat, is the magnificent and bombastic painter himself, — he looks just as one expects him to.

Hermann Saftleven, an artist of Rotterdam and Utrecht, is the author of several inconspicuous landscapes in these rooms. One of the uninteresting pictures of the class of which we have spoken is *Still life with a Kingfisher*, supposed to be by Hondecoeter, but of questioned authenticity. In No. 9 are several pictures with landscape tendencies by a pupil of Polenburgh, Johannes van Haensbergen. In the realistic Dutch character are *An Oyster Breakfast* and *Dead Game with a Partridge and a Bulfinch*, by Willem von Aelst.

Here may be seen a rather decadent composition by Sperling, a pupil of Van der Werff, representing *Vertumnus come in the disguise of an old woman*

to persuade Pomona. The idea is not strictly pleasant; the gloating hag, with her hand on her heart, seems to be taking a mean advantage of the ingenuous Pomona, who, not suspecting the sex of her visitor, has not troubled herself to disguise her own nudity.

The pretty little pictures of Frans van Mieris are scattered about in all the rooms so that they must be noticed at various times on a tour through the gallery, but it is better to treat of them all together. Frans van Mieris was a pupil of Dou, and was born in Leyden (some say Delft) in 1635. His father was a lapidary, who would have been glad of his son in his own trade, as was the customary expectation of Dutch fathers, but the boy soon proved himself adapted to a more exalted art. Never an intellectual painter, not attempting such expression as Ter Borch nor such intuition as Steen, Mieris was a charming purveyor of pleasant scenes, suitable for drawing-room decoration; gallants, ladies, rich stuffs, and all the paraphernalia of the well-to-do homes of Holland. These cabinet bits naturally became very popular, and his rather sugary style was much applauded by those who were tired of seeing peasants and tavern-brawlers at every turn. His courtly little studio pictures in Dresden, 1750, the artist painting a lady's portrait, and the Connoisseur in the Artist's Studio, No. 1751,

are hung in the eleventh room, and give a good idea of the appearance of this painter in his environment. Mieris was reputed to be a rather hard liver : he was a friend of Steen, and undoubtedly spent many evenings at Steen's tavern in company with his friends. There is a legend that he caught his death from tumbling into the canal one night on his way home when under the influence of liquor, but this report is not vouched for by any very indubitable historian. His *Soldier Smoking* is a delightfully lazy and casual composition ; the man seems easy and well-bred beside the average Dutch smokers which one meets in art !

The *Lute Player with her Teacher* is a very attractive painting ; the detail is exquisite, and the quality and texture of the changeable red and yellow jacket of the lady must have been a source of delight to the fair connoisseurs of Holland. The *Young Woman receiving a love-letter*, too, is very pleasing. Mieris is obvious, and not as piquant as the painters who seem to have some better reason for producing a picture than simply to provide an acceptable parlour ornament.

The *Jolly Toper in an Arched Window*, by Willem van Mieris the younger, son and pupil of Frans van Mieris, is to be seen here. There is rather a degeneration, however, from his father's work. There are many examples here of Willem

van Mieris, the best perhaps being the Young Man with a Hurdy-gurdy resting, while a girl brings him wine, No. 1766, in which the detail is capital, and the tones clear.

A striking gray sea piece, the waves being remarkably well painted, is the Storm on a Rocky Coast, by Simon de Vlieger. It is in the eighth cabinet. No. 1552, in the eleventh cabinet, is a study of moonlight on a river brink, by Aert van der Neer. The trees and little church are almost as silhouettes against the sky, and the effect is charming.

Although Caspar Netscher was born in Heidelberg in 1639, he is reckoned as a Dutch painter. He is preëminently a painter of "conversation" pieces. His people are richly dressed, and his style is elegant in the extreme. His handling is free and broad for a worker in such minute detail. He painted in Holland, with a short visit to England. The youth of Caspar Netscher was clouded by a terrible experience. After his father's death, his mother, with her three little children, was obliged to fly before the Swedish soldiers, she being a Roman Catholic. She took refuge in a fortress which was afterward reduced to subjection by famine, and the poor woman saw two of her children starve to death. Caspar was the only survivor. After this they managed to escape to Arnheim, where they were under the protection of a philan-

thropist who saw to the education of the boy. Turning to art by every preference, young Netscher soon became a good painter, and by the time he was twenty supported himself with his pencil. He started on a journey to Italy, but when he arrived at Bordeaux he fell in love, and never went farther south; he soon returned, married, to The Hague, and in 1663 he became a member of the Society of Painters.

Netscher was famous in portraiture. When William III. was asked to sit to Ter Borch, for his likeness, he replied, "I have sat to Netscher; no one can rival him at a portrait." Netscher died at the age of forty-five in 1684, being a terrible sufferer from gout. Dresden is the best gallery in which to study him, as a large proportion of his best pictures hang in these cabinets. All the way from the eighth cabinet, where is his incomparable Letter Writer, with unusual beauty of face, to the seventeenth, they occur here and there, and should be looked for with interest.

Caspar Netscher's beautiful textures of satin gleam from some of these little pictures: exquisite whites and golds shine in the study of a Lady with a Little Dog, having her hair arranged by a maid; Mme. de Montespan is seen twice, once in pure white, and again, playing the harp, with the little Duke de Maine, in a childlike spirit of imitation,

seated at her feet picking away at a guitar! A lady singing in a stone window, with a youth playing the lute behind her, is also an attractive composition. These are in the seventeenth cabinet; in the thirteenth are also some of Netscher's. The Sick Lady and her Physician, a most popular theme, is effective, as are also the genre subjects of a somewhat lower social scale, the Old Woman Spinning, and the Woman Sewing. The Girl with a Parrot is a copy, but is gay and interesting in colour. Netscher is fond of introducing Persian rugs for table-cloths; and most decorative spots they are. The Dutch masters all used them freely, but Netscher perhaps oftenest of all.

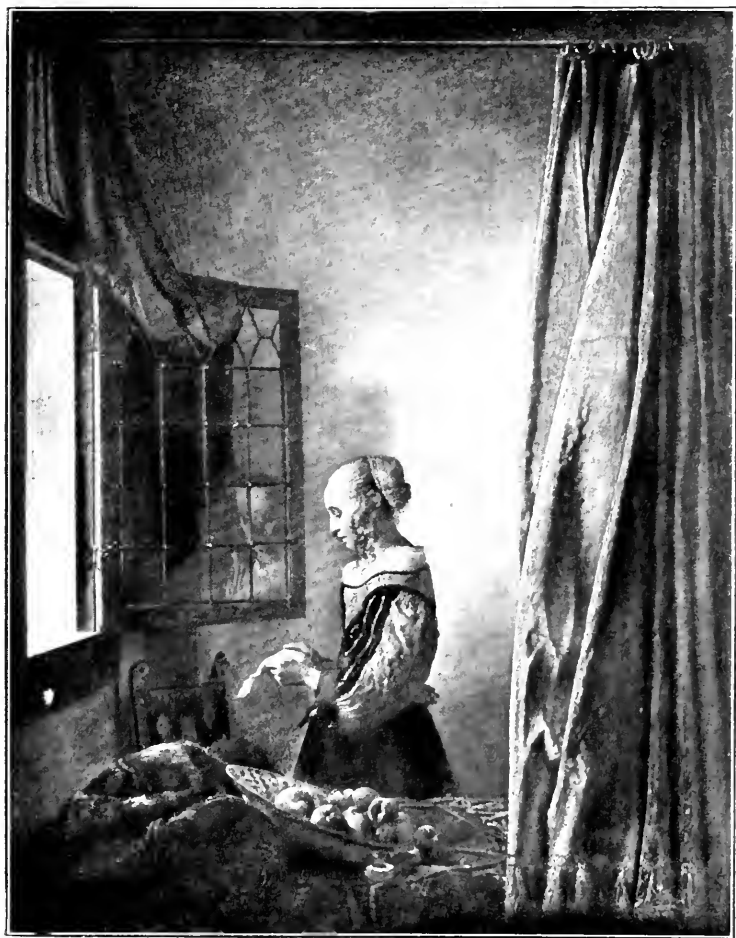
A couple of still life studies by Abraham Mignon should be noticed; he was a pupil of De Heem, and several of his works are scattered among these Dutch rooms; though Mignon was a native of Frankfort, he studied with De Heem in the Netherlands.

Cornelis van Polenburgh has decorated the ninth cabinet with many attractive landscape subjects, and in each may be seen his charming little figures. Polenburgh was specially celebrated for his small nude figures: a novelty in Dutch art of the period. He was born in 1586 at Utrecht, spent some time in Italy, and also in England, where he painted portraits of notables, finally returning to his birth-

place, where he lived until 1667. His little flying figures are particularly charming. The inimitable humourist, C. S. Calverley, has spoken of birds which were "as rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky." Such a phrase must be coined for Polenburgh's aerial infants. Whether they are Cheruby Cupids or Cupidy Cherubs, will never be decided. Polenburgh was reputed to be a student of Raphael, but Walpole certainly speaks truly when he remarks, "it is impossible to say where they find Raphael in Polenburgh!" His pictures have a smooth, varnish-like surface, but they are rather neat and pleasing than original or significant. Polenburgh frequently filled in the figures in Steenwyck's perspective studies.

A very graceful female figure, lighted with much effect, is to be observed in Berchem's Reception of the Moor. A merchant is seen before whom a finely dressed, swarthy Moor is standing. It would seem that the story of Desdemona and Othello had reached the artist, and that he represented the meeting much as it was described by Shakespeare. Berchem lived in Amsterdam during the latter seventeenth century.

In the tenth cabinet one comes upon the other example of the delightful Vermeer of Delft, quite unlike the large genre subject which we examined in the room with the Rembrandts. A different



VERMEER OF DELFT. -- LADY READING A LETTER

side to the painter in every particular is to be noted in this exquisite little gem, a young girl reading a letter by an open window. The first impression is that of a bath of cool green light — too acid for sea-water, but more like the colour of an unripe lemon. The curtain, painted so roughly yet so cleverly, is the first surface to catch the eye: its liquid green folds are as opposed to the colour sentiment of the other picture as it would be possible to plan. The same tender lime colour glows on the gown of the girl, who is reading — and really reading; not posing with a letter before an audience. The crispness of Vermeer's touch is sometimes likened to that of Hals, and there is much in common. His outlines are always softened, never hard. In this way he is a great painter of atmosphere. There is hardly a more charming example of his work in Europe than this little green lady.

Frans Hals was born in Antwerp about 1580, but his family being Haarlem people, he spent most of his life in that town. He was the real founder of the Dutch school. We have none of his large pictures in Dresden — only some portraits. The two heads of men, tiny, but dashing, do not in the least exhibit the master's true qualities of breadth and light. In one of them, No. 1359, he certainly laboured under a great disadvantage on account of the singular hideousness of his sitter!

Frans Hals, popular in his own immediate day, but soon forgotten, was only rediscovered, as it were, by artists like himself. People had not realized the power of his work, until men like Sir Joshua Reynolds and later Eugène Fromentin came to study his great broad strokes. Then it was that these men revealed to the dulled sensibilities of those who called themselves critics, this inestimably brilliant leader. Only a man who used a brush himself could fully appreciate the rapid, true, accurate work of Hals; only a man who knew the uses of light and shade could detect the work of the great master who knew so well how to bring daylight into the confines of a canvas. We do not even know who his master was; he is certainly the product of no then existing school. There has been a suggestion that the master of Rubens might have been the master of Hals, but this is almost entirely conjectural. As there are none of his early works remaining, it is not easy to trace his progress: he bursts upon us in his full ripeness, and in nearly every picture by his hand there is a power and vitality which are developed to a surprising degree. He was preëminently a great painter of men. Nature, aside from human nature, seems not to have made an appeal to him; he introduces as little still life as is consistent with his subjects. Humanity and the human face in expressions of joy and optimism

are his preferences. Even animals he did not care to introduce. Great studies of cheerful men and women are what we generally associate with his name; there is no man who can so subtly produce the impression of a smile held in abeyance as can Frans Hals. He was a great precursor of modern realism; poetry and mystery were closed books to him. His imagination was never displayed. Facts — great human facts — and a power making for cheerfulness — these are the characteristics of Frans Hals. His handling was not only original, but at that time unique. The long flat strokes have an individual charm which cannot fail to delight any man who has ever tried to give expression himself through the same medium.

He used a canvas fairly coarse, but seldom as heavy as those employed by the Venetians. Once in awhile he used oak panel, while he was in his early stages of development. The two little portraits in Dresden are on wood. Perhaps one can get a better idea of Hals's late manner from the painting by his son, of Hille Bobbe and a Smoking Man, which hangs in Hall K. It is very spirited, and the touch is much like Frans Hals's own later work.

His brushes were usually of medium size, except when he used a fine brush for hair and details. His colour is usually well diluted, and he seldom loads

with heavy, dry impasto. Therefore his pictures are better lasting than some of his contemporaries, and are even and smooth in the actual plane of the surface, though the effect will often be rough. He was a rapid worker, and finished his task at once, so that it all dried evenly, and is less liable to crack and scale. Hals had certain limitations, whether intentional or accidental we do not know. There has never been a religious subject by his hand, or a nude, or a classical scene. He was purely contemporaneous — he did not dig into the past for his inspiration.

The question of his having been a hard drinker and a worthless fellow is answered by his achievement. Gay and volatile he may have been, and hot-tempered and difficult to live with; but he must have been nearly always in a reliable state, for an intoxicated man cannot be a brilliant painter. The bottle occasionally inspires eloquence, and sometimes wit, or a musical ecstasy; but for the accurate use of a brush in fluid paint, a wavering hand or elated vision are out of the question. There is no doubt that he got into financial troubles. The workhouse and the Police courts had to be heard from, particularly at the end of his life. In 1656 his baker sued him for two hundred Carolus Gulden: in 1662, he himself applied for aid to the municipal council, and received a hundred and fifty florins.

Later they pensioned him with two hundred gulden, and presented him with three loads of peat. He died in great want, and was buried in 1666, in the choir of St. Bavon at Haarlem.

Ruysdael has painted the topographical portrait of Holland. Each characteristic of his native country is brought out in the course of his studies. Ruysdael is the central figure in the landscape art of the seventeenth century. It is interesting to see how his subjects bear out the statement of Kugler, that there is in Ruysdael a renewal of the spirit of nature-worship ascribed to the early Germans by Tacitus. "The land," writes Tacitus, "though varied to a considerable extent in its aspect, is yet universally shagged with forests, or deformed by marshes: moister on the side of Gaul, more bleak on the side of Noricum and Pannonia. . . . they unite in worship of Mother Earth, and suppose her to interfere in the affairs of men, and to visit the different nations." The belief of the ancient Germans concerning the sunrise was that "the sound of his emerging from the ocean is also heard, and the form of a deity with rays beaming from his head is beheld. . . . In their ancient songs, . . . they celebrate the god Tuisto, sprung from the earth."

Very little is known of Ruysdael; he was born about 1630, and died in 1682; he was a friend of

the painter Berchem, and of Hobbema: Solomon Ruysdael was his elder brother, and possibly his first teacher. There are not many records of his life. A few documents are extant in which his name occurs, and that is almost the only testimony as to the events of his life.

He began as an engraver, perhaps under the instruction, or at any rate, under the influence, of Everdingen of Haarlem. He soon abandoned the burin and the "eau forte" for the pencil, and some of his paintings would appear to date from his twentieth year, when it is possible that he had travelled somewhat.

Up to the time that Ruysdael was made a Burgher of Amsterdam, in 1659, his works amounted to about two hundred and fifty. He developed and advanced enormously on his arrival in Amsterdam. This was really the most important event of his life, so far as we know his history. One of the rare records states that in 1661 he served on a Committee regarding the inspection of certain art treasures; in 1668 he is mentioned as a witness at the marriage of the painter, Hobbema. In 1667 he made a will in favour of his half-sister: it is evident that he then considered his health in a precarious condition. He had contracted a serious rheumatic condition from sitting among the damp polders when he made his sketches. His pictures of



RUYSDAEL. THE MONASTERY.

this type certainly would account for any rheumatism or malaria which he may have had.

Houbraken writes, "I discover no evidence that fortune ever favoured him with her company." He was unappreciated, and his art was not a sufficient means of support. To prevent himself from starving, he undertook to paint landscape backgrounds for his fellow artists, filling in their pictures for so much a foot. Some of the pictures in which he so collaborated have been saved, more on his account than because of the value of the other artist's work. For instance, in Hall K, there is a mediocre picture by Jan Vonck, No. 1637, which is chiefly interesting because Ruysdael painted the wooded scene. The deer pursued by dogs is of secondary importance.

Finally, in the year 1681, there is a record that his friends arranged to pay for his maintenance at the Haariem Hospital. Ending his days thus in an Institution, this sad life came to a close in 1682, when another mention occurs, of "opening a tomb for Jacob Ruysdael in the south aisle of the church of St. Bavon, four florins."

One of the most poetic of Ruysdael's pictures, full of romantic solitude, is the Monastery. The deserted building, crumbling into ruin, leads the eye toward a verdured slope, while on the right is a clump of graceful trees, casting a cool shadow on the damp, marshy foreground. One cannot but

fancy that the Monastery was abandoned because of the amount of malaria which must have lurked in this lonely spot.

Another landscape in which there is a species of defunct human interest is the Jewish Burying-ground, in this same cabinet. This cemetery was in Amsterdam. The dank little spot, with its neglected tombs, past which a small cataract tumbles, typifying the indifference of Nature to human loss, is full of mystery. A storm has just passed; a sullen shadow of mist still veils the church in the background, while the promise of the rainbow is held in the distance.

Dresden abounds in these damp, peaceful, unwholesome specimens of Ruysdael. Of his wilder mood we have few opportunities to judge: The Ford in the Wood, in the sixteenth cabinet, is a study of placid water: one of the few pictures in which a cart, horse, and men appear. The Chase, too, — a stag being hunted across a stream, — is much the same in general topographical arrangement. The atmospheric feeling is cheerful in this, and the animation given to the scene by the active little figures is immediately felt.

The view of Castle Bentheim up on its high hill is most romantic. The luxuriance of the foliage and undergrowth in the foreground is very rich. It is thought that the elaboration of this part of the

picture was probably added in later years, as the aerial perspective of the castle and the hill is somewhat amateurish, and is probably the work of Ruysdael's early days. There are three characteristic waterfalls: one usually associates the name of Ruysdael with these manifestations of nature.

Fromentin calls our attention to the way any picture by Ruysdael "rests solidly with its four corners upon the shining flutings of the frame." He lays much stress upon the fact that Ruysdael considers the appearance which his work will have when framed, and plans his tones so that the bright gold may be becoming to them.

A distant view of a Ruysdael is not a fair test. He was as conscientious as a Pre-Raphaelite, and the light does not penetrate the picture for your examination until you come nearer. His pictures are not animated: they are often almost heavy and frequently positively morose. Yet he is unique, and piques the interest through his mysteriousness and the evidences of a mind back of his work, the more interesting because there is so little known of his history.

Often one feels that the intention of a landscape is to perpetuate some mood of the artist, as in the *Monastery* the sentiment of quiet is emphasized. The *Monastery* is a most famous work; the damp, marshy foregrounds of his pictures of this period

suggest the influence of the drawings brought by Everdingen from Scandinavia. He could not paint either figures or cattle successfully; he had no adaptability for rendering anything but the expression of nature, and even in that he usually employed a limited palette; grays and greens predominating.

Solitude is the chief characteristic of most of his pictures: whether this is felt principally because he was unable to represent animal and human life, or by intention, is the question. Ruysdael was too impersonal to be the fashion. He had no striking mannerisms: he was slow and faithful, and without any tricks; painstaking, at a time when skill and rapidity were in demand. Hardship and a lack of a comprehending appreciation on the part of his contemporaries gradually undermined his enthusiasm, and consequently his work fell off. The morbid love for storms and torrents, for scenes of natural cruelty, and stern, relentless cataracts, offset with sombre, brooding pines, characterizes his later style. He was a thinker, and his compositions all show this. Whether the thought were gloomy or cheerful, the mental process is never absent. Until the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Ruysdael did not become the fashion, and consequently was overlooked. His life must have been full of disappointment, but his work connotes a character which had arrived at the true peace; the

ability to adapt his longings to his environment. Even in sorrow, no repining or bitterness appears.

The Two Cavaliers in a Sandy Road, by Thomas de Keyser, lacks power, yet it gives a certain early seventeenth-century impression of out-of-door life: the man in advance has a falcon on his wrist, and the broad-chested, stubby steeds are not without action.

Adriaen Van der Velde is primarily regarded as a landscape and cattle painter, but of all his pictures in Dresden the most striking is a masterly scrap, — a woman drinking, No. 1656, in which the handling is magnificent. Van der Velde and Wouwermans were close friends, working together as boys in the studio of Jan Wynants. Wynants evidently had a discriminating wife. This lady gave her husband warning, saying: "You may imagine that you have a mere pupil in this youth; but if you are not careful he will soon become your master." Relations between master and scholar, however, did not become strained, although the good wife was justified in her prophecy.

We have three pasturage scenes which are very typical, one in this room, in which the artist's own portrait appears. In the fourteenth cabinet is his Sports on the Ice, a typical Dutch winter scene, with skaters and sledges. A gabled house stands high on a cliff at the right.

The famous Water Mill of Meindert Hobbema stands in the twelfth cabinet upon an easel; it is a rare gem bought in Munich in 1899, and brought to Dresden. It is as exquisite a specimen of this artist as any that exist; its soft green and its tender, clear atmosphere make it a masterpiece of priceless value.

Eeckhout's Vision of Jacob is not so graceful a composition as that by Ferdinand Bol recently examined. The angels are not so tall, willowy, and spirit-like. Gerhard van Eeckhout was a pupil of Rembrandt, and a pleasing painter of this school, but must come decidedly under the head of an imitator. Here we see two specimens of the remarkable young cattle painter, Paul Potter. To most people Paul Potter stands only as the painter of the Young Bull at The Hague; volumes have been written about this picture, which holds a unique position in the field of art. These smaller panels in Dresden would hardly predispose one to place Potter among the great geniuses of the world. Yet he has been accorded such a place; and we cannot overlook the fact. Perhaps one secret of his enormous fame lies in the fact of his early death. Born in 1625, he only lived until 1654, and having this short-lived glory in common with the great Italian may account for his being styled the Raphael of Animals. But whoever would have an opinion on

this point must compare Potter's Bull with the Sistine Madonna. Then he is in a position to determine for himself whether he considers the appellation a just one. Sentimental people have claimed that the youthful Potter died of overwork. Overwork did not kill Rubens, nor Rembrandt, nor Van Dyck, nor any of the extremely prolific painters of history. More exactly scientific people admit that Paul Potter was consumptive, and that is a sufficient reason for his early death. The life was a pathetic one; his character seems to have been lovable, and his talent and ambition conspicuous from the first. The wonderful part of his achievement is that he was self-instructed, and that he was a full-fledged painter at fifteen. Whether he would have continued to advance at the same rate had he lived to grow older is a question which never can be answered. It seems to me that his position in art hinges chiefly upon these qualities of precocity and pathos. And they are powerful factors in fame, perhaps as rational as any others. Paul Potter's Cattle in a Pasture should not be unnoticed. It is very characteristic, and is dated 1652. The paint is so thin in places that the wooden panel can be detected underneath, and yet the effect is that of a tender glow. This was painted only two years before his death.

Gotfried Schalcken was an imitator of Gerard Dou, though a pupil of Hoogstraeten. He lived

much at The Hague, where he died in 1706, but his earlier associations are with Dort. He is an apostle of the candle. The Girl Holding an Egg to the Light is interesting: the bargain-loving market-goer is testing eggs in this way at the stall before buying them. A dozen meant a real dozen in those days. Every egg must be edible! A curious study by sharp candle-light is that of a young man who, in very obscure darkness, holds a lighted candle before the marble bust of a woman, whose face the flame illumines garishly. This trick of casting lights was much liked by Schalcken; in Cabinet 8 there is a picture of a lady holding a light so that it would illuminate the face of the spectator, — a singular fancy. The illusion is good; one feels inclined to shield one's eyes from the glare, in order to get a better look at the girl.

A merry, frosty scene of sport is by Isaac van Ostade, a pupil and brother of Adriaen, who lived from 1621 to 1649. Amusement on the ice is the title of this crisp little picture, and skaters are seen skimming the glassy surface, while wood-cutters are also guiding their teams across the hard, frozen river.

One should not pass the little panel called the Wine Bibber, by Arie de Vois, a Dutchman of the early seventeenth century, without noting the delicious study of facial expression in the picture.

Nikolaus Knupfer, a little-known artist, who had the honour of being the master of Jan Steen, has painted a portrait of himself and his family, which hangs in this room. It is a most attractive group, merry and naïve; evidently Knupfer knew something of the joy of living, and his very love for his home life may account for the fact that there are few things told of him by the chroniclers. That he could paint well is manifest. He represents himself as leader of a little domestic orchestra. He holds a sheet of music, and is evidently keeping time. His smiling wife holds a nude child of two years, who stands on the table, in a martial attitude, playing vigorously on her little pipe. A child of eight or ten is singing from another sheet of music, while a smaller one is throwing back his head in amusement, and pointing derisively at the baby and its musical efforts. The whole certainly suggests a family harmony.

In Pieter Codde's *Soldiers in a Guard-room*, the touch is like that of the French artist, Meissonnier. This little panel is No. 1391.

The best piece of still life in the gallery is an extremely disordered breakfast-table, on which glasses and goblets appear, a dish with part of a pasty, on the top of which lies an Apostle spoon, and an overturned silver cup of beautiful design. A dagger lies on the table, and at the other side an

old-fashioned timepiece, with its open case. A key on a ribbon depends from this. The quality of the transparent glass and the sparkling liquid within could hardly be more perfectly presented. Such rendering of still life reminds us of the famous fountain in Rome, above which was painted a cornice, so skilfully imitated that birds, in attempting to alight upon it, not infrequently fell into the water below! A critic of 1860 said of the Dutch school that they thought more of satin than of sunshine, and that their people looked like "models painted by candle-light strained through crape."

The names of the pictures by Egbert van der Poel will serve to classify them among the unimaginative Dutch works already alluded to: *Male and Female Peasant in a Stable Near an Oven*; and *Courtship in a Peasant's Room*.

Gerard Dou was born in Leyden in 1613. His father intended him to follow his own trade, as an engraver on glass, and had him taught drawing for that purpose. For a time he devoted himself to this craft, but he soon showed such decided artistic talent that his father very wisely sent him to study with the "skilled and far-famed Mr. Rembrandt" in 1628.

Gerard commenced his independent career with intentions of becoming a portrait painter; but his slow, minute work proved too great a tax on the

patience of most sitters, so that he was fain to indulge his taste chiefly in genre pictures, in which a considerable amount of still life occurred, — a safe model for such a plodding, snail-like worker, since it did not get restless with being so laboriously studied! The “Vanitas” picture of the period — a skull, Bible, and hour-glass — proved a great resource for Dou’s early efforts; these morbid subjects were bought in great numbers by the faithful, being considered as wholesome reminders of the future.

In many of Dou’s early works we recognize the famous old model of Rembrandt, — an aged man with white hair and beard. In Dou’s Hermit in Dresden, painted about 1631, this person occurs. All the usual attributes of a “Vanitas” are also introduced. Perhaps if Amsterdam had then had its famous Zoo, Dou would have made a little pilgrimage there and learned to paint a lion, so that this picture would have taken on the greater dignity of a St. Jerome! The Flowers and Still Life are admirably rendered, — detail was his passion, and it grew stronger always.

The Portrait of the Artist in his Studio is a crowded piece of still life, in the midst of which Gerard Dou sits with a pen, apparently in the act of writing on a picture in a book. Very little actual thought is visible in such a composition —

the nice finish was what the artist was thinking of. It would have been quite impossible for Dou to have worked in such an atmosphere! He was so morbidly particular that he would allow no movement in his studio while he was working, for fear of disturbing some dust which might spoil his "enamel" surface. If he had been familiar with the method of making lacquer, — if he had known that every time a coat of the varnish is applied, the object being decorated is taken out to sea in a small boat, so that it may dry where there is no dust, I have no doubt that Gerard would have set up a rowboat and started off up the canal into the open sea between coats! I question whether Dou himself gave its name to this picture. His studio must have been intentionally as bare as it conveniently could be.

Orlors, a chronicler of Dou, says that "everybody who saw them could but admire their prettiness and curiosity, and his pieces were soon held in great esteem by lovers of art," and Philips Angel, court painter, remarks upon "a curious dexterity indeed which he achieves with a sure and firm hand." Sandrart gives a description of Dou's method of work: "he rubs down his colours on glass," says the narrator, "and makes his brushes himself; he keeps his palette, brushes, and paints carefully away out of the dust which might soil



GERARD DOU. — PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO

them, and when he prepares to paint he will wait quite a long time until all dust has completely settled. Only then does he very quietly take his palette out of its box near at hand, the prepared colours and brushes, and begin to work: and when he has done he puts everything carefully away again!" Dutch studios were all equipped with collections of prints and engravings, which the painter often considered in the light of models, using what other men had designed instead of what he might compile himself from figures and nature. This time and labour-saving expedient was commended by De Piles, who observed that "it is good to make use of the studies of others, without any hesitation." Dürer's Treatise on Perspective was a book always found in Dutch studios, which were all furnished with a few, but valuable, books; the Bible and Ovid were the most popular quarries. Landscape artists made first drawings from nature, and then finished them in the studio. This accounts for their lack of daylight.

Dou liked the arched window as a secondary frame for his subjects. In most of his more important works this is to be seen; sometimes a plain stone arch, as in the Old Schoolmaster Mending his Pen, No. 1709, and again an ornately carved aperture, as in the Violin Player, No. 1707, which, prob-

ably without foundation, has popularly been supposed to be a portrait of the artist himself.

Another peculiarity of Dou's besides the use of the arched window was his love for studies of deep gloom with candle-light effects. There are several characteristic specimens of this type in Dresden. Modern critics are too prone to speak of this sort of study as "artificial." From the daylight point of view, of course, it is artificial; but we must remember that the whole evening, — a good part of the time in a Holland winter, — these candle effects must have been familiar sights, for the only method of lighting the houses in those days was by means of lanterns and candles. Little chandeliers, apparently quite inadequate, hang in most of the pictured interiors of the best rooms, while cellars and kitchens had to get on with tiny spots of light amidst heavy darkness. Therefore these extreme arrangements of light and shade must have been seen every day by Gerard Dou. It is said that he used to arrange his model as he wished, in a dark room, with a candle, and then paint the picture thus prepared by looking through a hole in the door, which concentrated the darkness and emphasized the lights! The minute work which he executed so continuously had a bad effect upon his eyes, so that when only thirty years of age he was obliged to depend upon spectacles. As many of his pictures were copied, indeed

transcribed, from reflections in a concave mirror, which he employed to reduce his designs to their selected proportions, it will be readily understood that his optic nerve was subjected to severe strains.

A great collection of Gerard Dou's works was the Cabinet de Bye, in Leyden. Many of the painters, his contemporaries (Rembrandt and Van Goyen) had been obliged to go elsewhere to seek more prompt sales for their work; but Dou, having all that he could do, remained there, with the result that he practically controlled the art market of the city. From this collection came two of the Dresden pictures, — No. 1713, the Girl and Youth in a Wine Cellar, and No. 1708, a study of still life, which was originally employed as a cover to the case which held the first. The dim background of the cellar has just enough atmosphere about it to make one feel that one could see farther in if it were not so dark; it does not suggest simply a mass of neutral paint: as with the famous Night School in Amsterdam, the instinct is to raise one's hand to keep out the glare from the lantern, in order to see more clearly what is beyond! A more perfect illusion with painted light could hardly be found.

Dou seldom went to high life for his inspiration: he painted the homely scenes of every day in the streets. By placing so many of his figures in win-

dows he gives the impression that they were simply sights which he had passed as he walked about; but knowing the length of time devoted to the painting of each, we know that in reality the pose must have been of rigid durability.

He certainly was not what is meant by a prolific painter. Beginning at fifteen, and working until he was sixty-two, he only left about two hundred works behind him. Sir Joshua Reynolds said that he looked at Dou's pictures "with admiration on the lips, but with indifference in the heart." Certainly there is nothing to inspire lofty thoughts or deep emotion. He and Mieris are masters of trifling things — the "petty masters," as they have been denominated — after all. Pretty lights falling on delicately wrought objects, that is the limit of their message.

Dou's fame was of gradual development. In 1640 he was a well-known painter; in 1660 he was recognized as one of the most esteemed artists of the century. His pictures were regarded as objects of great value, and were sent by the States as gifts to Sovereigns. Charles II. of England received three. Evelyn alludes to them in his Diary as "painted by Dou so finely as hardly to be distinguished from enamel." There is an interesting echo from the journalism of the past, in an advertisement appearing in the *Haarlemische Cou-*

rant in 1665, calling attention to the collection of Dou's paintings belonging to Johan de Bye, then on exhibition: "Be it known to all gentlemen and amateurs that . . . every day except Sundays from 11 to 12, should there be no compulsory hindrance, 29 pieces may be seen most admirably painted and wonderfully finished by the skilled and renowned Mr. Gerard Dou, . . . praying . . . if any one finds pleasure in the art displayed, he will be pleased to speak of it to the owner." What a delightfully unstrenuous life this connotes! Fancy a city life in which "gentlemen and amateurs" are free to drop in from eleven to twelve to look at pictures! In the catalogue of this exhibition is allusion to the Dresden picture with its cover, — the wine cellar already described, — where it is called "a double piece, on the outside a curtain, a clock, and a candlestick, within, a candle-light scene being a cellar." It was chiefly through this allusion, together with the pedigree of the pictures, that the Dresden authorities finally recognized the relation between the two panels.

Other specimens of candle-light effects, this time not confined to cellars and kitchens, are No. 1706, a Girl Gathering Grapes, and No. 1712, a Girl Watering Flowers Outside a Window. A further testimony to Dou's lack of thought or effort to produce verisimilitude, is to be noticed in the way in

which he makes his people look off away from the task in hand, reducing the attitude to a pose, instead of an employment. There is none of the concentration of Vermeer of Delft's little green lady reading her letter! Dou's models are self-conscious and not natural. There is a good deal of sameness in these smirking people at windows; aside from the marvellous technique and atmosphere, the pictures by Dou and Mieris are not such as to induce deep study. There is some question as to the genuineness of the Hermit Reading.

Three of the studies of old women in Dresden are portraits of Rembrandt's mother. Rembrandt's parents both seem to have been very accommodating in sitting as models for him and his pupils. In one of these, the mother is seen with her spectacles on, reading a paper, — the colour scheme runs from brown to dark red and violet. In another, she holds an open book, but, like most of Dou's models, she is looking up — she is not reading. The third study shows her also with a book, while a wallet and a drinking-glass lie on the table by her. The tones in this are cooler — soft blue and green predominate.

Little is known of Gerard Dou's death. As is often the case, the chief information comes from the burial register. On February the ninth, 1675, there is this concise entry: "Mr. Gerrit Dou, painter."

That is all that is known of the end of this brilliant career.

Gerard Dou had a fanciful way of signing his name on prominent bits of his pictures: the Old Schoolmaster is signed on the desk; the portrait of himself is signed on the table; the Doctor, who is looking into the laughing face of the girl before him, aiding his vision by means of a candle, is signed on the chair. In the Girl Gathering Grapes, the signature appears on a bit of paper on the sill of the window. In the Wine Cellar it appears on the cask.

We come now to a consideration of the jovial Jan Steen. The facts of his life are clouded in mystery, with the exception of a few dates, and certain testimony to be found in his works regarding his tastes and ideals. He was a member of a very respectable and worthy family. The fact that he is entered on the records of the Leyden University as a student twenty years of age proves that he must have been born in 1626. He was undoubtedly not very successful financially, although one of the cleverest of the genre painters of the seventeenth century.

The English were the first to appreciate Jan Steen. The Duke of Wellington particularly admired his works, and the artist Leslie considered him the greatest genius of the Dutch painters of

familiar life. Here is an evidence of the British love for a story in a picture.

Jan Steen was rather a convivial fellow, not prudent in money matters, for he sometimes had to pay his wine merchant in pictures! His talents were very varied, and his interests keen and diverse. He was at home in all sorts of subjects, from the tavern brawl to the drawing-room, and from the evil passions of men to the joyous gaiety of little children at play.

While he was young, he was in the studio of Van Goyen, whose daughter he married. Van Ostade also married a daughter of Van Goyen, so that these two painters came into brotherly relations, and were probably congenial. Steen was a Roman Catholic, but there is no evidence that he was a devout one. His religious pictures are singularly feeble.

One of the few dates by which we can judge of Steen's whereabouts is that of 1661, when he was thirty-five years old, and was living in Haarlem with his wife and children. In 1670 an apothecary made a raid on several of his pictures in payment of a bill for drugs supplied during his wife's last illness, she having died in 1669. He married again in three or four years.

It has been said that Steen was on friendly terms with the devil even while painting his cloven foot! Probably much of his reputation as a drunkard is



JAN STEEN. - THE MARRIAGE FEAST AT CANA

based on the simple historic fact that, being hard up, and having a house left to him as a legacy, he decided to use this property by opening a tavern; after all, a very thrifty way of turning over his investment, for art was not a high-paid commodity in those days. Naturally, as a proprietor of a public house, Jan Steen was frequently seen there, and undoubtedly made himself as popular as possible with the guests: hence all the reports of undue conviviality. It is not likely, however, that the man to whom the tavern meant bread and butter allowed himself to become a sot. Also, the internal evidence of his five hundred carefully finished and well-conceived pictures goes to prove that his head must have been steady most of the time.

Unfortunately we have in Dresden no specimen of his really characteristic work. The two chief pictures are religious in name, — certainly in nothing else! and this was the branch in which he was least at ease. The Marriage at Cana is an absurd contemporary Dutch revel. A fat purveyor offers wine to a dandified fiddler, while a lazy peasant woman in disordered attire sits in the foreground leaning on a cask, holding a cup of wine to the lips of a little boy. This child is, however, very charming, and gives some idea of Steen's sympathetic rendering of youthful forms. Far off in the background is seen the supper-table, while an extremely

conventional figure of Our Lord with one hand pointing upward and the other downward, appears on another flight of steps. The only cause for congratulation in this composition is that the artist evidently had the sense to recognize his own limitations, and did not attempt to make the sacred figure prominent. It is simple genre. The Mother and Child, No. 1726, in the seventeenth cabinet, is attractive, stiff, and quaint. The Expulsion of Hagar, however, on the same wall, is a most unfortunate interpretation of the Scripture story. The blubbering, short, stumpy, blonde Hagar, with a bare foot larger than her head, stands on the door-step, holding her Dutch apron to her eyes, while Abraham, with a consolatory pat on her shoulder, waves his hand toward the door of his dwelling. Inside this door Sarah is seen, unnecessarily hag-like, huddled over like an infirm octogenarian, and the whole arrangement is so in the seventeenth-century style, — so casual, — that one seems to hear Abraham saying in a soothing voice, "You see how I am placed, my dear!" Ishmael, a pretty boy, glancing out of the corners of his roguish eyes at the spectator, is kneeling in the foreground, stringing a bow. In the background is a Dutch barn-yard enclosed by high walls. A dog in the foreground, carefully painted, as if the artist thoroughly enjoyed it, is

busily engaged in attacking fleas. No more ridiculous anticlimax could be planned.

Wilkie has stated that "ugliness is stimulating, and sometimes serves to bring out beauties in juxtaposition." This must be the subtle spell which attracts us in the tavern scenes of Brouwer, Steen, Ostade, and others. When Tacitus wrote his famous treatise on Germany in the first century, he made mention of traits which even now might illustrate certain tendencies in that nation, and certainly apply to the pictures which we have to study. He says the Germans are "impatient of toil and labour, and least of all capable of sustaining thirst!" In these tavern scenes we can quote Tacitus with considerable relish.

Adriaen van Ostade, who has been called "Rembrandt in Little," was himself an amiable and quietly disposed citizen with a curious taste for portraying scenes of hideous brute drunkenness and revel. If he had had more soul in the selection of his subjects, and in their treatment, he would have been a great painter. As a craftsman he was most finished. He was born in Haarlem in 1610, his father being a tradesman, and he was sent to study with Frans Hals, in whose studio he became the friend and champion of poor little Brouwer, who was so badly treated by the master. Ostade was a member of the Guild of St. Luke; he married a

daughter of Jan Van Goyen, a sister of the girl who married Jan Steen. He was an artist by profession and every association. He turned his attention to rather unimportant subjects for reproduction. He went in early life to Amsterdam, where he painted stable and field scenes, anticipating somewhat the sentiment of the English George Morland.

He produced three or four hundred pieces in oil, and also worked in water-colour. While his pictures are all cleverly done, it would be hard to point to any one and say, "that is a masterpiece." Wedmore uses a happy expression in characterizing Van Ostade. He claims that he was "alive to the picturesqueness of litter." This is particularly manifest in his *Artist in his Studio*, No. 1397, in Dresden, painted in 1663. When one hears that the Dutch artists seemed morbid about dust, and that some of them even waited some minutes after entering the studio to let the dust subside before commencing work, we must remember what kind of a place a studio was, and it will seem only a proper precaution! Surely a man walking through Van Ostade's studio would have raised a perfect cloud of dust! Absolute untidiness reigns: even the brushes and paints, which in most studios do receive some attention, are simply dropped on the floor, or stuck into any old receptacle. A painter who is indifferent to every other law of order will usually



ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE. — THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO

see to it that his tools are in condition for work: it would seem that Van Ostade expected nothing but a space in which to throw things! There is a sheet suspended from the beams above, to protect the actual wet paint on his easel from the dust which probably fell when a rat galloped through the attic. Van Ostade himself is seen sketching from a lay figure, which is fixed in a running position, across the room. A conscientious little colour-grinder is busily at work in the next apartment. Rickety stairs are seen in the background, one flight going down, and another hardly more than a ladder leading up to the rafters. Skulls and antlers, jars and portfolios, chipped casts and rolls of vellum, abound all over the floor and walls. It is a typical den such as delights the soul of a man whose imagination is so active that it is capable of clothing a wooden model, and covering the floor with a green sward, while at any moment the newel-post becomes a fir-tree, or the ceiling is invested with thunder-clouds! Such a mind is little affected by the actual state of the physical surroundings.

In his *Habitué of a Village Inn* (No. 1396), Van Ostade resembles Teniers in general arrangement, the rough guests in the foreground being seated around a table, while the others are seen in the background. *The Two Peasants Regaling Themselves*, No. 1398, is a true study of gluttony.

The latest and most interesting of his pictures in Dresden is the well-filled composition, *Peasants at a Village Inn*, No. 1400. The merry rustics are assembled in gay mood, seated on benches and indulging in beer and other refreshments.

A pupil of Gerard Dou was Pieter Cornelisz van Slingelandt, a native of Leyden, born in 1640; pretty upper-class genre pictures by him are the *Young Lady with an Unmusical Dog* and the *Lady at a Harpsichord*. The first of these shows a laughing girl well clothed in the preposterous Dutch winter dress of velvet trimmed with fur, and then deliberately cut low in the neck! She holds in her arms a small spaniel, apparently filled with indignation against a young man who leans over the chair of the lady. This gentleman has evidently been playing the violin, which accounts for this violent protest on the part of the dog. Another objecting little dog is seen in the picture on the opposite wall, representing a lady sitting by a window, through which an old woman is handing her a fowl.

In Nicolas Maes one sees the antithesis of Paul Potter and Raphael, — one has to contemplate the man who ought to have died young, — the man who out-lived his success. Starting brilliantly, he fell in ignomy into a premature decadence after his withdrawal from the influence of Rembrandt. He was born in Dort in 1632, and in 1650 went to study

with Rembrandt, with whom he remained for ten years, doing excellent genre work. When Jordaens asked Nicolas Maes what line he followed in art, Maes replied, "I am but a portrait-painter." He had learned the necessary art of flattering his sitters, and evidently his ambition was to be a portrait artist, while in spite of it he has come down to posterity as a genre painter. How constantly men aspire to be regarded as proficient in some art for which they have not capital qualifications, dissatisfied with the work to which they are in reality better adapted! One cannot help recalling that wise little verse:

"As a rule a man's a fool,
When it's hot he wants it cool,
When it's cool he wants it hot,—
Always wants it as it's not!"

So, unwilling to figure as a genre painter, in which line he displayed great ability, Maes tried to confine himself to painting likenesses only. He went to Antwerp, where this degeneration gradually overtook him. He died, a great sufferer from gout, in 1693, at Amsterdam, where he had returned in 1673.

We have only a portrait by which to judge him in Dresden: there is a genre picture, No. 1643, in the thirteenth cabinet, which has been attributed to him, but not with certainty.

Gabriel Metsu and Gerard Ter Borch are to be seen in the sixteenth room. At first their works seem similar, but certain distinctive characteristics may be noted upon closer examination. For one thing Metsu is supreme in his comprehension of the expressive power of the hand. His hands are studied as special subjects, — look at those in the *Young Couple at Breakfast*. There is also, as a rule, more dignity in the work of Ter Borch. Ter Borch has made more study of facial expression, and is the more intellectual of the two. As we go from one to the other we shall see various little individual points to note.

Metsu loved red. In the *Young Couple at Breakfast*, the dashing red and black gown of the lady is charmingly contrasted with the blue and tan clothes of the man. There is hardly any reliable record of Metsu's life. Born probably in 1630, it is likely that he lived to be only a few years over thirty. The dates now generally conceded are 1630 - 1667. He was probably a pupil of Dou in Leyden; afterward, it is thought that he came under the influence of Rembrandt at Amsterdam. His parents were also both artistic, so that heredity and environment were both on the æsthetic side. A charming little panel, *A Lady with a Lace Pillow*, gives us again an opportunity to study these exquisite hands at work so deftly; the night piece, No. 1737, a *Smoker Sit-*

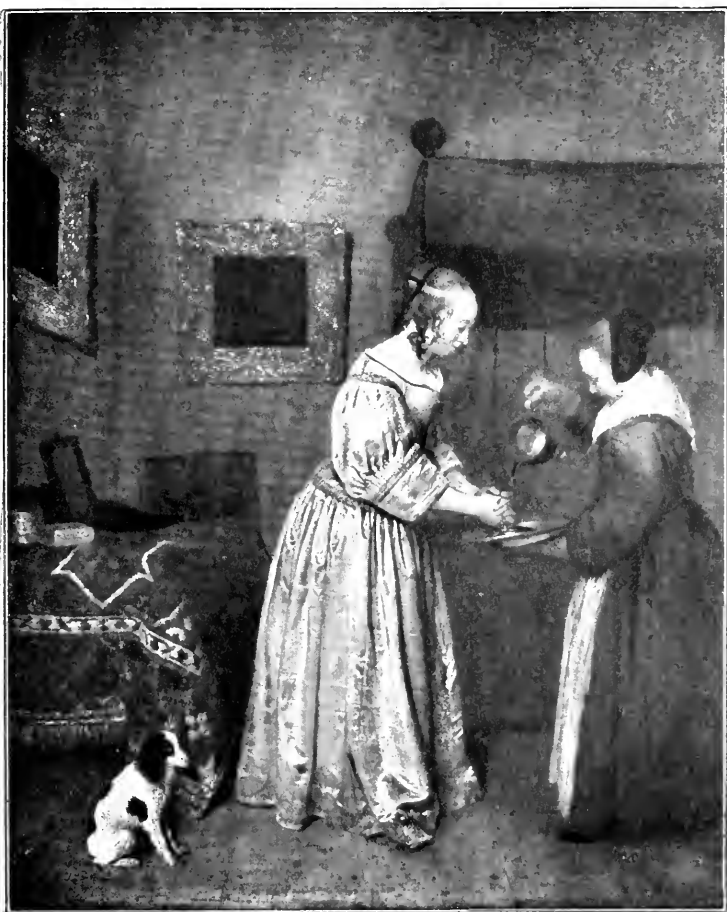
ting by the Fire, is a fine rendering of a dark room; it has the sense of depth, and suggests the possibility of penetrating farther into the gloom, which is not simply a dense shadow.

Gerard Ter Borch was a genuine pioneer among the Dutchmen. He was the first to recognize the superiority of expression over technique. And his technique is no sufferer through this knowledge: a certain breadth even on so small a scale is the immediate result, and comes with welcome relief after the feats of enamel finish which are so characteristic of most of his contemporaries. A painter of high life, with its reserve and good breeding conspicuous in all his little pictures, it is not at all the vain, vapid side of the aristocracy which he seizes upon, but the more serious, genuine, and usual little episodes into which his refined manner, and knowledge through personal experience (he having been an aristocrat himself), have given him unusual insight. His treatment of white satin is especially radiant, and he frequently introduces it. There is a certain figure of a woman clad in shimmering white satin which occurs in his pictures in Paris, in St. Petersburg, and in Dresden, — she stands with her back to the spectator, and is evidently always based upon the same study. In Dresden she is called "A Lady in her Room:" beyond her, in the shadow, is seen a bed with red curtains. There are

some very precious examples of Ter Borch in the sixteenth cabinet; notably two studies of soldiers, one an officer writing a letter, while his trumpeter waits to take and deliver it, the other, which might be a companion piece, shows a trumpeter, having delivered a letter, which is being read by an officer. There could not be a more satisfactory technique than that of Ter Borch in dealing with what one might call soldiers in private life, — that is, not in war subjects. When we come to consider his women, they certainly have very turned-up little noses; but it is not the stupid turn-up of the rustic nose, — it is rather a choice, disdainful little nose! In No. 1830, for instance, see how chic and smug the little lady is, as she firmly washes her hands under the stream from the silver ewer held by her maid. Perhaps this lady displays Ter Borch's very best satin gown of all, — surely nowhere has gathered satin been more skilfully portrayed. It is not often that one sees in art so well expressed the transitoriness of action as in these tightly clasped hands — one knows that there is movement, that the hands are closing on each other.

The Lady Playing a Lute, with her Cavalier, is charmingly attired in a blue jacket and a pink skirt; there is much colour in this lovely panel: the dull blue in the hangings above is a very good tone.

Gerard Ter Borch was born at Zwolle, in 1617.



GERARD TER BORCH. — A LADY WASHING HER HANDS

His father was a well-to-do man, who delighted in his son's early manifestations of talent.

He was an infant prodigy. His father was very proud of his early efforts, and kept his childish drawings filed and dated. His youth was passed in the picturesque place of his nativity, — Zwolle, but when it was time for him to study seriously, he was sent to Amsterdam. His father's interest in his son's career never flagged, and his letters to him contained good advice as well as practical assistance. One letter announces: "I send you the manikin, but without the block which should serve as its pedestal, for this is too large and heavy to put into the trunk. You can have one made, however, at slight cost:" then follows the admonition: "Do not let the manikin have too much repose, as you did here, but use it continually."

When King William III. visited Deventer, in 1672, he had his picture painted by Ter Borch; it is said that he scarcely gave the painter time to accomplish more than a sketch, but that it was so masterly and brilliant that an art lover of Amsterdam took it in exchange for a travelling-coach! One can readily understand how satisfactory Ter Borch's portraits must have been by looking at the treatment of the head, hat, and shoulders of the officer in No. 1833. As he sits there reading the letter, with a discreet symptom of a smile deepen-

ing the corners of his lips and the lights playing so illusively on the various textures of hair, felt, and cloth, he convinces us that the master who could deal in such subtleties would never be at a loss to catch an individual expression.

Ter Borch had the advantages of foreign travel, visiting France, Spain, and Italy. Thus he was able to possess the gift of culture to a rare degree among his contemporaries. He was also in England for a time. After his travels he settled down to good work and he became the favourite painter of the aristocracy. His home life was simple and perhaps lonely; he had no children, but when he died, in 1681, the whole town of Zwolle turned out to do honour at his burial there: he was laid in the family vault, with "G. T. B." as his only inscription.

The Herring Eater, No. 1755, is signed by Domenicus van Tol, who was a pupil of Dou. In the ninth cabinet there is another "window piece" by him of a woman winding yarn. The Herring Eater is seen in an arched window, with a suggestion of a kitchen interior beyond. His pipe and a circular tobacco-box lie on the sill by him.

A natural bit of human life is seen in the cook, who is bargaining with a Dutch fishwife, in the picture called *A Rotterdam Fishwife*. The critical attitude of the purchaser, who wishes the price re-

duced, and the confident manner of the seller, who prefers to maintain the high figure which she has evidently named, is well contrasted. There could hardly be a more typical little view than that in the background of the tall gabled houses on the still water.

The minute still-life painters, Rachel Ruysch and Jan van Huysum, are to be met in these rooms. Let us commend them to those who enjoy them, and who are ambitious to perpetuate such a school. It is certain that still life undoubtedly has its advocates. How often one sees an uncultured person stand in front of a splendid portrait, and, ignoring all else, exclaim, "Oh, how beautifully that *lace* is painted!" Doctor Channing told of an American who, looking at a picture of the Marriage of Cana, by a Spanish artist, remarked, "Well, he was a cute man who made that jar!"

Melchior d'Hondecoeter's Bird of Prey in a Poultry Yard is a good study, spirited and clever. There is some thought here: an appreciation, at least, of barn-yard life, if the term is not too dignified for the subject! The defiant cock and hen, ready to fight to the death with the base intruder, have almost the human traits of besieged citizens, while the tiny chicken, so safely guarded between its elders, makes just such a show of bravery as does a soldier's little son when he sees his father on

parade. The hawk has clawed a small chicken, and this act of vandalism is the immediate cause for the outcry. Hondecoeter is really the finest painter of game, dead or alive, who lived in that period: he is wonderfully true to nature, and a genuine artist in his line. His detail is sincere, and no man has ever painted feathers with less objectionable realism. Those who enjoy pictures of poultry will realize his superiority.

Cornelis Bega, in his *Dance in the Village Inn*, might have been an inspiration to Wilkie when he composed his famous *Blind Fiddler*. Bega was a pupil of Van Ostade, and his interpretation of rustic life is very pleasing and spirited.

Jan Lieven's *Bust of a Young Warrior in profile* is beautiful in line and in texture. It should not be overlooked in the seventeenth cabinet. Here also is an interesting picture, called *The Enticement*, in which a Trumpeter is seen trying to detain a young lady to breakfast. It is by Johannes Verkolje, a late seventeenth-century artist of Amsterdam, and the materials and textures in the picture are very rich. There is also a curious little picture by Hendrik Pot, of a gentleman in black, standing in a room. It is rather striking in its severe contrasts and singular lack of conventional balance. No. 1391 A is a cheerful *Musical Entertainment* by Jacob Duck, a pupil of Hals, who painted in Haar-

lem in the seventeenth century, dying in 1660. The composition is effective, and the lady with a viol at the left is bewitchingly pretty.

Jacob Ochtervelt, an artist of Rotterdam and Amsterdam, painted a brilliant picture here, No. 1811, representing a gentleman slicing a lemon into a glass for a lady who holds in her lap a little dog. A fascinating little girl is playing with the pet. The colour scheme of the picture is similar to that of Vermeer's *Soldier and Lass*, pale red, yellow, and white. The colours in this instance, however, are anything but flamelike. The Turkey rug adds a note of warm richness. The facial expressions are excellent. Sir Joshua Reynolds has advised our going to the Dutch school to learn art; but it is also a danger that we may learn the vices of art, for the lamp is used instead of the sun in their shadow effects.

CHAPTER XII.

MODERN GERMAN MASTERS

THE tendency of modern paintings to be showy and large, and often sensational, is due to the fact that, whereas in old days the Dutch masters painted little gems to be hung on the walls of private houses, modern Germans and Frenchmen have to paint with a public exhibition in view. If a picture is placed among hundreds of others in a huge gallery, it must be very striking in subject and in colour, and usually rather large, in order to attract attention. These modern conditions make it impracticable for artists to produce many small, tender pictures, — they are overlooked. The artist must compete with the other producers of his own day; as a rule he must dominate by some conspicuous, popular quality if he would succeed financially. This test may be unfair, but it is a real one, to which he feels that he must submit.

In 1879 there was a great exhibition of modern painting in Munich, and since that German art has shown much French influence, while still retaining

certain national characteristics. Modern art in Germany gives one at once a very positive impression, and that is, that it is a shade more modern than any other school! There is a whirl of advance, — of sometimes exotic outstretching, — but always new, original, and thoughtful. At the commencement of the nineteenth century, when French art was following and developing and amplifying traditions, German art simply broke loose, threw off the yoke of tradition, and reached out for liberty. Like all very independent movements, such individualism sometimes fell into error, but it erred from over-vitality; and much can be forgiven when faults result from the mere over-exertion of a genuine power. In the twentieth century, — now, — German art is among the most interesting æsthetic expressions of the nations. When I say interesting I do not mean the most finished, or successful, or satisfying; but it is full of mental and psychic expression, and, as a human face, when endowed with these two attributes, will often outshine a more faultless anatomical physiognomy, so in art, these qualities lend a certain resilience and charm to pictures which, on a technical basis, we should have to admit as inferior. Looking about among the modern masters in the Dresden gallery, we shall understand this.

In trying to overthrow the yoke of tradition, the nineteenth-century Germans met with several impor-

tant losses. First, they lost the sense of colour. Through a phase of absolute draughtsmanship, they relinquished, probably unconsciously, their feeling which had been growing for centuries, of both colour and atmosphere. These two qualities eliminated, it is not remarkable if their pictures were hard, and coldly tinted. Two chief charms of art were temporarily lost. Thus it may almost be said, although it seems a paradox, that modern German art began with a decadence.

Soon a striving after the classic spirit appeared; instead of being simply copyists of the Greek types, certain Germans seemed to have been positive re-incarnations; the spirit which inspired the Greeks displayed itself in strictly novel forms; elemental thoughts began to be expressed, and elemental emotions to be felt. This is the only way to revive Greek art. There is no use in trying to design a better Laocoön or Niobe; the aim should be, with all appliances and powers of later times, to find out what sort of æsthetic spirit produced these master-pieces, and enter into that spirit fully.

Soon artists began to attempt historical accuracy. Study of the past was not only study of story, but also of conditions and costume and accessories. They were no longer placidly happy in a Marriage at Cana taking place in a Venetian Palace, or in a Holy Family enthroned in a Dutch mansion with

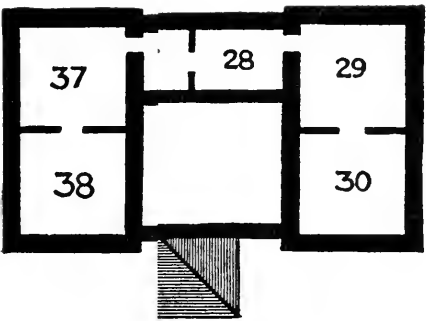
a view of the canal and a church out of the window! Realism in a new sense developed. The Classicists in France had recognized and applied these principles, and in Germany the impulse toward verisimilitude began to be felt. The idea of representing scenes as they actually occurred caused a greater interest than ever in history, and less in every-day life of the present, until a still later reaction came, in favour of an even more accurate realism, which dealt with contemporary life.

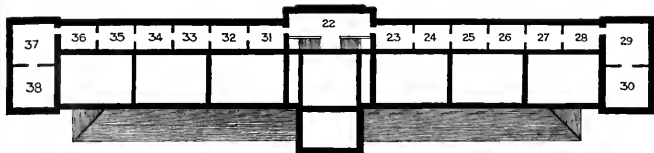
During the turbulent period between 1813 and 1815 much material was furnished by the national history, full of stirring scenes, and lending itself to the dramatic spirit of the painters. Genre and contemporary life, however, had played so large a part in the art of the eighteenth century, that it is not to be wondered at if for a time it was cast aside.

The earliest cult of this newly awakened antiquarian spirit had its centre in the Dresden Gallery, where its disciples, August William and Friedrich Schlegel, took possession and held sessions nearly every day, with Schelling and Gries, writing and lecturing, and propounding their convictions. They were practically the German Pre-Raphaelites. Their literary organ, a publication entitled *Europe*, set forth the principles of this new school, which was so strangely based on the old. Schlegel wrote much upon the subject. "An evil genius has alienated

artists from the circle of ideas and the subjects of the old painters," he claimed; and he advised an effort at antique expression. He wished the painter to "select the style of the old German school as a pattern." This was the swinging of the pendulum from genre and commonplace subjects to the extreme of religious and imaginative subjects. It had its impetus, but it had to swing back again later! This is in accordance with the course of the constant vibrations of artistic impulses in history.

Early in the nineteenth century an enthusiastic set of young artists went to Rome to study Christian art, just as, in France, there had grown up a body of painters who studied classic Rome. These men were known as the Nazarenes. Overbeck, Cornelius, Pforr, Schadow, Veit, and Julius Schnorr, together with Steinle and Furich, formed a colony almost like a monastic settlement. They lived for art alone. They marketed and cooked for each other in turn, living the true simple life, with plain, nourishing food, their minds set on higher things, and discussing matters only relating to the fine arts. They were devoted to mediæval art; they shunned the Renaissance, and wandered about by twilight, communing upon æsthetics, in a manner extremely hazardous in that climate. In the evenings they took turns in posing in a Venetian mantle which





PLAN OF THE SECOND FLOOR

22-38 Masters of the XIX. Century. (Chiefly German.)

belonged to one of them, and thus got practice in drawing draperies.

The Nazarenes (a name bestowed upon them by their Classicist antagonists and intended to be opprobrious) gave up the use of the model, lest it should tempt them to swerve from the ideal. To avoid naturalism, of which they had a horror, they painted as far as possible by imagination. Beauty, as they interpreted it, must be different from anything that actually existed. The school was short-lived.

There is a distinction between artists who are painters for the sake of colour and form and those who use their art as a medium for telling a story. These latter men are practically illustrators. They occupy a desirable place in the world, but may accomplish their aims without being really great painters, while some of the most brilliant artists are not narrators.

Before going with any system through the rooms on the upper floor of the Dresden gallery, where the modern paintings are hung, let us look first into No. 31, and then in No. 23 (they are just at our right and left as we arrive at the top of the stairs), and notice the pictures by the early Nazarenes; all we have of the work of this body of men, by Cornelius and Julius Schnorr. These men, with their intensely mediæval tastes and convictions, while

lacking in all that makes art live through changes of time and space, are represented very inadequately here.

Peter von Cornelius was born in Düsseldorf in 1783, and spent his first years as a pupil at the old academy there. Of his idealistic Roman work we have no opportunity of judging, for he is seen here only in portraiture: his likeness of Godfried Malss, painted in Frankfort about 1810. Cornelius was one of the leaders of the Nazarenes. When they were entrusted with a really important work of fresco-painting in the Villa Massina and Casa Bartholdi, Cornelius was one of the chief performers. When the frescoes were unveiled in 1819, the German artists had a brilliant festival in Rome, which is said to have been strictly mediæval in its costuming and setting. The Crown Prince Ludwig was present, and it was a gala occasion. Prince Ludwig was delighted with Cornelius. "There has been no such painter," he enunciated, "since the Cinquecento." He employed him to paint largely in Munich, believing that German art had at last arrived at its true expression. This work was simply a revival of Italian decadence. He was an extreme eclectic, but all the qualities which he borrowed were carried to excess. He was more rampant than Michelangelo; he was more sweet than Raphael. There was no message for posterity in

art like this: it was not for the good of his followers that he was Principal of an Academy. King Ludwig, however, regarded him in the light of a great discovery. "Cornelius was born to be the head of a school of painting," affirmed this monarch. Cornelius was Director of the Academy of Düsseldorf and Munich, going finally to Berlin, where he died in 1867. He developed the national subjects, illustrating the Rhine legends and Faust, proving himself a true disciple of the spirit of Albrecht Dürer. Many of his frescoes are to be seen in the Loggia of the Munich art gallery. He became professor here in 1825.

The personal appearance of Cornelius is thus described by a pupil upon first meeting him. "He is quite a little man, in a blue shirt and a red belt. He looks very stern and distinguished, and his black gleaming eyes impress you!" This pupil had come across the master at work in a public building. He was up on a scaffolding, but "descended from his throne, changed his blue smock for an elegant frock coat, drank a glass of water with an easy manner, and made my flesh thrill with a short explanation of what had been painted and what was still to be done, tucked a few writing-books under his arm, and went upon his business to the Academy."

Cornelius despised accurate knowledge. His doctrine was to study Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, and

the Bible; "the brush," he would say, "has become the ruin of our art. It has led from nature to mannerism." By way of adhering to nature, Cornelius was guilty of painting a Greek hero with six fingers in one of his frescoes. When this was pointed out his only answer was: "And if I had given him seven, how would it affect the general idea?"

A criticism on the unpractical side of the life of these men in Rome appears in a letter from Niebuhr in 1816: he said: "Cornelius has a wife and two children. He is very poor, because he labours for conscience and his own satisfaction, and purchasers for works of such high standard are not to be found." Niebuhr proved himself a kind friend to the struggling artists. Bunsen tells that "Cornelius and Platner, each with his wife and each pair having two infant daughters, were lodged in a house . . . which had been hired by Niebuhr for them for the summer months." While Niebuhr was in a Diplomatic position in Rome, he was so fortunate as to discover some valuable manuscripts in the Vatican: he wrote to an influential English lady: "I should like to sell them in England for a good price, by way of earning some money for our young artists. Among these there are some really excellent young men who are languishing for means of cultivating their talents, and are hard put to it for their daily bread. I should like to get enough

money to set a few of them to paint a fresco in the Library."

Mr. Beavington Atkinson gives an amusing description of the German artists in Rome; he says: "On successive visits to Rome I have always found the Germans in sufficient force to assume a distinctive Nationality . . . the Café Greco has been their resort, a place renowned for coffee, tobacco, noise, and dirt. The . . . Germans enter as a boisterous crew, accompanied occasionally by a rough dog . . . they are bearded, sturdy fellows . . . the German guttural and the American brogue break into a republic of discord, glorying in the biggest of words and the thickest of smoke. . . . German artists in Rome are gregarious, and somewhat Bohemian; they congregate promiscuously, they talk freely of what they are painting, without fear of plagiarism . . . they meet as 'hail fellows well met:' they are kindly in heart, in the hour of weal they show themselves joyous, in woe they lend to a brother a helping hand."

Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld was born in Leipzig in 1794. He worked in Rome, too, as has been stated, and his picture, the Family of St. John the Baptist Visiting the Holy Family in a Rose Garden, shows how much Italian influence had to do with the art of these Germans, who, in spite of it, retain the national sentiment, too. After his work at the

Villa Massina in Rome, he executed the decorations in the halls of the Palace in Munich, with the Nibelungen stories: after which he went to Dresden, where he was Director of the Gallery. He died there in 1846. When Schnorr made his famous set of Biblical illustrations, the painters of Dresden turned out to show their appreciation of his achievement: they gave him a magnificent celebration in 1862. He was presented on this occasion, which was a regular Jubilee, with a very beautiful Bible, a splendid writing-table, and a handsome drinking-cup; while the Municipality so far recognized his importance as to make him a Doctor of Divinity, and to give him the Freedom of the City. The portrait of Schnorr, by Leonhard Gey, No. 2279 A, may be seen here. Gey was a pupil of Schnorr, afterward professor at Dresden.

Then followed Rethel and Schwind, the commercial Schwind, whose reply to a compliment has gone on record: an admirer congratulated him upon being the creator of an original German romantic ideal, and Schwind replied, "My dear sir, to me there are only two kinds of pictures, those sold and those unsold. To me the sold are always the best. Those are my entire æsthetics!" No one ever so maligned himself as Schwind on this occasion! It is to be regretted that there is no opportunity in the Dresden gallery to study some of his exquisite

elfin creations, his subtle interpretations of Nature with little woodland creatures interjected as if quite by accident; tiny nymphs which seem parts of the foliate formations, and little sprites full of the spirit of the old legends of the Rhine and the Black Forest. He is a forerunner of the delights of Böcklin, with whom we shall make acquaintance later.

Anselm Feuerbach's *Virgin and Child with Musical Instruments* shows the Renaissance of colour in the early nineteenth-century school of Germany. Feuerbach was one of the first Germans who recognized the importance of going to France again in order to try and resuscitate the colour sentiment in art, which had so considerably died out. His work has been characterized as "Parisian design struggling with Venetian grandeur," and one can see what is meant by this criticism. He was born at Speier in 1827, and studied at Düsseldorf and Antwerp, becoming later a professor in the Vienna Academy. Feuerbach was a many-sided character: he was diffuse, and therefore lacked concentration. He was of a sensitive, almost feminine, nature, with a soul full of music, capable of interpreting his model, as it were, so that from a common modern figure he could evolve Classic or Mediæval grace and feeling.

Like all artists with genius, he was misunderstood by the mundane people about him. He had the faith

bred of certainty that his own work would some day meet with appreciation, but that is not a very comforting conviction while one's contemporaries are laughing! He used to say: "After fifty years my pictures will possess tongues, and they will tell the world what I was and what I meant." Perhaps this lack of recognition was the reason for the pensive note which pervades his work. Even his Greeks are not glad. Tender and mournful faces, and attitudes suggestive of dejection, are seen in most of his compositions. His very colour, which, in his early days, was cheerful and free, grew sombre, as his life drew to a close. His psychological history may be read through his pictures. Saddened, struggling against fate, he went unappreciated to his grave. He died in a hotel in Venice quite alone.

The bust of a Jew with a black beard, No. 2225, is by Julius Hübner, an artist without great force in producing pictures, but an excellent critic and professor. He was a pupil at Düsseldorf, and then, after being a professor, became director of the Dresden Gallery, and was the author of its catalogue from 1856 to 1884. Hübner was also a Ph. D., and a learned man. The "Golden Age" is also by his hand. Dresden has always had a charming habit of showing its appreciation for her artists. When Hübner's golden wedding arrived, his pupils and friends met to celebrate the

occasion, and surrounded him, eager to testify to their devotion with gifts and congratulations.

Ludwig Richter, a beloved artist, popular, restful, refined, was born in Dresden in 1803. His position in art is rather an enviable one: the innocent, glad, and childlike qualities make a genuine appeal. Listen to his words in a letter, — how calm and peaceful his ways would appear! “I am certainly living here (in Dresden), in a rather circumscribed fashion, but in a very cheerful position outside the town, and I am writing you this letter — it is Sunday afternoon — in a shady arbour, with a long row of blooming rose-bushes before me. Now and then they are ruffled by a pleasant breeze, which is also the cause of the big blot being on this sheet, as it blew the page over.” What a flavour! Which of us does not recall some sweet June day in a walled garden or shady park, when we have sat down to write, and observed this same phenomenon of the breeze turning the page! It comes as an invitation to idleness, to quiet contemplation, filled with nothing but peaceful sights and humming sounds, while the scent of the roses will come back if one only closes one’s eyes! Whoever has missed this sensation — this languid thrill of summer — has not yet lived all sides of life.

Richter’s grandfather was a copper-plate engraver, and the boy was much with him. The

sweetness which often results from a child's passing his life among the aged is evident in Richter's sentiment. His art, as he himself understood it, "never entered among the lilies and roses on the summit of Parnassus," but "travellers who rested by the wayside were glad of it." On his eightieth birthday, the old painter thus summed up his own thoughts. One feels through his art and his personality the delightful note of "cosiness" and tender friendship. A great American once passing a bill-poster which advertised "A Fair for the Benefit of Incurable Children," exclaimed, "I ought to benefit by that! *I'm* an incurable child!" In the same sense this might be said of Ludwig Richter. He was an incurable child! The spring of perpetual youth welled up in his heart to bless him. Health and contentment are the messages which he has spoken to those who have come after him. Dresden was his home, and he lived there until his death in 1884.

His early training under the copper-plate engraver is evident in his minute finish and delicate lines. His *Ferry Across the Elbe near Aussig* is certainly a poetic conception: it may be almost denominated as a poetic license! It displays a boat full of romantic and languishing peasants; one plays the harp, one stands in contemplation of the rugged castle which rises from the shore, lean-

ing his hands on the top of his staff, and one foot on the gunwale of the boat; a dejected young man sits on the front seat, looking into the water, while behind him a proposal of marriage is apparently taking place between two young people, who are quite oblivious of the little girl standing directly behind them, and watching them curiously. A little cloying is the romance in this boat-load.

But in the Bridal Procession in a Spring Landscape, the redundant sentimentality disappears. It is as fresh and virginal as the dear little bride who leans so coyly on the arm of her boy husband, as they come into the clearing through the woods. The innocent, happy expression of these two pretty little beings is positively wholesome, and the whole picture seems to twitter with the tenderness of spring and youth. The mother and father follow the bride and groom, the father jocund and proud, the mother happy and resigned. The thoroughly German flavour of this picture is one of its chief charms. The graceful children with wreaths on long sticks, the distant goatherd cheering the procession as it emerges from the thicket, and the two white doves circling in the air, near a clearing through which the little mountain chapel is visible, — all this is as redolent of the Fatherland, as are the fir-trees and the little woodland flowers. No Pre-Raphaelite ever painted more exquisitely de-

tailed foliage. In technical perfection it is positively a *tour de force*, and should be examined closely and lovingly; it exhales a certain spirit which is all its own and Richter's.

Gustav Kuntz's Greeting from the Outside World — a nun in her cell, leaning on the window-sill, her cheek resting against her hands — tells the story of unsatisfied longing, as the young and beautiful face turns itself to look out on the beauties of the world.

Robert Kummer's Sunset on the Coast of Scotland looks more like an eclipse, the sun being a mere spot in the distance, while an undue amount of darkness has settled around. Kummer was a Dresden Academy professor, living from 1810 to 1889.

Jacob's Land of Promise, by Carl Peschel, is a view of the desert, which is finely done: the angels spoil the composition. Eliminate them, and the study would be excellent.

Friedrich Preller's fantastic picture here represents a centaur carrying off a nymph. Preller was one of the ideal landscape artists of the first half of the nineteenth century. In the twenty-fifth room will be seen another of his pictures, a Norwegian Coast Scene. Preller was fond of portraying landscape with mythological figures, being a true lover of things classical.

A pretty bit of genre is Ritscher's Visit to the

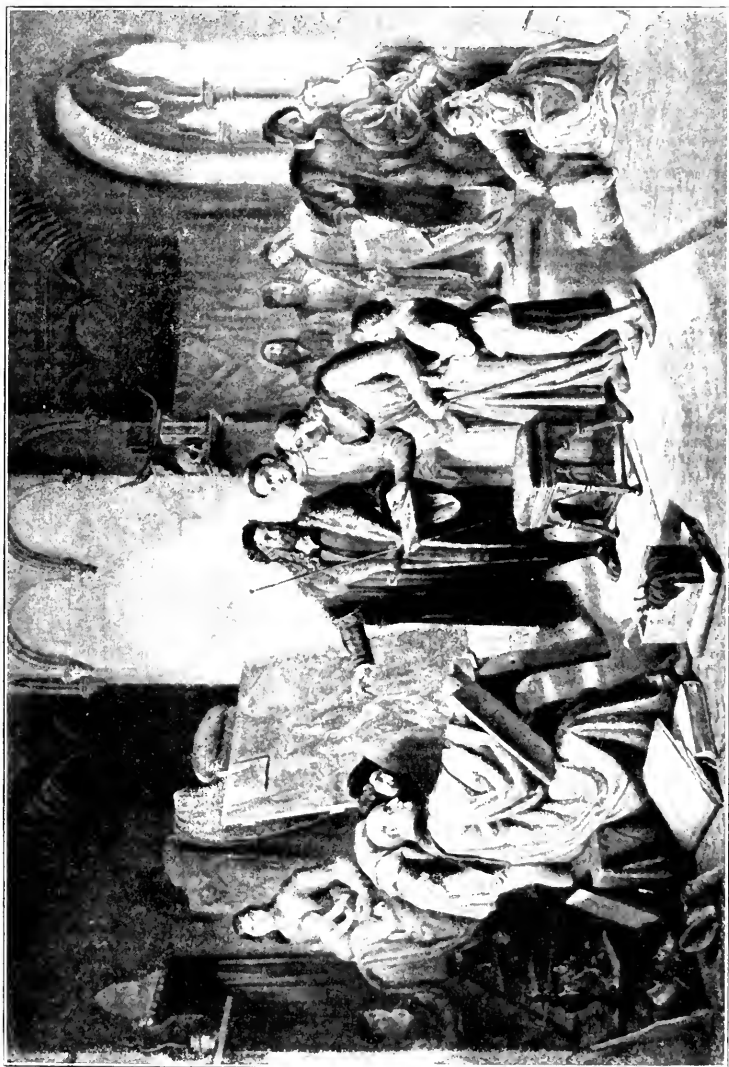
Nurse. The little befrilled child is taken to the home of her foster-mother, and is trying to make up her mind to shake hands with the bluff young peasant woman, whose lap is filled with carrots and turnips. The nurse's own child, the little maiden's foster-brother, sits on the floor, with his bare feet out ahead of him, playing with a toy horse.

Rudolf Jordan is characteristically represented by his picture in the twenty-fourth room; he and his contemporary, Ritter, devoted themselves largely to the study of North German fisher life. He is one of the painters who grew up with Lessing, and more or less under his influence. He was born in 1810 at Berlin; he studied in the Düsseldorf Academy, afterward becoming a professor. He died there in 1887.

There is some charm about the pictures of Dresden by Carl von Leypold, who was born in this city in 1806, and lived there, being honorary member of the Academy, until his death in 1874. The view of the old Mercury Bastion from the Marienstrasse is a very good picture, well painted and with much local interest.

Interesting especially for all that its subject connotes, is the picture by Theobald von Oër, entitled Giovanni Bellini's Visit to the Studio of Albrecht Dürer in Venice. Oër was a Westphalian, but a pupil of both Düsseldorf and Dresden. He died in

1885. The venerable Venetian paying his compliments to the young Northern painter is a significant moment for an artist's selection, and Oër has treated it with some appreciation. Albrecht Dürer, living in Venice, wrote to his beloved friend, Pirkheimer, in Nuremberg: "My French mantle and my Italian coat greet you, both of them. I wish you were in Venice. There are many fine fellows here among the painters, who get more and more friendly with me: it holds one's heart up. Well brought-up folks, good lute-players, skilled pipers, and many noble and excellent people are in the company. On the other hand, there are the falsest, most lying, thievish villains in the whole world, I believe, appearing to the unwary the pleasantest possible fellows. I laugh to myself when they try it with me!" Dürer was canny; he knew the world, with his steady, cool Northern temperament, among the warm-blooded sons of the Lagoons. "They say my art is not on the antique," he continues, "and therefore not good. But Giovanni Bellini, who has praised me much before many gentlemen, wishes to have something from my hand. He has come himself and asked me, and he will pay me handsomely for it. I understand he is a pious man. He is very old indeed, and yet among the best amongst them." The picture shows the well-known figure of Albrecht Dürer with his



THEOBALD VON OER.—GIOVANNI BELLINI'S VISIT TO THE STUDIO OF ALBRECHT DÜRER

long hair, standing before his easel, on which is seen his Madonna of the Rose Garlands, which is now in Vienna. The aged Bellini's tall but bent figure is to be seen, and he shows a deep interest in the progress of his young neighbour's work.

Delightful in drawing and crisp in touch is Moritz Müller's Child Reading. The intent little face and the eyes so accurately focussed on the page make it a picture to be noticed. Observe, too, how charmingly the hair is rendered. The differentiation of the textures is quite remarkable.

A pretty study by Paul Kiessling is the head of Mignon; it is more appropriate for the decoration of a handkerchief-box than for any other purpose, still, it is a face with a certain sweet appeal, and should not be overlooked as one passes through the twenty-fifth room.

Human nature in a monastery is exploited in the picture by Grützner, a Munich Academy professor, who has frequently turned his wit upon the infinite possibilities of the ascetic life. In this case, the humour lies in the expression of the older monk, who sees that two younger ones have discovered an entertaining book in the library. Probably he himself is familiar with the volume!

A Coast Scene by Andreas Achenbach may be observed in this room, while in the next, No. 26, there is a moonlight effect of a fishing village. One

must not forget, simply because his pictures are not now in the same school as those of younger painters, that in his prime he was quite a pioneer. He appears now a little intentionally pictorial, yet his work is quite realistic. The worst thing one can accuse him of is not being quite "up to date," and time may show — it has before — that this is a forgivable shortcoming. Andreas Achenbach, born in Cassel in 1815, can hardly be claimed as a twentieth-century painter, although living when the century opened; of the nineteenth century he has seen all phases, and his art has held its own in the line which he selected. He had interest in pageantry; he was the chief mover in a fête given by the Paint-box Club to the Emperor and Empress. It is said that when the fairy boat which he had constructed came upon the scene, the Emperor shed tears. "I have seen many festas," he exclaimed, "but this surpasses all." Achenbach arranged the drop-curtain which fell occasionally during the performance: it was a study of clouds, and was said to be most effective. The "Kaiserfest" was witnessed by two thousand five hundred persons.

Carl Spitzweg was an original painter of genre subjects. He was born in Munich in 1808, and was almost self-taught. This fact no doubt helped his work to have the individual quality which distinguishes it. The picturesque Road to Church

near Dachau is his. The homely rustic expression of his pictures may be seen here, although there is none of the imaginative "hobgoblinry" in which he also frequently indulges. Sometimes he is almost as fantastic as Böcklin, but his dreams have less virility, and his monsters are more conventional and less unexpected in their anatomical freaks. Spitzweg was an apothecary for some time; not until he was thirty years of age did he feel the call of the æsthetic side of his nature to be irresistible. When he finally devoted himself to painting, he remained in an attic room for a studio, with no luxurious appointments, in the old part of Munich, taking his subjects from the life about him, when he did not revel in the creations of his typically Teuton fancy. He was keenly sensitive to colour effects; his work is always harmonious in this respect. Often his pictures gleam in positively daring flashes of red and green. Spitzweg, as a part of his education, visited Italy, Holland, and England. He died in Munich in 1885.

A good study of sheep is the picture by Otto Gebler, *One of the Seven Sleepers*, which shows a flock of sheep in a barn, having suddenly come upon a little tired shepherd lad asleep in a rude bed, upon which also the dog is curled up keeping watch. The inquiring attitude of a black sheep in the foreground is excellent.

Benjamin Vautier, who is classed with Knaus, and who also superficially resembles Defregger in his choice of subjects, is characteristic in his picture, *A Pause in a Dance at an Alsatian Wedding*. The colouring is a secondary consideration with him; his pictures are drawings which are coloured, rather than schemes of chromatic harmony. He is informal and straightforward in his rendering of genre life, rather more so than Knaus.

The famous Ludwig Knaus, who was born in Wiesbaden in 1829, and who still paints in Berlin, where he is head of a studio, painted the amusing *Life of a Rope Dancer behind the Scenes*, which is in the twenty-sixth room. Perhaps no modern artist is more widely known to-day, through his charming *Holy Family*, or his dear little chubby child upon whom the geese are making so uncere- monious an attack, or his rural scenes; his works are familiar in home and school, and he is not only popular but really beloved by many of his admirers. It is easy to see what an impression he made even as early as 1855, when Edmund About wrote of him in such a sympathetic strain: "I do not know whether Herr Knaus has long nails; but even if they were as long as those of Mephistoph- eles, I should still say that he was an artist to his fingers' ends! His pictures please the Sunday pub- lic, and the Friday public, the critics, the bourgeois,

and — God, forgive me! the painters. . . . The most incompetent eyes are attracted by his pictures because they tell pleasant anecdotes; but they likewise fascinate the most jaded by perfect execution of detail.”

In the work of Knaus the popular appeal is strong: much is sacrificed, as a recent critic has remarked, “to sentiment and familiar realism.” Still, the work is good, and the subjects sympathetic, with power of selection which proclaims an artist who knows the popular mind and also the intellectual demand. The picture by which we are to judge Knaus in Dresden is one of his most entertaining. It is a view behind the scenes in a travelling show. By the tattered hangings, and near the sordid clothes-line and little stove, which constitute the housekeeping outfit of this family of strolling acrobats, the father of the family, in the dress of a clown, but with an expression truly pathetic on his weary face, is seated, holding a baby, to whom he administers a nursing-bottle. Near him are two trained white poodles, and his two pretty little children, in fluttering circus robes, warming their hands at the glow of the stove. At the right his wife, a good-looking young woman with handsome limbs, in pink tights, protruding in a startling way from beneath the striped shawl in which she is wrapped, sits involved in a flirtation

with a showily dressed dandy. The articles of the wardrobe strung upon the clothes-line interfere with her husband's vision of this episode. The grim humour and pathetic disorder of this scene are wholly natural, and the hazards and trials of a Bohemian existence are epitomized with a good deal of power.

The picture by Claus Meyer, called *Three Cats and Three Kittens*, is excellent. Again one feels the Dutch influence, and this time it is De Hooch and Vermeer of Delft who live again! The women in this picture are in old German costumes, and the composition is charming and effective. Claus Meyer painted chiefly in Munich, though Hanover was his native place.

Diez's study of wounded soldiers and a marching army is dramatic and interesting. Diez is quite Dutch in his feeling, and one sees influences of all the great leaders of the Netherlands in his touch. Dürer and Rembrandt, Teniers and Brouwer, all are reincarnated and modernized in his work. He was by birth a native of Bayreuth, and became professor in the Academy of Munich.

The beautiful transparent colour should be noticed in the picture by Josef Weiser, the interesting *Last Refuge*, a scene during the defence of a monastery against invaders.

Fritz August Kaulbach is chiefly a "costume



LUDWIG KNAUS. — BEHIND THE SCENES

painter," who renders charming effects in semi-historic style. His *May Day* shows a family party of the seventeenth century, and is very attractive in its way. The general atmosphere is that of a Watteau, — graceful, dainty, and decorative. He is somewhat eclectic, instead of being strictly original, but the results are very satisfactory. He culls, but he culls with remarkable success, from the best works of all times; and his pictures are often positively educational.

The painters of the Munich school developed various processes; they revived fresco, and they tried the use of wax medium. Another process, employed a good deal by Piloty and Kaulbach, was the use of a medium called "wasser glas," sometimes alluded to as liquid flint. This is a particularly permanent medium in wall decoration, and is no more difficult to use than more perishable fresco.

There is a soft, attractive tremulousness in the atmosphere of Ludwig Dill's *Scene from the Venetian Lagoons*. This silvery, peaceful stretch of water, with its picturesque boats and its one little steamer off in the distance, suggests the lazy local spirit invaded by modern briskness. The low horizon and clear high sky give great feeling of space.

Really touching and full of pathetic incident is C. L. Bokelmann's *Emigrants Leaving Their*

Home. We are so used to think of the arrival of emigrants that we sometimes forget what heart-rending scenes must have often accompanied their departure. The bent grandmother, kissing the little boys, — no doubt for the last time, — the little child in its nightgown waiting on the door-step to say farewell to its relatives, the serious faces of the women, some of whom are weeping at the prospect of parting, are all full of tender understanding of the situation. The more one looks at this picture, the more one seems to be standing in the very little square itself, so great is the verisimilitude. The tones of the picture and its handling are extremely beautiful.

Here hangs the only illustration of the great creative art of Adolf Menzel; it represents a Sermon in the Old Klosterkirche in Berlin. Known chiefly through his magnificent series of pictures in the life of Frederick the Great, Menzel is primarily a great original genius in black and white. He is a pioneer of the best naturalism, a naturalism which recognizes the mind as being just as natural as the body.

Menzel was an infant prodigy. He was born in Breslau in 1815, but his father, realizing his talent, as so few fathers of great artists seem to have done, moved to Berlin especially that the young Adolf might avail himself of the educational

advantages of that centre. The boy, however, did not care for the Academy. He refused the precise form of æsthetic culture which had been planned for him, but he adopted another; he studied types in the city streets; used his keen penetration for the purpose of noting details and facts which had escaped the observation of ordinary people, and thus became almost a self-made draughtsman. He loved this adventurous original form of education, and continued in this manner until the death of his father. The boy at this time was sixteen, but the responsibility of the family devolved upon him. Therefore he settled down, and, with the balance and practical ability of the truest genius, set to work at once as a lithographer, taking any orders that came in his way. His first effort at illustration was in an edition of Goethe. His career was assured from this time on; his name stood, as it has ever since, for all that is best in five branches of technique: pencil, chalk, pen, lithography, and water-colour. His work is individual and of rugged strength in its lines. His greatest contribution to art, perhaps, is in drawing, — he is absolute master of line and value. Sometimes he preferred, when sketching from nature, to use the simple lead-pencil, as it was so easily carried about, and independent of conditions and the time wasted in drying. But his pencil could express as much

as most men's paint. He had a never wearying facility for reproducing all his impressions of every side of life, and under all sorts of conditions. His versatility is remarkable. His work is replete with humour; he indulges in satire quite freely, but it is a satire proceeding from an appreciation of quaint and amusing situation, and is not inspired by spite or spleen. He is a Carlyle of the crayon when he comes to portray Frederick the Great at Potsdam and Sans Souci. In his national inheritance he shows traces of the same qualities which inspired Dürer and Holbein; when I say this, I do not mean that he copies them in any sense, but that the majestic Teutonic spirit which expressed itself in their art according to the needs of their period is again manifest in the productions of Menzel, according to modern requirements and surroundings.

Menzel's illustrations for the works of Frederick the Great amount to two hundred, and are individual and brilliant. They are the work of a genius in historic interpretation: they have nothing of the element of the romanticists by whom he was surrounded, nor have they the least tendency to the commonplace or the grandiose, such as usually characterized court pictures in the early nineteenth century. These illustrations are true to the life of the period of Frederick and Voltaire, and noth-

ing in old or new art is more complete as an achievement than this series.

One sees nothing of the feminine influence in the works of Menzel. His life seems to have been quite apart from women, and he has spent much time as a positive recluse. It is related of him that at the age of seventy-eight he could still sketch with firm, accurate strokes while travelling in a train. Among his large and important pictures in oil are also episodes from the life of Frederick. He was a hermit, only going into society in order to transcribe it and to paint it.

A personal friend of Menzel describes his "den" in which much of his study and work was accomplished. He says that the room was plentifully stowed with books, — volumes on Van Eyck and Dürer, — the works of Dante and Cervantes also being among the favourites of the artist. In conversation with his visitor, Menzel enunciated an æsthetic principle which is most true in all departments of æsthetics. He said that it was no use supposing that Greek costumes would make a Greek picture; that it was possible for modern figures in modern dress to embody all the essential principles of the art of the Greeks, while the mere fact of painting people with a classic effect in a scene taken from Greece might fail absolutely of its purpose. Menzel's walls were decorated with portraits

by Holbein and Velasquez, and a statue of Michelangelo's Moses occupied a space. Among contemporary painters, the only one represented was Meissonnier.

Menzel was the senior and chief master in Berlin art of the nineteenth century. The work of his mature life took on a more modern note than that which he had previously struck, but as we have only this early painting in Dresden, by which to observe his manner, we leave with regret the study of his later development. The picture in Dresden is dated 1848, and was bought for this gallery in 1892. Adolf Menzel died in February, 1905.

Menzel's illustrated Proverbs are famous. For instance, when Frederick the Great says, "What we have, we neglect and never appreciate sufficiently, while we strive in vain to possess what we cannot achieve" — Menzel portrays a caged bird, with some cherries which have been put in for its delectation. The little prisoner cares nothing for the fruit, and is only striving to get out of his cage; while a free bird on the outside is making frantic efforts to reach the cherries! Liberty or fruit, — how often the combination arises in human affairs!

Menzel was not much of a traveller. He went to only one Italian city, Verona; and explained this by saying that there was so much in his immediate neighbourhood to be studied that he could not

possibly go outside! He was intimate with Meissonnier, and, although he could speak no French, and Meissonnier no German, they used to go prowling together in the most congenial way; when they saw something which called for mutual appreciation they would turn and squeeze hands!

Menzel has been called the "prophet of the ugly." In 1835, when this was said, it was so unusual for an artist to draw anything strictly according to nature that one can understand the reason for the nickname. He has also been characterized as the German Fortuny.

There is hardly a more charming child in art than the little Arcadian who listens so attentively to the shepherd playing upon a reed pipe in Ernest Zimmermann's Music Lesson. The inquiring expression on his earnest face is almost unrivalled. A satyr sits by, beating time approvingly, and a rabbit pricks up its long ears at the left. All is glad and sylvan, and yet the child is positively strenuous.

Gabriel Max's Girl on Her Knees, the picture called "Our Father," is beautifully executed, but perhaps a thought too white in its impression. Max selects subjects inclined to morbidness, or at least to very grave seriousness. He is original in his themes, possessing the one essential power in modern æsthetic life, whether in painting, music,

the drama or literature: the ability to start a new emotion in the human breast. Essentially emotional, rather than intellectual, his pictures have enormous and well-deserved popular charm. There is feeling and thought in all his works; that truly German virility which never paints a picture simply to fill a space, nor even to portray a scene, without some undercurrent of intention. Emotions are elemental. Gabriel Max will always create an interest and rouse an emotion in human hearts. He commenced life in Prague, where, after the death of his father, he began to work in that visionary psychic vein which has always predominated in his pictures. Thoughtful, but not pedantic, bringing tears to the eyes rather than instructing, his paintings are unique and characteristic, imbued with a strong personality. The curious head of Christ on the napkin of St. Veronica, that mysterious face in which the eyes seem now closed, now open, is typical of the spirit of his genius and one of his most noted works.

Michael Munkacsy was born in Hungary in 1846. His father was an Hungarian patriot; the family life was very strenuous in troubled times, and he was left an orphan at the age of four. He was adopted by an aunt. His earliest impressions must have been those of battle, murder, and sudden death, for in a few years his aunt was killed

by members of the opposition. This time the little Michael was passed on to an uncle, a rather stern and very practical carpenter, and the boy was made to learn the trade, and to make himself useful. Through his teens he was a journeyman carpenter, but his thirst for knowledge and culture led him to seek out college students, with whom he found much in common, and he was popular with the clever young men of his day. Indeed his ambition for education caused him to overtax his strength, and, from working all day and studying most of the night, he became a physical wreck, and had to succumb to a long and serious illness. After his recovery he decided that an artist's life was the only one for him, and, as he could not get much sympathy from those with whom he lived, he started off to travel in order to pursue such advantages as some of the cities had to offer. He worked his way to Pesth as a mechanic, and, after waiting a time to recuperate his fortunes, pushed on to Vienna. He tried to provide for himself in this city sufficiently to enable him to study at the Academy, but his efforts were fruitless, and, as he failed to pay for his tuition promptly, he was put out of the institution. Practically self-taught, he travelled on to Munich, and there set up a modest studio and began to paint. Arriving with only twenty florins, he soon sold pictures enough to

enable him to support himself: the battle painter, Franz Adam, was particularly kind to him, evidently recognizing a kindred genius in the young man who had already a tragic past. His pictures took prizes and he was highly spoken of. He went on to Düsseldorf, where he worked without further instruction. He has been described as having a strange appearance and being full of naïve confidence. He spoke a broken German in a low voice with a melancholy tone.

Munkacsy's Bohemian life at this time was of an innocent and festive type; he rejoiced in Carnival frolics and was always among the merry-makers. He liked his little joke. He had once asked fifteen distinguished generals and war heroes to dinner in his studio. The table was set for thirty. He instructed his guests to sit down, leaving every other chair empty. The glasses were filled, and the dinner was apparently about to proceed, when, at a signal, the doors were thrown open, and fifteen of the prettiest models in Paris, dressed in the most fantastic costumes of various ages, rushed in, laughing, and bounced into the vacant seats! The old generals, surprised, but not displeased, enjoyed their meal with much relish!

A rounded nature, Michael Munkacsy was by turns "sad, mad, glad, yet perfectly sober." In 1870 he exhibited in the Paris Salon for the first

time the picture of a Condemned Prisoner. This made a great sensation, being a realistic and pathetic study of a condemned man sitting in his cell, with his mourning family and friends about him, while children eye him with a morbid curiosity. But, in spite of his tremendous success, the artist remained level-headed, and, unspoiled by adulation, continued steadily at his work. He was decorated, but returned quietly with his ribbon to his studio in Düsseldorf, where he advanced continually in his art, painting splendid genre subjects, more dashing than Ribera, and sometimes as brutal as Caravaggio. His works at this time are full of realistic types, often ugly: one might say that they had power through lack of beauty. He is quite free from any academic qualities.

Munkacsy lived in Paris later, and went afterward to Budapest, where he resided for some time. He died near Bonn in 1900. As great a picture as he ever painted is his Crucifixion in Dresden. The relief of the figures against the sky is simply wonderful. The group is a large one, the whole canvas being about twelve feet by six. The centre of interest is at the right, where the figure of Christ on the cross between the thieves rises in awful grandeur, stately and noble. Ideals are so varying that no Crucifixion in art has ever yet satisfied a large number of people; but perhaps

this modern picture has made its appeal to as many souls as any other single work dealing with the subject. The women at the foot of the cross are full of grief, but the figures are less restrained and dignified than that of St. John, who stands by, overwhelmed with grief, his very helplessness making its pathos more strongly felt than action. In the central foreground is a spirited figure: a youth, who seems to hesitate between fear and curiosity; he would go, and yet he would stay; a powerful sense of the uniqueness of this death is borne in upon him, but it terrifies the Jewish boy, who is one of those that "know not what they do." The bewilderment has spread to others in the crowd. Two old Pharisees are attempting to argue themselves free of responsibility. The noble rider on horseback at the left looks back in awe as well as wonder. Before him is a running figure, an old man who wishes only to escape, horrified and conscience-stricken. The picture should be long studied, for there is much thought in its composition.

Lenbach's Portrait of Paul Heyse is to be seen in the twenty-eighth room. Paul Heyse was a poet and novelist, born in Berlin in 1830. He travelled extensively in Italy, but after 1854 his residence was made in Munich. He was one of the friends of Böcklin, Lenbach, and their delightful set, of



MUNKACSY. THE CRUCIFIXION.

whom I shall speak when dealing with them in the next chapter.

It is perhaps a little eccentric that Heinrich Müller, who was born in Pultawa and lived and died in Dresden, should select Lake Michigan as the subject of his picture in this room!

The tragedy of the hills is vividly portrayed by August Dieffenbacher in the picture of the father of a family being brought home, having lost his life in the winter blasts on the mountains.

One comes suddenly upon a familiar sight as one enters the next apartment; it is often almost a shock to meet face to face unexpectedly an old friend, and that is the feeling that one has when confronted with one of the most popular pictures in the world, — familiar in every home, known by every child, — the Boy Christ in the Temple, by Hofmann. Perhaps it is finer in monochrome than in the original, for Hofmann is a little crude as a colourist; in a photograph one sees the sweet face to better advantage than in the real picture. Hofmann's Christ and the Adulteress is here also, — it is a trifle theatrical. Critics do not recognize Hofmann very seriously; but it seems to me unpardonable to ignore entirely, as many do, the attainments of a painter who possesses as wide a popularity as any man in his line. His Bible illustrations are in most general use; his Christ in the

Temple is deservedly famous; it is not fair to say that there is no art where there is so wide an appeal. It may not be the art most appreciated by the cultured, but it is autocratic to claim that there are no good points in pictures which have such a universal reputation.

The Burning Monastery is an example of the work of Carl F. Lessing, who was born in Breslau in 1808, and occupied important positions in Berlin and Düsseldorf, becoming later a professor and director of the Karlsruhe School of Art. Lessing was one of the rather visionary school, but these men showed a keen appreciation of nature, which marked a new era. There is more realism in his work than in that of some of the earlier men, but he is best known as a master of the "ideal landscape" class. He died in 1880 at Karlsruhe. He was an unconscious prophet of the great theory which was to dominate later and greater painters. This is well expressed by G. Clausen: "A landscape should not be so much an inventory as a translation or transcript of a mood of nature." Lessing chose moods of nature for his study, and rendered them with a good deal of fine feeling, although in a very different spirit from that in which a modern artist would approach them. He loved landscape for its own sake, independent of cultivation or civilization. "Had I been born in

the seventeenth century," he said, "I would have wandered through Germany after the Thirty Years' War, plundered, ruined, and wild as she then was." This sentiment should be compared with the doctrine of Lairesse, which I have quoted elsewhere as a further proof of the fact that the spirit of the times determines the standard of art.

The Lamentation over Christ, No. 2262, was commenced by Julius Rotermond, who died very early; the picture was consequently finished by Eduard Bendemann, and is signed by both names. It was completed in 1859. Bendemann was the professor under whom Rotermond was studying in Dresden, and was therefore the proper person to complete his pupil's work. The pictures of Eduard Bendemann are inclined to be conventionally romantic, and do not exhibit much depth of thought; neither are they especially excellent as artistic productions.

Among those who turned earnestly to a study of nature was Ludwig Gurlitt, who was born at Altona in 1812. The picture of the Monastery of St. Busaco in Portugal is by him. It was painted in 1875. There is some of the clear daylight which was brought to such perfection by the Englishman Constable, to be seen in this study. He was a genuine realist, and was a leader among the men who

had thrown off the traditional yoke of artificial landscape.

Among the painters of modern village genre is Franz Defregger, whose *Mountain Smithy* hangs here. Defregger is well known to all through his Tyrolese pictures, which, although rather monotonous, are individually interesting. He always tells a story, and this one is more dramatic than most of his selections. In the Tyrolese Revolt in 1809 the war was conducted by such men as innkeepers, herdsmen, shepherds, and even priests; one Capucin monk went upon the field and fought with only a huge ebony crucifix for his weapon. The peasants armed themselves in secret, making rude weapons at all the forges and smithies in the mountain fastnesses; they laid in wait with all forms of missiles ready to their hands, until the terrible word of command was given, — “In the Name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose!” upon which it is said that the very rocks, bushes, and crags seemed to be endowed with life, and all nature appeared to aid the revolutionists, for they were hidden behind every tree and hill, and they poured down stones and billets of woods upon the enemy, who was not ready for such an assault, firing as well with the true aim of huntsmen, never wasting their shots, and doing deadly execution. They were unsuccessful, however, and their chiefs were afterward put



FRANZ DEERIGER - MOUNTAIN SMITHY

to death. But the spirit and force exhibited by the Tyrolese on this occasion has appealed to their artists, and is perpetuated nobly. Defregger was himself born in the Tyrol in 1835, and has usually preferred subjects dealing with the native life of that community. In this line he is far happier than when he attempts a Madonna or an important historical picture. Until he was fifteen, Franz took care of his father's flocks; bareheaded and barefooted, he mixed with the country folk, the herdsmen and milkmaids, laying a splendid foundation for health, and growing in knowledge of the intimacies of rustic life. He did not realize his artistic vocation until after he was twenty-three. He then studied with Piloty, in Munich, but turned for his expression to the vivid memories of his youth. The tendency of memory — that of idealizing the early life and seeing the most picturesque side of the past — is observable in his simple peasant pictures, where the people all seem to be in holiday spirit, and usually in festal array. The sterner side of the peasant's history is seen in this Mountain Smithy, while the lighter side is well exemplified by his picture, Hunters Taking Leave of the Sennerin. In the Smithy, the honest and earnest faces of the men, and the wondering faith of the young girl are charmingly contrasted. The primitive cannon strapped to its carriage awaits them,

and betokens the efforts of these plain people to be ready to protect and to enforce their rights. Defregger is now an Academy professor at Munich.

Alexander Calame was a Swiss artist, born in Vevay in 1810; he worked much in Geneva, and his picture here is of fir-trees near a mountain stream, which, though not in a very poetic way, displays certain Swiss characteristics. Very correct workmanship is his only redeeming feature; he had little imagination or inspiration. When his works — very uniform in expression — used to appear in considerable numbers in the Paris Salon, the naughty Frenchmen would shrug their shoulders, and are reported to have remarked, “Un Calame, — deux Calames, — trois Calames, — que de Calamités!” Calame began life by colouring views of Swiss scenery, and there is no question but the influence of this early practice can be traced in his paintings. He died in Mentone in 1864.

Faint praise has been allowed to damn Hans Gude, by dubbing him the Calame of the North! His picture of Fishers Landing on the Seashore is a correct, neat, estimable work. The colouring is unobjectionable; it passes muster, but fails to arouse enthusiasm.

Modern men are too apt to laugh at a really good work, because it is executed in a method which does not conform to the ideals by which they them-

selves have been taught expression. At the same time they will stand in reverence before a modern work which happens to be a little better than they can produce themselves, although it is a mere bagatelle in comparison with the older picture. Time helps to balance these things; but it is almost impossible to coerce the vogue of a day.

CHAPTER XIII.

MODERN GERMAN MASTERS — CONTINUED

As has been noted, modern German painters of the early nineteenth century were academic; art did not advance greatly for a time. To-day, however, Germany has a great many individual artists not members of a special school or cult, though undoubtedly influenced, as all impressionist artists must be, by the great Frenchmen. Each modern German of importance is a law unto himself, and that makes these artists, together, a most fascinating body of painters to study.

Returning to the first hall, which divides the two wings of the upper gallery, one is in the presence of the great canvas by Max Thedy, called *Adoratio Crucis*. This is intended to represent a real scene, and yet in it there is also a possibility of allegorical interpretation. The scene is in a church, where a life-sized crucifix lies on the ground, and penitents and worshippers are crowding down to kiss and adore it. While it is peculiar, it is powerful. Max

Thedy, a native of Munich, is professor at Weimar.

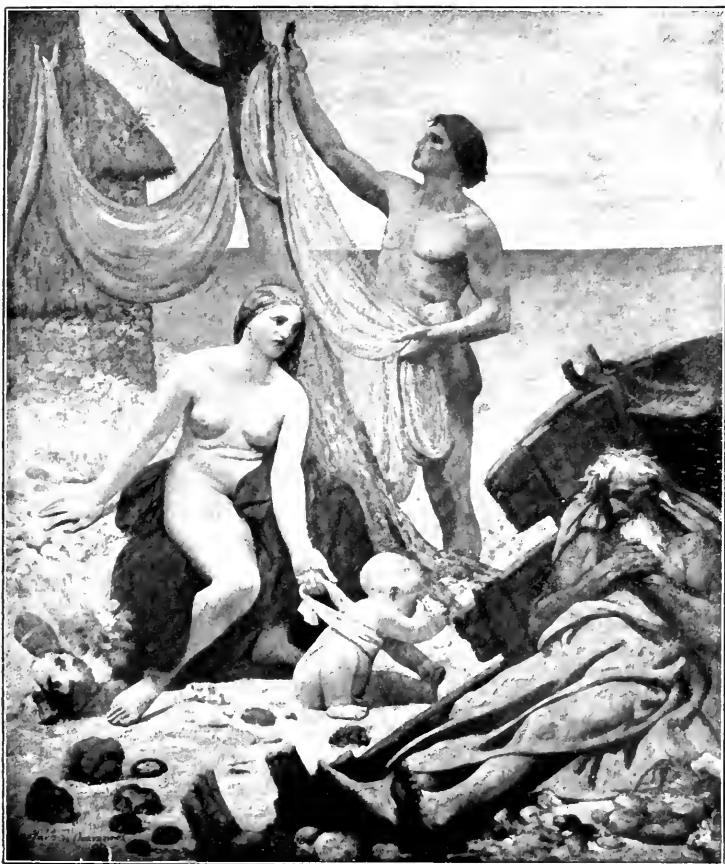
The Portrait of Napoleon I., in his coronation robes, painted by F. B. Gérard, was presented to the Gallery by Napoleon himself. The figure is a stately piece of regal upholstery, quite in the general spirit of the man and his times.

The modern French school is often alluded to comprehensively as the "Impressionist" school. This term is all very well as far as it goes. The aim of modern painters is to reproduce, not a photographic portrait of natural objects, as was the ideal of the Pre-Raphaelites, but to secure in their pictures some impression which the object has made upon them, — a personal appeal, as it were, an interpretation of the object by the artist's own individuality. The painter tries to express himself upon a given subject, just as an author does; he does not pretend to give a literal transcript of the object which he has selected, any more than a writer on Shakespeare contents himself by making quotations from the plays. His own interpretation must appear in both cases. Thus it will be seen that in a measure any artist is an impressionist if he does more than photograph a scene. But the modern Frenchmen themselves invented a term which distinguishes their school better — "plein-airistes," or "open-air painters." In selecting

daylight and natural effects instead of arrangements of artificial light and deliberate pose in composition, they were differentiated from all artists who had gone before them, excepting a chosen few who had been in advance of their times.

With this rendering of natural daylight and unaffected composition, there grew up a new use of pigments. Instead of the paint being mixed on the palette and applied in a single broad value of one shade, it was placed in small patches, not mingled together, but set so cleverly and with so perfect a comprehension of the effect to be produced that the canvas has often, on close scrutiny, the appearance of a mosaic, while at a proper distance the eye unconsciously mixes the tints for itself, and the result is much more vital than it would be if the shades were all blended, as they used to be by most of the old masters, with a view to close inspection chiefly. Hals, Velasquez, and Moroni used to paint directly and with spontaneity; the pigment lies at once as it is intended to remain, and there are no glazings or retouchings. Most of the later painters used this method also, and in the art of to-day it is the only method employed to any extent.

The decorative chalky *Fisherman's Family*, by Puvis de Chavannes, is one of the few modern French pictures here. It is more than a study of a fisherman's family, however, being symbolical of



PUVIS DE CHAVANNES. — FISHERMAN'S FAMILY

the three ages of man. Puvis de Chavannes was a true poet, but no dreamer. His was a unique gift; he was a mystic, and yet was not subtle nor involved. He was a great idealist, with steady nerves and a certain sane ability to portray wide simplicity. Although he was so deeply in sympathy with the impressionist movement, he determined on his own method, and adhered to it, never being dominated by any other style. Before entering any French studio, he had twice been to Italy. He had always a sympathy with seafaring folk, and uses them in an elemental and ideal way. His feeling for harmony made him use few colours, and those simple and broad. His people have strong, well-knit bodies capable of work. The sentiment which one feels is neither religious nor pagan; it is ideally human and a newly created type in art. Puvis de Chavannes said himself: "Painting is not merely an imitation of reality, but it is a parallel with Nature." His use of pigments is as original as his design. At a first glance it would often be difficult to say whether he worked in oils, water-colour, or pastel. As a matter of fact, although people often allude to his "fresco," he never employed the medium of fresco at all; his large decorative wall paintings are in oil, on canvas, applied afterward to the wall. One motto of his was, "One must try to paint sub-

jects taken from real life, but they must have a general application." His beings are of no period, and of no nation. In this he is supremely the master in the selection of essential elements of humanity with the divine side recognized as fully as the earthly. He used to say: "Nature? They say that I ignore her? They fail to understand that I do not copy, but I draw my inspiration from her." In his actual life, Puvis de Chavannes was eminently practical. He worked steadily all day, a healthy, robust man, with strong nerves and a fine mental development. He seldom took luncheon, not liking to interrupt his concentration, but at noon he would eat a little dry bread and a few brandy cherries. When his ideas stopped flowing readily, he knew that he was physically tired, and had the sense to stretch himself out and go to sleep, no matter at what hour, always waking refreshed in a short time. Few brain-workers realize the value and refreshing stimulant of a short nap, or how possible it would be for almost any one. Simply to follow the dictates of nature, and to sleep when weary, makes a worker capable of accomplishing more in one hour after waking than he could in four hours of conscientious plodding, after nature has made its cry for refreshment. Puvis de Chavannes always sang at his work, and had that other attribute of healthy nerves, the ability to throw off

care and responsibility when the day's work was done, entering fully into cheerful conviviality and getting a complete mental rest.

The lack of willingness to follow any master, even in his early youth, when Puvis de Chavannes went from studio to studio in dissatisfaction, may in some degree account for the fact that his actual drawing is often at fault. Some enthusiastic admirers consider this intentional; they believe that he meant to throw his figures out of proportion at times in order to simplify the impression; but the faulty drawing does not simplify, — it complicates the impression, for one longs to adjust these conspicuous peculiarities which are so inconsistent; and if the lines were all firmly in the right places, they would be twice as simple and direct in their appeal. It seems to me that one must admit that his figures and his details are often out of drawing; but the greatness of the man is the more remarkable in that he rises absolutely to excellence in spite of what would usually be a serious drawback. The positive in his work is so much stronger than this negative that it always dominates. For nine years his pictures were refused by the Salon. The academic artists could not forgive these technical inaccuracies; it was not a quick road which he ran to fame. Puvis de Chavannes was among those to found the New Salon, and in 1891 he be-

came its president. From this time his reputation grew gradually, but it was not until he was seventy-one years old that he reached the summit of his fame.

His friendship with the Princess Catacuzène commenced when he was thirty, and has been likened to Michelangelo's love for Vittoria Colonna. She was his greatest inspiration, and he always turned to her for approval of his work. Two years before his death, they were married. She only lived about a year. After this, the health of the master failed, and he lost all wish to live without his beloved companion. In the midst of his sorrow he completed his last work, the Old Age of St. Geneviève, in the Pantheon, and then succumbed to mortal illness. It is told by a personal friend that when his last hour was at hand, he motioned every one to retire from his room, and, by his own wish, he died quite alone.

The sweet, wholesome sanity of the man has witnessed to itself in his choice of subjects. Nearly all his pictures are peaceful, radiant, full of optimism, and the joy of living. Horrors and morbid subjects did not attract him. He did not care for storm and stress; even war was symbolized by the dignity of suffering rather than disordered despair. Cool, calm, elevated, we feel that the name of Puvis de Chavannes stands for all the noble qualities of

the art to which he made such rich and original contribution.

In sharp contrast, the sentimental young attitudinizer whom Gerhard von Kugelgen has chosen to portray as the Prodigal Son is to be seen here. This artist met with a tragic fate, being murdered in 1820 near Dresden. He was professor of the Academy.

The correct and in every way excellent work of Wilhelm Riefstahl is to be seen in the Funeral Procession Past the Pantheon in Rome. His scholarly rendering of detail is sound, and his pictures are much liked in public collections, being at the same time instructive and decorative.

Karl Hoff, a professor at Karlsruhe, where he died in 1890, has painted a truly dramatic incident in his large canvas entitled *The Son's Last Greeting*. A mother and daughter are learning of the death and last messages of a young soldier from one of his comrades in arms, who stands in reverence before their grief. The contrasting tones — the soft grays and the bright garb of youth — could not be more excellently managed. The picture is an episode, almost a narrative. If one may argue, as one has to among the moderns, that a story is not a necessary feature of a picture, still one may also reserve the right to enjoy and appreciate it when the painter is so clever that he can

combine the two, and give us something to think of as well as something to look at. There is more than one story in this picture. When one sees how the handsome youth and the lovely maiden are gazing into one another's eyes across the space which separates them, both full of that sympathy which is the first step toward a deeper love, one feels that there should be a sequel; a painting on another key, from which the sad note shall be missing.

Julius Rötting's Columbus before the Ecclesiastical Council of Salamanca is a strong picture, and the figures, if a little theatrical, are well drawn and lifelike. The historic detail is well considered, and the picture repays close observation.

The portrait of His Majesty, King Albert of Saxony, hangs here, painted by Leon Pohle, an Academy professor of Dresden. Pohle was born in Leipsic in 1841. He has painted several of the royal family. In Room 35 may be seen the likeness of Prince George, Duke of Saxony; this picture was presented to the gallery by the artist in 1899. The portrait of King Frederick August the Just of Saxony, one of the noble princes of this house, greets us in the thirty-first room. It is by Karl Vogel, of Vogelstein, and was painted in 1823.

Dramatic and full of tragic situation is Carl Bähr's scene of the Finnish Magicians foretelling the death of Ivan the Terrible. This picture was



KARL HOFF, — THE SON'S LAST GREETING

painted in 1850. Carl Bähr was an artist of the first half of the nineteenth century, as his work denotes.

The smooth mawkishness of Diethe's *Supper at Emmaus* shows how low the standard of religious art had fallen at this time. It is a relief to turn to a different theme.

A realistic picture like the scene in the port of Hamburg, called *Going to Work*, is in early morning light. It is a good genre painting, and should be examined for its little incidents. It is by one of the Carlsruhe painters, Kallmorgen, who is primarily regarded as a landscape painter, but with whom the human element is almost never absent.

The *Ferry at Telemarken, Norway*, by Siegwald Dahl, is a remarkably fine specimen of the earlier realistic school. As is appropriate to the subject, the whole impression of atmosphere and colouring is cold: the drawing is exquisite, and the aerial perspective startlingly clear; great feeling for distance is observable.

A blithesome thing is the *Young Triton* by Carlos Grethe. Dashing through the deep blue waves, the little red-headed merman pursues a recalcitrant flying-fish, which has all it can do to escape his swift stroke. The whole has a breezy feeling through it, which almost brings the salt-sea smell

to one's nostrils. It is a capital performance in its line.

The spirited scene from the Napoleonic era, representing Prussian Dragoons at Early Dawn, is by Robert Haug; it was painted in 1891. The picture is called after the name of an old German song, "Morgenrot! Morgenrot!"

Hans Hermann, born in Berlin in 1858, has given us a pleasant but rather photographic view of an old Dutch town; Hermann is hardly as original or as full of life as some of his contemporaries.

Paul Baum, a Dresden painter of the last half of the nineteenth century and early twentieth, is considered by some as a satellite of Claude Monet. He is full of talent: his two charming landscapes here, Melancholy, No. 2293 D, an early spring landscape, with a view of the Flemish flats, and his autumn study, with first snow, No. 2293 E, are interesting pieces of impressionist work.

Notice the soft greenish picture, a Corner of a Peasant's Room, by Carl Blos; the quality of luminosity developed in that dot of sunlight is excellent.

A curious idea is that of Eduard von Gebhardt, a painter of Düsseldorf; he has adopted the principle of portraying Biblical scenes in the German costumes of the fifteenth century. A panel by him presents a unique composition; so far as I know, it is the only treatment in art of its subject. It

represents the Holy Women washing the anointed body of Christ, which has been brought into the house of his faithful friends. The body of the Lord is laid on the plain floor, partly covered with a white cloth, the head supported with pillows. The three Maries are ministering, the Virgin weeping at his head, and the Magdalen anointing the body from the alabaster box which she holds. Two women, talking together, approach with basins of water, while St. John stands reverently by, contemplating with anguish the cold form of his Master. Grouped at the other side of the large bedroom, lofty, entirely German, with its timber ceiling and diamond-paned window, are a number of honest country-folk dressed as Luther and Dürer might have dressed, sitting on chairs at the foot of a canopied bed. Altogether the picture is a strange one, and a notable example of the reaction against the conventional "drapery studies" which religious pictures had become.

The Roman peasants which Gustav Kuntz paints so frequently are seen to advantage in his Roman Pilgrim, who is kissing the feet of a crucifix by the wayside, and his other Roman Pilgrim, who is seated, piously regarding a festooned saint in a niche in the wall. The same model served for both studies.

Franz Skarbina's Belgian Inn on the Shore of

La Panne is a typical painting of this Berlin artist. He was original in his mode of procedure in his artistic career. He was born in 1849. His first works were scenes from the life of Frederick the Great, based upon Menzel. Suddenly he branched out in a new direction, and exhibited a picture of Wiertz-like horror, in 1878, the Awakening of One Supposed to be Dead. By the time he sent pictures to the Paris Salon in 1885, he had quite overturned his old traditions, and passed through a stage of naturalism into impressionism. This single example of his work shows great control over atmospheric effects. It was painted in his full maturity in 1891.

The Seamstress, by Max Liebermann, shows that artist's pioneer spirit, he standing in the same relation to German art as that occupied by Millet in the Barbizon school. When he commenced his work, he was derided as an apostle of the ugly; but, as time went on, he became better understood. Liebermann, while recovering from an illness, was obliged to spend many days lying in the open air, with nothing to watch but the play of the sunshine and the working peasants. It acted as a revelation in his art. The Old Sewing Woman sitting at her window, with another chair in front of her, that she may rest her feet on the rails, is a thoroughly natural study. There is great insight in

his work; it has the Teutonic characteristic of thoughtfulness. Though sometimes heavy and without extreme readiness in mellow colour effects, he works more like Millet, putting the vitality of the fields and the power of mental strength before us. Liebermann has told us in his own words what is his principle in art: "I do not seek," he writes, "for what is called the pictorial; but I would grasp Nature in her simplicity and grandeur,—the simplest thing and the hardest." This sober monumental dignity is what Max Liebermann stands for, and there is a changelessness, a lack of evanescent fashion about his pictures, which makes them belong to the genuine art of his country.

A pupil of the Dresden Academy, though born at Liege in 1833, is Jan Libert Oury. He is represented here by a charming study of a nun: the official title of the picture is *A Nun Reading*, but a glance at the serious eyes lifted to ours, the wistful unsatisfied longing in the fixed gaze, shows us that this nun is reading quite outside the open book which lies before her; her interests are rather to inquire into the secrets of the human heart, and one longs to help her in her quest.

The striking composition of Hans Thoma greets us here. A trifle suggesting the great genius of Böcklin, Thoma stands as a connecting link between the old and new art. Like Botticelli in his

symmetry, like Dürer in his stern mediævalism, he is yet joyous and pagan, replete with nature-poetry, and pastoral in a Virgilian way, Greek yet modern. Perhaps this is really being a classic. Hans Thoma was born in the Black Forest in 1839, where his childhood was spent close to nature. Until he was twenty, he simply vegetated, and lived almost like a hermit, with the exception of some slight art instruction in the winters. After that, he started on a career of travel, visiting Italy, Paris, Düsseldorf, and Munich, where Böcklin's influence was felt, ending in Frankfort, where he set up his studio. His picture here, the Guardian of the Valley, is a symbolic figure in armour, with a nimbus, who might be intended as an archangel; he watches over the slumbering valley by night. This thought may often have come to him in his calm forest home among the hills. The sentiment of the Spring Idyl, too, is that inspired by a comprehension of nature. The portrait of the artist himself, with an autumn landscape for a background, may be seen in the next room. Here we have the formal note of decorative portraiture. It is not quite free from affectation.

There is a powerful picture here by the Frenchman Germain David-Nillet. This study of contrasting lights — this ashy gray woman standing before this fiery red man — is called The Confes-

sion. Is it the man, in a glow of shame, who is confessing to the woman that which causes all the colour to go from her and leave her clay-cold and lifeless in a misplaced love, or is it the woman, in the chill of a bitter remorse, who is making the confession, — a confession which makes the man burn with anger? The fact that it is not certain which was the artist's intention renders the picture doubly dramatic.

The modern realistic painter of Norway *par excellence* — the man who stands for such principles as those of Bastien Le Page and Dagnan Bouveret — is Christian Krohg. He is a great narrator, he is intensely dramatic, with the stern sordid truthfulness of the pessimist. There is not special opportunity to judge of these qualities in his Norwegian Pilot-boat, in Dresden. One cannot do better than quote Hamerton's well-digested opinion of extreme realism which overlooks anything ideal as absolutely out of nature. "We may exaggerate because we feel strongly," remarks Hamerton, "but we far oftener exaggerate because we do not feel delicately." There is a species of blindness in such realism; and a man who can see only the gross and hideous in nature and life (even low life) is but a half-developed character. The example of Christian Krohg in Dresden is a simple study of a boatman and a boy. The pilot, with extended hand, is

pointing out an object of interest to the lad beside him. The composition is original, only a small portion of the boat being represented, and beyond, the angry sea.

Old Age, a picture of two old goose-keepers, by Count von Kalkreuth, is an excellent bit of naturalistic work of this painter. Gray and lacking in sunshine, his pictures exhibit all that those who dislike this school consider sordid. He is quite relentless, and perhaps we are justified in thinking him rather cheerless and uninviting.

A sort of Paul Potter of the nineteenth century is Hans Olde, who, though educated in Paris, has settled quietly down to cattle and genre painting in the picturesque Holstein country. The picture of a Holstein bull, which hangs here, was painted by him in 1896.

Lenbach's portrait of Marco Minghetti hangs here. Marco Minghetti was a famous Italian statesman. He was born in Bologna in 1818, and died in Rome in 1886. Under Cavour he was Minister of the Interior. He afterward became Premier in 1863. He has written to some extent, and has made valuable contributions to the literature of economics.

Franz von Lenbach was one of the greatest German painters who has ever lived. Startlingly original in a time when artists were idealizing their

portraits into their own conception of "great men," Lenbach began sternly to paint facts, — the man just as he was, neither flattered nor reinforced by any extraneous charms. He applied to photographs for his accurate cold facts, not using them, of course, as an aid, except to consult their inflexible truth, and then he went to work on a plan of his own. In most of his portraits the only really careful finish is in the eyes; the head receives attention, too, but the rest is often sketchy and indefinite.

These portraits by Lenbach are world-famous. In all lands his rendering of Bismarck's face is familiar: the popular impression of the appearance of most of the celebrated Germans of the nineteenth century is based somewhat upon Lenbach's likenesses of them. His portraits are the only ones in Germany thought worthy of reproduction by engraving and etching, and they have been repeatedly printed in various publications.

Lenbach was born of humble parents in a little village in Bavaria, in 1836, but worked his way to fame without any singular hindrances. One day, while driving with the Princess Bismarck, they passed a poor man working on the roof of a cottage. "Just look, Princess," said Lenbach, "I, too, have worked like him in my day!" His appearance was that of an alert, intellectual man, a little Mephistophelian in type. While he was still

a young painter, he was asked his price. He replied, "It depends. I may ask twenty thousand marks, or I may be willing to pay five thousand if the subject is exceptionally interesting." He lived up to his ideals, and, as wealth came to him, he used it in the most intelligent way, in surrounding himself with all sorts of fine pictures, antiques, and such things as delight the soul of an artist. The Villa Lenbach was one of the chief sights of Munich. He was showered with royal gifts. The Emperor, the Queen of Roumania, and many other great ones testified to their appreciation, for, though no courtier, and never having sought for favours, he was the chosen painter of two generations of German royalty. When Princess Bismarck once complained that she never saw anything of her husband or her sons, Lenbach observed, "Well, what made you marry into such a hard-working set of diplomats?" Lenbach and Bismarck were close friends. It was a familiar sight to see them embrace each other when they met on the street. When Lenbach was painting the portrait of Leo XIII., the Pope's question showed the breadth of the pontifical sympathies: he inquired, "Are you a good Christian?" instead of asking him if he were a good Catholic. Lenbach had a keen sense of humour, and expressed himself of the opinion that wit was "the chief charm of human greatness."

In art his taste was much gratified by the English school. He enjoyed the portraiture of Reynolds and the leading British painters of that period, and also was a lover of Turner and Constable.

Lenbach knew how to use every minute of his time. A friend was once spending the evening with him. He relates that, at one o'clock in the morning, their conversation was interrupted, and the friend was called away to answer a message which he had received. When he returned, he found Lenbach deep in a book; even ten minutes at that hour was too much time to be wasted!

Lenbach's death was quite recent. Last summer, 1905, a magnificent testimonial to his position in German art was the great Lenbach exhibition in Munich, where nearly all his leading works were gathered under one roof. It was a splendid opportunity to judge and understand the virility of this man. Alas! His love for the English school has probably led him into some rash colour experiments, for many of his pictures are cracking or peeling already. But, as they used to say of Reynolds's portraits, — even a damaged one is better than anything else one can get!

Fritz von Uhde now demands our attention. His large triptych, Bethlehem, greets us in the thirty-sixth room, and is so much a departure from the usual in religious compositions that we must try

and understand his position in his intense realism.

Fritz von Uhde's father was an ecclesiastical functionary, and he himself joined the Saxon Horse Guards in 1867, being then about nineteen. He stayed with the army through the French campaign, and in 1877 became a captain. Then he left the warrior's life to become a painter in Munich, after which a few years were spent with Munkacsy in Paris. A hard worker and an original thinker, his effort was to portray the life about him, adapted to religious scenes. In this he does just what we criticize in Rembrandt, Veronese, and others, who were excused on the ground that they did not know the countries and costumes which they attempted. But in the case of Von Uhde and others of his standard, this is quite intentional; of course any nineteenth-century painter had every facility for painting historic scenes as they had appeared, if he wished to do so. But Von Uhde preferred to treat Bethlehem as a common stable view, such as might be seen in Germany or in any other country; he selects modern clothes and modern types deliberately. His theory in so doing must be partly symbolic, to impress the poor and lowly of to-day with the fact that the Incarnation was for them as for the Holy Land, — a typical re-Incarnation, as it were, independent of time and place, with

its message for the German day-labourer just as much as for the shepherds who watched their flocks by night. This principle is a worthy one, and we rejoice in the spirit of universal Christianity that it helps to interpret. But when one looks at the angels sitting on the rafters singing, the old idealism which is implanted in the human breast of all ages revolts a little at the types which Von Uhde has chosen. Human children, — well and good; but why half-starved gutter-snipes of selected hideousness, with careworn, prematurely old faces, hanging their large bare feet over, with the toes turned in? Is there not a compromise possible between Albani's sugary cherubs and these ragamuffins singing so lustily, with wings on their shoulders and bunions on their feet? There is something a little incongruous about wings and bunions. If an angel has wings, why should it develop corns? And must all modern shepherds be cripples and consumptives? It seems to me that modern realism has reached its limit in this composition of Von Uhde's.

In many of his other works the balance between modern peasantry and revealed religion is better sustained; but in the Dresden example it seems to have been carried a trifle far. The central picture is much more pleasing than the wings.

A striking composition by Kuehl, full of piquant

spirit in spite of its subject, is the picture of the sewing-girls in the Orphanage at Lübeck; it ought to be sordid, yet it is filled with an unexplainable charm, largely dependent upon the clear light which streams in from the window in the back, — an original mode of lighting. The bare walls and long stretch of board floor ought to be monotonous, yet they have not that quality. After all, light, confined in a space and illuminating the spots best adapted to receive it, is nearly always a sufficient adornment for a study when it is well expressed. The touches of red save the picture from coldness, and give animation to the tone. Kuehl is much influenced by Fortuny in his work. He was a native of Lübeck, his birth having occurred in 1850. A professor in Dresden and Munich, he stands high in the modern German school. His peculiar lightness of touch and a certain scintillating quality are attributable to the Spanish feeling derived from Fortuny; consciously or unconsciously, he has adopted that painter as a model.

George Hitchcock is here among the few Americans. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and is famous for his beautiful paintings of the splendid floral displays of a Dutch Springtide. This picture is a study amidst the tulips of Haarlem.

Another American, Alexander Harrison, is the author of the *Evening by the Waterside*. Harri-

son is a Philadelphian, who has taken up residence in Paris, painting there for many years. He works in the same lines as Besnard and Cazin, sometimes recalling Manet himself.

Gari Melchers, a native of Detroit, but working in Paris and North Holland, painted the Dutch Shipwright, in Room 35. These three are the only Americans who are represented among the modern painters. It makes one wish that some of our other artists might appear on these walls, in such good international company.

And now we come to the most original genius of all: the matchless Arnold Böcklin. This strange artist was born in Bâsle in 1827, the son of a small merchant, — brought up in an atmosphere of ribbons and threads. I am a believer in the virility of early impressions: often unconsciously the eye is affected by the first notes of colour which have impinged upon the retina. When Arnold was a little child, his mother had probably often carried him into the shop; is it not possible that his unusual little eyes, roving about among the bolts of bright, unrelated colour, may have grasped an impression of clear, untuned tints, which stayed by him always? At any rate, however this might be, Böcklin has used such a gamut of colour as defies all systematic theories regarding harmony and tone. Some call this art "bizarre;" at any rate, it is surprising:

your attention is arrested whether you will or no, and that indicates power in some form.

The good ribbon merchant was, at all events, intelligent enough to recognize his son's unique gifts, and he allowed him to study art at the Drawing Academy of Bâle. In the University Library, Arnold discovered the collection of Holbein's works, and these he studied and copied by the hour. That part of his dual art personality which is Teutonic is due to the influence of Holbein on his plastic young mind. His father did not encourage his adopting painting as a profession, for he felt that it was a precarious means of support, but time by degrees convinced the elder Böcklin that fate had something to say as well as fathers, and he reluctantly consented to a series of studies in Düsseldorf and Belgium. Young Böcklin also went to Paris, where he witnessed the horrors of the revolution in 1848. The reality of these terrible sights left their impression on his sensitive mind. While he was delighted with Corot, and enjoyed his Parisian stay, he did not feel his desires satisfied until he finally pushed on to Rome. There the revelation came to him. The other side of his personality — the Greek side — sprung into consciousness. The Italian, the classical, the romantic, — all were before him, and here he fell in with congenial spirits, Dreber, Feuerbach, and the poet Paul

Heyse, whose portrait by Lenbach we have noticed; it was here, too, that he met the lovely Roman girl who afterward became his wife, and with whom he lived in ideal harmony. Now he began to express himself in his own way, — a way not readily understood by the Philistines. A picture which he sent home to Bâsle was met with derision by the startled citizens, who did not know what their young countryman was driving at.

His painting is an efflorescence of Italian and Flemish styles; one sees Rubens, Jordaens, Titian, and Botticelli, yet fused into an entirely new thing; as new as each human soul, in spite of heredity and tradition.

Soon after moving to Munich, he exhibited his great study of Pan among the Reeds. It caused quite a stir and much questioning as to the artist. When it was discovered that Böcklin was young and poor, that he was then lying ill with typhoid fever in their own city, the connoisseurs and collectors began to investigate, and in a short time Böcklin, recovered in health and comprehended at last, became the fashionable painter of his day. Count Schack gave him numerous commissions, and many of his best early works are to be seen in the Schack Gallery in Munich. He went also into plastic art for a little and in 1866 was engaged to decorate the courtyard façade of the art museum

in Bâle with sculptured heads. He had recently had certain difficulties with the magistrates of his native city, and he took this opportunity to be revenged upon them. He used them as his subjects, executing six burlesque portraits as grotesques. The caricature embodied in these masks is truly Gothic in spirit, and they make one recall how the cloistered artists of old used to vent their rage upon unpopular superiors by thus perpetuating them as laughing-stocks. Thus, in a spirit of irritation, his fancy created exaggerated likenesses of these good counsellors, secretaries, and officials.

After this, Böcklin painted for some time in Florence, and afterward in Zurich, where he settled for the sake of his children's education. In 1890 he was generally recognized as one of the leading painters of Germany, and the Pan Society held a banquet in his honour; if one believed in reincarnations, one would claim that Aristophanes, speaking through the medium of pigment instead of through verse, had revisited the earth. Such elemental humour is classical, and the spirit which animated the Greek satirist lived again in the Swiss painter. His revel of colour was a shock to the sensibilities of the matter-of-fact Germans of the middle of the nineteenth century. But it prevailed, and showed that in his case, although perhaps in no other, it was permissible to use these crashing

innovations. Let any man beware how he copy Böcklin, or try to follow in his footsteps! One might as well plan deliberately to follow Browning's method in poetry. The first thing which would make either of these efforts entirely fruitless would be that in neither case could the copyist possibly discover what the method was!

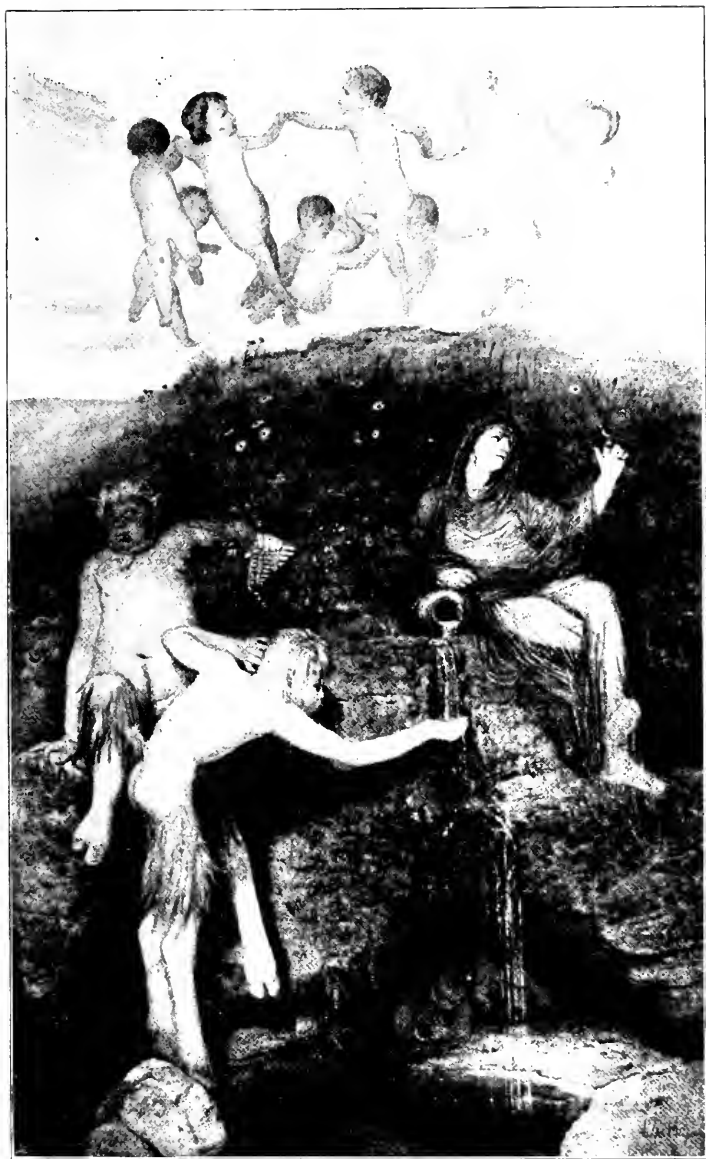
When Böcklin was not painting, he was amusing himself by indulging a pet hobby: he was inventing and constructing a flying-machine. His was a many-sided nature, and he was interested in nearly every possible human emotion. If it were possible to see all his pictures together, one might detect something of every psychical condition possible to man.

And what shall we say of his attitude toward nature? He is inexhaustible in representing her moods, and he is equally fertile in fitting conscious life to that of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. Here in Dresden we have a good example of his ability to conceive of the elemental beings inseparable from the Greek pantheism which so appealed to his glowing imagination. Here we see a spring; the genius of the fount sits in the shade under a flowery bank, while two satyrs have come to drink. Mark the wholly plausible and natural construction of these beings. They are not human. They are what the union of a goat and a man might look

like. The goat nature is in the face, and the human proportions are in the legs, in spite of the hoofs in which they terminate. Böcklin is not content to paint a sylvan swain, and then put goat's legs on him, any more than he is content to paint a mermaid as a pretty girl with a fish's tail. His mermaids have fishy eyes as well; the whole structure of his beings is consistent. The heads suggest amphibious possibilities, and no strenuous expression of the human being with a soul or a conscience is allowed to creep in.

Look at the blank fat face of the satyr who sits on the bank in the Dresden picture. There are no aspirations or ideals to bother him. He was a thirsty animal, and he sits back in the contentment of a quenched longing, sodden and satisfied.

A very lovely element, however, is introduced into this picture. The brutal and the ephemeral here meet in a delightful way. The little wreath of spring-like sprites, slender babies of the fields, born of dew and sunshine (not fat Renaissance cherubs like those we have seen so often downstairs), are dancing in a fantastic ecstasy on the flowery turf above the spring. Their little shapes are ineffably graceful, and for movement and action they rival any group of dancing figures that I recall in art. Deep in the cool rocky shadow, under the source of the spring, two tiny tribu-



ARNOLD BÖCKLIN. — SPRING'S DELIGHTS

tary babies — the offspring of the Source — are crouched, with their little upturned jars, in youthful imitation of the nymph above them! The whole idea is quaint and absolutely original.

An early painting by Böcklin hangs in the thirty-fourth room; it is also fantastic and interesting. The nymph Syrinx, pursued by Pan, is seen running to the river, and her metamorphosis into a bunch of reeds is commencing. The fingers of her outstretched hands are turning into reeds: the process is not graceful, it is too suggestive of Chinese finger-nails. The landscape is in sympathy with the subject, as Böcklin's landscapes always are: even a certain hurtling rush in the foliage, with a spiral vine, give the necessary action to make us sensible of the haste with which the figures — one so fair and one so dark — are moving. His trees are always made to express the sentiment of the other life in his compositions. When the sentiment is one of gloom, tall, dark cypresses and shrouded forms are used. When mirth and glad-hearted fancy are the themes, then bright green meadows and laughing soulless fauns are presented. In all the many moods in which she may clothe herself, Nature is shown to us, verisimilitude being given to the Pantheism of the conception by the introduction of consciously living creatures in perfect harmony with their environment.

Böcklin has interpreted the mysterious link between beings and things; there is that eternal element in his pictures which unites past with present, and makes ancient things appear modern; the human encounters the soul of nature, and they are absorbed into one entity. As M. Rod has so well expressed this spirit, — it is the Pantheism of the dreamer.

Max Klinger is a thinker and a poet. If sometimes he is a little vague, or almost shocking in his originality, there is always a definite conception of his own, fantastic though it may be, which gives value and uniqueness to his work. His *Pietà* is his own idea of the scene. Visionary, in something the same way that Blake was visionary, he also has a flavour of Goya's sense of grimness. Max Klinger was born in Leipsic in 1857.

One of the greatest modern pictures in all Germany is Ludwig Herterich's *Knight of the Faith*, standing with clenched hand at the foot of the cross, awaiting death. It is a combination of realistic painting and a visionary conception. The cross, rendered in liquid soft green tints, is meant to be symbolic; the face of the Saviour is turned toward the knight in armour, as if whispering encouragement, hardly more real than a powerful memory in the heart of the soldier. As he stands nerving himself for what may come, it is as if that voice

came to him in his own conscience, and, through the mighty power of example, gave him the strength and peace of the martyr. The Knight of the Faith represents Ulrich von Hutten, who was born at Castle Steckelberg, in Prussia, in 1488. He was a great German humanist. He was placed in the monastery of Fulda when he was ten years of age, but, not intending to be an ecclesiastic, he escaped from this institution some years later. He then developed himself by studying the humanities at Frankfort and at Pavia, in Italy. In 1513 he went into the army; Maximilian I. crowned him poet in 1517, for he was an able writer. After this, he followed the career of a soldier, but always with the highest religious principles. He was keen in satire; he was also a friend and supporter of Luther. This picture is the strongest, both in handling and in sentiment, among the modern pictures in Dresden.

Ludwig Herterich is not only a great master himself, but he is a wonderful teacher, having trained the perceptions and opened the eyes of many young pupils. His lack of dim speculation, his direct venturesome spirit, and his forceful pictorial talent have won him a high place among modern realists who nevertheless are not afraid of mental idealism.

An interesting canvas is that which displays a

group of Pilgrims at the Tomb of St. Elizabeth, by Carl Bentzer. It is a large and forceful painting, in good modern spirit, as regards its technique, but not the work of an extremist. Every one knows the history of the blessed Elizabeth of Hungary, who went about doing good so effectually that the simple folk of her time thought her art of healing was miraculous. How readily would a trained nurse of to-day have been sainted had she appeared unexplained in the middle ages! Elizabeth was canonized four years after her death, and in the same year was founded the great church in her memory, with its shrine, which was visited by so many pilgrims like these. The church took forty-eight years in building, a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The stone steps about where the shrine used to stand are worn quite hollow by the knees of the faithful. It was a popular pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Elizabeth as to that of St. Thomas of Canterbury in England. In this picture, a pathetic girl, lying too ill to rise, on her pallet, stretches out her hand to touch the sacred tomb (which is in the form of a tablet in the floor). Her mother is bending above her, watching anxiously to see if any change shall take place in her condition. An old man has laid aside his crutch and gone on his knees to kiss the stone. Candles

burn all about; the effect of these little dots of light is extremely good.

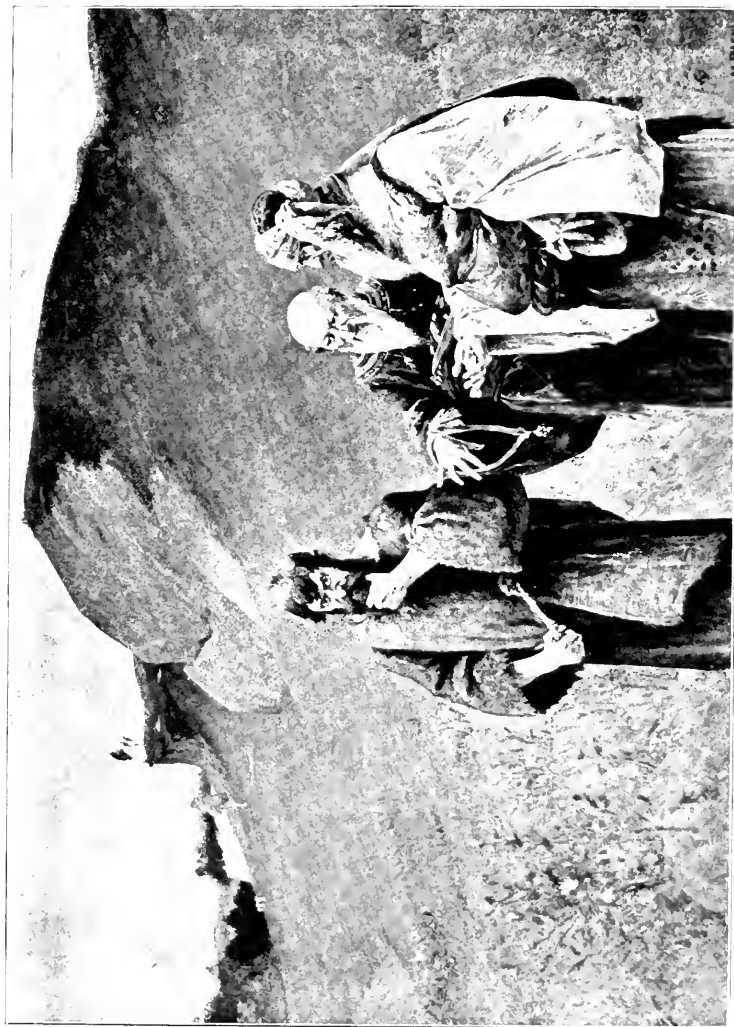
Striking and dramatic is the painting by Hermann Prell of Judas Iscariot Bribe by the Pharisees. Hermann Prell is one of the leading decorative painters of the day, and not only that, but whoever will go from the gallery in Dresden to the Albertinum will realize that Prell is not only a painter, but an architect and sculptor of the first rank, as well, for he has designed, in every department of the three sister arts, the magnificent staircase in that building.

Hermann Prell was born at Leipsic in 1854. Studying both in Dresden and Berlin, he is now a professor of the Dresden Academy. In 1886 he executed this masterly painting, so replete with thought and expression. In the lonely valley stand three men: two of the wily Pharisees and Judas himself, clothed in a single rough garment with a rope about his loins. The hesitation in his face, the gripping hands, suggesting the struggle with temptation to greed, the fixed beady eyes with no deep purpose of honour, all mark him as doomed to accept the bribe, which is being offered by the smug hypocrites at his side. One of them holds forth the alluring coins on his palm, the finger and thumb of his other hand still bedded in his wallet, reluctant yet willing to add to the amount if neces-

sary. The other, with oily persuasiveness, lays his loose-jointed hand on the arm of the disciple. These figures, against the long rolling hill background, are splendidly conceived. A touch of the sentiment so well expressed by Böcklin appears in the background, three tiny white figures in the distance rounding the edge of a white wall which is topped by dark foliage, the valley behind them full of sombre tints. Over the brow of a craggy hill on the right, the moon is just beginning to rise, showing silver and sharp behind the black ridge. The whole is full of the tragedy of betrayal, — subtle, forceful, and suggestive.

Theodor Hagen is the disciple of individual expression. He is broad and progressive, both as painter and instructor. Born in Düsseldorf, and living there as professor, he has been of inestimable help and encouragement to many young artists. His only picture here is No. 2380, the Little Town of Zons on the Lower Rhine.

Stealthily, and with a soft creeping feline motion, the lion and lioness await their prey in the picture by Richard Friese, called Desert Marauders. There is an atmosphere of hush, of low-lying anticipation, and a golden glow on the gray of the desert, which must be watched for a few minutes before it is clearly apprehended in its full significance.



HERMANN PRELL. JUDAS ISCARIOT BRIBED BY THE PHARISEES

It would not be fair to pass over Gustav Schönléber's *Low Tide at Flushing*; the texture is very charming, and the atmosphere vapourous and trembling.

The graceful figures of eight girls, by Hans Makart, in a picture called *Summer*, attracts our attention in the thirty-eighth room. The young women with two children are diverting themselves in a summer-house, passing the time in listening to the plash of a cooling fountain during the heat of the day. Hans Makart was born in 1840 at Salzburg. He was a great costumer and property man in his art, a good colourist, in fact, the first of the nineteenth-century men to employ strong decorative schemes in the popular sense; he was theatrical, he set splendid scenes, and made his people up in true enamelled style, their complexions being suggestive of the use of the customary greenroom commodities, while their shimmering hair has frequently been blondined and "ondulée," and shows a faithful application of what are usually advertised as "restorers."

His maidens smile like advertisements for tooth-powder, and all his nymphs must have learned the value of the Teutonic equivalent for Pears' Soap. Still, although all these qualities may be distinguished in his numerous works, it must also be admitted that for stage setting, make-up, and up-

holstery, he stands supreme, and holds a unique position. Makart was a master of pageantry, and he was, in his own day, a pioneer in this line, for theatrical effects in costume and properties had not yet come into the realm of German art. He had so many tame followers, and we are so tired of their amiable conceits, that we are liable to confound the master with the pupils, and class them all together. But, in his way, so far as he went, with a splendid surface masking the pasteboard, lathes, and nettings of his intellectual grasp, he is original and striking.

Hans Makart was a property man in private life as well. He was a famous collector of antiques, from Chinese idols to Gobelin tapestries, from mediæval armour to Japanese vases. His studio was filled with brilliant curiosities, and in the midst of them the artist's keen black eyes roved about and made selection of such material as seemed to him suitable to embellish his gorgeous productions on canvas. Makart was an Academy professor at Vienna, where he died in 1884.

After a survey of the Dresden Gallery, one is particularly struck with the opportunity to compare the new and the old, — the quaint, the beautiful, and the progressive. There is hardly another single gallery which has so large a collection of modern painters added to its possessions. The Gallery is

very German in essentials, but it is also typical of the broad interests and vital cosmopolitan relations of the great nation in which it has its local habitation.

THE END.

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